

CLARISSA.
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF A
YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending
The most Important Concerns of Private LIFE;
And particularly shewing,
The Distresses that may attend the MISCONDUCT
Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,
In Relation to MARRIAGE.

VOL. IV.

The FOURTH EDITION.



LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardson :

And Sold by JOHN OSBORN, in *Pater-noster Row*;
By ANDREW MILLAR, over-against *Catharine-street* in the *Strand*;
By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*;
And by J. LEAKE, at *Bath*.

M.DCC.LI.

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MDCCLXXII.



THE
HISTORY
OF

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. IV.

LETTER I.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, To MISS HOWE.

Sunday Morning, Seven o'Clock.

I Was at the Play last night with Mr. Lovelace and Miss Horton. It is, you know, a deep and most affecting Tragedy in the reading. You have my Remarks upon it, in the little book you made me write upon the principal acting Plays. You will not wonder, that Miss Horton, as well as I, was greatly moved at the Representation, when I tell you, and have some pleasure in telling you, that Mr. Lovelace himself was very sensibly touched with some of the most affecting Scenes. I mention this in praise of the author's performance; for I take Mr. Lovelace to be one of the most hard-hearted men in the world. Upon my word, my dear, I do.

His behaviour, however, on this occasion, and on our return, was unexceptionable; only that he would

VOL. IV.

B

oblige

oblige me to stay to supper with the women below, when we came back, and to sit up with him and them till near One o'clock this morning. I was resolved to be even with him; and indeed I am not very sorry to have the pretence; for I love to pass the Sundays by myself.

To have the better excuse to avoid his teasing, I am ready dressed to go to church this morning. I will go only to St. James's Church, and in a *chair*; that I may be sure I can go out and come in when I please, without being intruded upon by him, as I was twice before.

Near Nine o'clock.

I HAVE your kind Letter of yesterday. He knows I have. And I shall expect, that he will be inquisitive next time I see him after your opinion of his proposals. I doubted not your approbation of them, and had written an answer on that presumption; which is ready for him. He must *study* for occasions of procrastination, and to disoblige me, if now any-thing happen to set us at variance again.

He is very importunate to see me. He has desired to attend me to church. He is angry that I have declined to breakfast with him. I am sure that I should not have been at my own liberty if I had. I bid Dorcas tell him, that I desired to have this day to myself. I would see him in the morning, as early as he pleased. She says, she knows not what ails him, but that he is out of humour with every-body.

He has sent again in a peremptory manner. He warns me of Singleton. I sent him word, that if *he* was not afraid of Singleton at the Play-house last night, I need not at Church to-day: So many Churches to *one* Play-house. I have accepted of his servant's proposed attendance. But he is quite displeased, it seems. I don't care. I will not be perpetually at his insolent beck.—Adieu, my dear, till I return. The chair waits. He won't stop me, sure, as I go down to it.

blow at this time : * * * * * I DID

I DID not see him as I went down. He is, it seems, excessively out of humour. Dorcas says, Not with me neither, she believes : But something has vexed him. This is put on perhaps to make me dine with him. But I will not, if I can help it. I shan't get rid of him for the rest of the day, if I do.

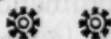


HE was very earnest to dine with me. But I was resolved to carry this one small point ; and so denied to dine myself. And indeed I was endeavouring to write to my Cousin Morden ; and had begun three different times, without being able to please myself.

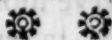
He was very busy in writing, Dorcas says, and pursued it without dining, because I denied him my company.

He afterwards *demand*ed, as I may say, to be admitted to afternoon-tea with me : And appealed by Dorcas to his behaviour to me last night ; as if, as I sent him word by her, he thought he had a merit in being unexceptionable. However, I repeated my promise to meet him as early as he pleased in the morning, or to breakfast with him.

Dorcas says, he raved : I heard him loud, and I heard his servant fly from him, as I thought. You, my dearest friend, say, in one of yours (*a*), that you must have somebody to be angry at, when your Mother sets you up. I should be very loth to draw comparisons : But the workings of passion, when indulged, are but too much alike, whether in man or woman.



HE has just sent me word, that he insists upon supping with me. As we had been in a good train for several days past, I thought it not prudent to break with him for little matters. Yet, to be, in a manner, threatened into his will, I know not how to bear that.



WHILE I was considering, he came up, and, tapping at my door, told me, in a very angry tone, he

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 210.

must see me this night. He could not rest, till he had been told what he had done to deserve the treatment I gave him.

Treatment I give him!—A wretch!—Yet perhaps he has nothing new to say to me. I shall be very angry with him.

As the Lady could not know what Mr. Lovelace's designs were, nor the cause of his ill humour, it will not be improper to pursue the subject from his Letter.

Having described his angry manner of demanding, in person, her company at supper; he proceeds as follows:

'Tis hard, answered the fair Perverse, that I am to be so little my own mistress. I will meet you in the Dining-room half an hour hence.

I went down to wait that half-hour. All the women set me hard to give her cause for this tyranny. They demonstrated, as well from the nature of the Sex, as of the Case, that I had nothing to hope for from my tameness, and could meet with no worse treatment, were I to be guilty of the last offence. They urged me vehemently to try at least what effect some greater familiarities than I had ever taken with her, would have: And their arguments being strengthened by my just resentments on the discoveries I had made, I was resolved to take *some liberties*, and, as they were received, to take *still greater*, and lay all the fault upon her *tyranny*. In this humour I went up, and never had Paralytic so little command of his joints, as I had, as I walked about the Dining-room, attending her motions.

With an erect mien she entered, her face averted, her lovely bosom swelling, and the more charmingly protuberant for the erectness of her mien. O Jack! that Sullenness and Reserve should add to the charms of this haughty maid! But in every attitude, in every humour, in every gesture, is Beauty beautiful.—By her averted face, and indignant aspect, I saw the dear insolent

lent was disposed to be angry—But by the fierceness of mine, as my trembling hands seized hers, I soon made Fear her predominant passion. And yet the moment I beheld her, my heart was dastardized; and my reverence for the Virgin Purity so visible in her whole deportment, again took place. Surely, Belford, this is an Angel. And yet, had she not been known to be a Female, they would not from *babyhood* have dressed her as such, nor would she, but upon that conviction, have continued the dress.

Let me ask you, Madam, I beseech you tell me, what I have done to deserve this distant treatment?

And let me ask *you*, Mr. Lovelace, why are my Retirements to be thus invaded?—What can you have to say to me since last night, that I went with you so much against my will to the Play? And after sitting up with you, equally against my will, till a very late hour?

This I have to say, Madam, that I cannot bear to be kept at this distance from you under the same roof.

Under the same roof, Sir!—How came you—

Hear me out, Madam [letting go her trembling hands, and snatching them back again with an eagerness that made her start]—I have a thousand things to say, to talk of, relating to our present and future prospects; but when I want to open my whole soul to you, you are always contriving to keep me at a distance. You make me inconsistent with myself. Your heart is set upon delays. You must have views that you will not own. Tell me, Madam, I conjure you to tell me, this moment, without subterfuge or reserve, in what light am I to appear to you in future? I cannot bear this distance. The suspense you hold me in I cannot bear.

In what light, Mr. Lovelace! [visibly terrified] In no bad light, I hope—Pray, Mr. Lovelace, do not grasp my hands so hard [endeavouring to withdraw them]. Pray let me go.—

You *bate* me, Madam—

I hate nobody, Sir—

You *bate* me, Madam, repeated I.

Instigated and resolved, as I came up, I wanted some new provocation. The devil indeed, as soon as my angel made her appearance, crept out of my heart; but he had left the door open, and was no farther off than my elbow.

You come up in no good temper, I see, Mr. Lovelace—But pray be not violent—I *have done you no hurt*—Pray be not violent—

Sweet creature! And I clasped one arm about her, holding one hand in my other—*You have done me no hurt!*—I could have devoured her—But restraining myself—You have done me the greatest hurt!—In what have I deserved the distance you keep me at?—I knew not what to say.

She struggled to disengage herself—Pray, Mr. Lovelace, let me withdraw. I know not why this is. I know not what I have done to offend you. I see you are come with *a design to quarrel with me*. If you would not terrify me by the ill-humour you are in, permit me to withdraw. I will hear all you have to say another time—To-morrow morning, as I sent you word—But indeed you frighten me. I beseech you, if you have any value for me, permit me to withdraw.

Night, *mid-night*, is necessary, Belford. Surprise, Terror, *must* be necessary to the ultimate Trial of this charming creature, say the women below what they will. I could not hold my purposes. This was not the first time that I had *intended* to try if she could forgive.

I kissed her hand with a fervor, as if I would have left my lips upon it.—Withdraw then, dearest and ever-dear creature. Indeed I entered in a very ill humour. I cannot bear the distance at which you so causlessly keep me. Withdraw, Madam, since it is your will to withdraw; and judge me generously; judge me but as I deserve to be judged; and let me hope to meet you to-morrow morning early, in such a temper as becomes our present situation, and my future hopes.

And

And so saying, I conducted her to the door, and left her there. But instead of going down to the women, I went into my own chamber, and locked myself in; ashamed of being awed by her majestic loveliness, and apprehensive virtue, into so great a change of purpose, notwithstanding I had such just provocations from the Letters of her saucy Friend, founded on her own representations of facts and situations between herself and me.

The Lady (dating Sunday night) thus describes her terrors, and Mr. Lovelace's behaviour, on the occasion:

On my entering the dining-room, he took my hands in his, in such a humour, as I saw plainly he was resolved to quarrel with me—*And for what?—What had I done to him?*—I never in my life beheld in any-body such wild, such angry, such impatient airs. I was terrified; and instead of being as angry as I intended to be, I was forced to be all mildness. I can hardly remember what were his first words, I was so frightened. But, *You hate me, Madam! You hate me, Madam!* were some of them—with such a fierceness—I wished myself a thousand miles distant from him. I hate nobody, said I; I thank God I hate no-body—You terrify me, Mr. Lovelace—Let me leave you.—The man, my dear, looked *quite ugly*—I never saw a man look so ugly as passion made him look—*And for what?*—And he so grasped my hands!—fierce creature!—He so grasped my hands! In short, he seemed by his looks, and by his words (once putting his arms about me) to wish me to provoke him. So that I had nothing to do but to beg of him (which I did repeatedly) to permit me to withdraw; and to promise to meet him at his own time in the morning.

It was with a very ill grace that he complied, on that condition; and at parting he kissed my hand with such a savageness, that a redness remains upon it still.

Do you not think, my dear, that I have reason to be incensed at him, my situation considered? Am I not under a necessity, as it were, of quarrelling with him;

• at least every other time I see him? No Prudery, no
 • Coquetry, no Tyranny in my heart, or in my beha-
 • viour to him, that I know of. No affected Pro-
 • craftination. Aiming at nothing but decorum. He
 • as much concerned, and so he ought to think, as I,
 • to have that observed. Too much in his power:
 • Cast upon him by the cruelty of my relations. No
 • other protection to fly to but his. One plain path
 • before us; yet such embarrasses, such difficulties,
 • such subjects for doubt, for cavil, for uneasiness;
 • as fast as one is obviated, another to be introduced,
 • and not by myself—I know not how introduced—
 • What pleasure can I propose to myself in meeting
 • such a wretch?

Perfect for me, my dearest Miss Howe, perfect for
 me, I beseech you, your kind scheme with Mrs.
 Townsend; and I will then leave this man.

• My temper, I believe, is changed. No wonder
 • if it be. I question whether ever it will be what it
 • was. But I cannot make *him* half so uneasy by the
 • change as I am *myself*. See you not how, from step
 to step, he grows upon me?—I tremble to look back
 upon his encroachments. And now to give me cause
 to apprehend *more evil from him, than indignation will*
permit me to express!—O my dear, perfect your scheme,
 and let me fly from so strange a wretch!

• Yet, to be first an eloper from my friends to him,
 • as the world supposes; and now to be so from him
 • [To *whom* I know not!] how hard to one who ever
 • endeavoured to shun intricate paths! But he must
 certainly have views in quarrelling with me thus, which
 he dare not own!—Yet what can they be?—I am ter-
 rified but to think of what they may be!

• Let me *but* get from him!—As to my reputation,
 • if I leave him—That is already too much wounded
 • for me, now, to be careful about any-thing, but how
 • to act so, as that my own Heart shall not reproach me.
 • As to the world's censure, I must be content to suffer
 • that—An unhappy composition, however!—What

• a wreck have my fortunes suffered, to be obliged to
• throw overboard so many valuables, to preserve, in-
• deed, the *only* valuable!—A composition that once
• it would have half-broken my heart to think there
• would have been the least danger that I should be
• obliged to submit to.

• You, my dear, could not be a stranger to my
• most secret failings, altho' you would not tell me of
• them. What a pride did I take in the applause of
• every one!—What a pride even in supposing I had
• *not* that pride!—Which concealed itself from my un-
• examining heart under the specious veil of *Humility*,
• doubling the merit to myself by the *supposed*, and
• indeed *imputed*, gracefulness in the manner of con-
• ferring benefits, when I had not a single merit in
• what I did, vastly overpaid by the pleasure of doing
• some little good, and impelled, as I may say, by
• talents given me—For what!—Not to be proud of.

• So desirous, in short, to be considered as an *Ex-
• ample*! A vanity which my partial admirers put into
• my head!—And so secure in my own virtue!

• I am punished enough, enough mortified, for this
• my vanity—I hope, *enough*, if it so please the all-
• gracious Inflicter: Since now, I verily think, I more
• despise myself for my presumptuous self-security, as
• well as vanity, than ever I secretly vaunted myself on
• my good inclinations: *Secretly*, I say, however; for
• indeed I had not given myself leisure to reflect, till
• I was thus mortified, how very imperfect I was;
• nor how much truth there is in what Divines tell us;
• That we sin in our best performances.

• But I was very young—But here let me watch over
• myself again: For in those four words, *I was very
• young*, is there not a palliation couched, that were
• enough to take all efficacy from the discovery and
• confession?

• What strange imperfect beings!—But *Self* here,
• which is at the bottom of all we do, and of all we
• wish, is the grand misleader.

: I will

• I will not apologize to you, my dear, for these
 • grave reflections. Is it not enough to make the un-
 • happy creature look into herself, and endeavour to
 • detect herself, who, from such an high Reputation,
 • left to proud and presumptuous Self, should, by
 • one thoughtless step, be brought to the dreadful
 • situation I am in ?

• Let me, however, look forward : To despond
 • would be to add sin to sin. And whom have I to
 • raise me up, whom to comfort me, if I desert my-
 • self ?—Thou, O Father ! who, I hope, hast not yet
 • deserted, hast not yet cursed me !—For I am thine !
 • —It is fit that meditation should supply the rest.—

I was so disgusted with him, as well as frightened by him, that, on my return to my chamber, in a fit of passionate despair, I tore almost in two, the Answer I had written to his proposals.

I will see him in the morning, because I promised I would. But I will go out, and that without him, or any attendant. If he account not tolerably for his sudden change of behaviour, and a proper opportunity offer of a private lodging in some creditable house, I will not any more return to this :—At present I think so.—And there will I either attend the perfecting of your scheme ; or, by your epistolary mediation, make my own terms with the wretch ; since it is your opinion, that I must be his, and cannot help myself : Or, perhaps, take a resolution to throw myself at once into Lady Betty's protection ; and this will hinder him from making his insolently-threatned visit to Harlowe-Place.

The Lady writes again on Monday evening ; and gives her friend an account of all that passed between herself and Mr. Lovelace that day ; and of her being terrified out of her purpose of going out : But Mr. Lovelace's next Letters giving a more ample account of all, hers are omitted.

It is proper, however, to mention, that she re-urges Miss Howe (from the dissatisfaction she has reason for from what passed between Mr. Lovelace and herself) to perfect her scheme in relation to Mrs. Townsend. She concludes this Letter in these words :

I should say something of your last favour (but a few hours ago received) and of your dialogue with your Mother—Are you not very whimsical, my dear? I have but two things to wish for on this occasion.—The one, that your charming pleasantry had a *better subject* than that you find for it in this dialogue—The other, that my situation were not such, as must too often damp that pleasantry in you, and will not permit me to enjoy it, as I used to do. Be, however, happy in yourself, tho' you cannot in

Your

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER II.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Monday Morn. May 22.

NO generosity in this Lady. None at all. Wouldst thou not have thought, that after I had permitted her to withdraw, primed for mischief as I was, she would meet me next morning early; and that with a smile; making me one of her best courtesies?

I was in the Dining-room before Six, expecting her. She opened not her door. I went up stairs and down; and hemm'd; and called Will; called Dorcas; threw the doors hard to; but still she opened not her door. Thus till half an hour after Eight, fooled I away my time; and then (breakfast ready) I sent Dorcas to request her company.

But I was astonished, when (following the wench, as she did at the first invitation) I saw her enter dressed, all but her gloves, and those and her fan in her hand; in the same moment bidding Dorcas direct Will to get her a chair to the door.

Cruel

Cruel creature, thought I, to expose me thus to the derision of the women below!

Going abroad, Madam?

I am, Sir.

I looked cursed silly, I am sure. You will breakfast first, I hope, Madam; in a very humble strain; yet with an hundred tenter-hooks in my heart.

Had she given me more notice of her intention, I had perhaps wrought myself up to the frame I was in the day before, and begun my vengeance. And immediately came into my head all the virulence that had been transcribed for me from Miss Howe's Letters, and in that Letter which I had transcribed myself.

Yes, she would drink one dish; and then laid her gloves and fan in the window just by.

I was perfectly disconcerted. I hemm'd, and was going to speak several times; but knew not in what key. Who's modest now, thought I! Who's insolent now!—How a tyrant of a woman confounds a bashful man!—She was acting Miss Howe, I thought; and I the spiritless Hickman.

At last, I *will* begin, thought I.

She a dish—I a dish.

Sip, her eyes her own, she; like an haughty and imperious sovereign, conscious of dignity, every look a favour.

Sip, like her vassal, I; lips and hands trembling, and not knowing that I sipp'd or tasted.

I was—I was—I sipp'd—(drawing in my breath and the liquor together, tho' I scalded my mouth with it) I was in hopes, Madam—

Dorcas came in just then.—Dorcas, said she, is a chair gone for?

Damn'd impertinence, thought I, thus to put me out in my speech! And I was forced to wait for the servant's answer to the insolent mistress's question.

William is gone for one, Madam.

This cost me a minute's silence before I could begin again. And then it was with my hopes, and my hopes,

hopes, and my hopes, that I should have been early admitted to—

What weather is it, Dorcas? said she, as regardless of me as if I had not been present.

A little lowering, Madam—The Sun is gone in—It was very fine half an hour ago.

I had no patience. Up I rose. Down went the Tea-cup, Saucer and all—Confound the Weather, the Sunshine, and the Wench!—Begone for a devil, when I am speaking to your Lady, and have so little opportunity given me.

Up rose the saucy-face, half-frighted; and snatched from the window her gloves and fan.

You must not go, Madam!—Seizing her hand—By my soul you must not—

Must not, Sir!—But I must—You can curse your maid in my absence, as well as if I were present—Except—Except—you intend for *me*, what you direct to *her*.

Dearest creature, you must not go—You must not leave me—Such determined scorn! Such contempts!—Questions asked your servant of no meaning but to break in upon me—I cannot bear it!

Detain me not, struggling. I will not be withheld. I like you not, nor your ways. You fought to quarrel with me yesterday, *for no reason in the world that I can think of, but because I was too obliging*. You are an ingrateful man; and I hate you with my whole heart, Mr. Lovelace!

Do not make me desperate, Madam. Permit me to say, that you shall not leave me in this humour. Where-ever you go, I will attend you. Had Miss Howe been my friend, I had not been thus treated. It is but too plain to whom my difficulties are owing. I have long observed, that every Letter you receive from *her*, makes an alteration in your behaviour to *me*. She would have you treat *me*, as *she* treats Mr. Hickman, I suppose: But neither does that treatment become your admirable temper to offer, nor me to receive.

This

This startled her. She did not care to have me think hardly of Miss Howe.

But recollecting herself, Miss Howe, said she, is a friend to virtue, and to good men. If she like not you, it is because you are not one of those.

Yes, Madam; and therefore to speak of Mr. Hickman and Myself, as you both, I suppose, think of each, she treats *him* as she would not treat a *Lovelace*.—I challenge you, Madam, to shew me but one of the many Letters you have received from her, where I am mentioned.

Miss Howe is just; Miss Howe is good, replied she. She writes, she speaks, of every-body as they deserve. If you point me out but any one occasion, upon which you have reason to build a merit to yourself, as either just or good, or even generous, I will look out for her Letter on that occasion [If such an occasion there be, I have certainly acquainted her with it]; and will engage it shall be in your favour.

Devilish severe! And as indelicate as severe, to put a modest man upon hunting backward after his own merits.

She would have flung from me: I will *not* be detained, Mr. Lovelace. I *will* go out.

Indeed you must not, Madam, in this humour. And I placed myself between her and the door.—And then, fanning, she threw herself into a chair, her sweet face all crimsoned over with passion.

I cast myself at her feet.—Begone, Mr. Lovelace, said she, with a rejecting motion, her fan in her hand; for your own sake leave me!—My soul is above thee, man! with both her hands pushing me from her!—Urge me not to tell thee, how sincerely I think my soul above thee!—Thou hast in mine, a proud, a too proud heart, to contend with!—Leave me, and leave me for ever!—Thou hast a proud heart to contend with!

Her air, her manner, her voice, were bewitchingly noble, tho' her words were so severe.

Let

Let. 2. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 75

Let me worship an angel, said I, no woman. Forgive me, dearest creature!—Creature if you be, forgive me!—Forgive my inadvertencies! Forgive my inequalities!—Pity my infirmities!—Who is equal to my Clarissa?

I trembled between Admiration and Love; and wrapt my arms about her knees, as she sat. She tried to rise at the moment; but my clasping round her thus ardently, drew her down again; and never was woman more affrighted. But free as my clasping emotion might appear to her apprehensive heart, I had not, at the instant, any thought but what reverence inspired. And till she had actually withdrawn [Which I permitted under promise of a speedy return, and on her consent to dismiss the chair] all the motions of my heart were as pure as her own.

She kept not her word. An hour I waited before I sent to claim her promise. She could not possibly see me yet, was the answer. As soon as she could, she would.

Dorcas says, she still excessively trembled; and ordered her to give her hartshorn and water.

A strange apprehensive creature! Her terror is too great for the occasion. Evils in apprehension are often greater than evils in reality. Hast thou never observed, that the terrors of a bird caught, and actually in the hand, bear no comparison to what we might have supposed those terrors would be, were we to have formed a judgment of the same bird by its shyness before it was taken?

Dear creature!—Did she never romp? Did she never from girlhood to now, hoyden? The *innocent* kinds of freedom taken and allowed on these occasions, would have familiarized her to greater. Sacrilege but to touch the hem of her garment!—Excess of delicacy!—O the consecrated beauty! how can she think to be a wife!

But how do I know till I try, whether she may not by a less alarming treatment be prevailed upon, or
whether

whether [Day, I have done with thee!] she may not yield to *nightly surprizes*? This is still the burden of my song, I can marry her when I will. And if I do, after prevailing (whether by *surprize*, or by *reluctant consent*) whom but myself shall I have injured?

* * * *

It is now Eleven o'clock. She will see me as soon as she can, she tells Polly Horton, who made her a tender visit, and to whom she is less reserved than to any-body else. Her emotion, she assures her, was not owing to perverseness, to nicety, to ill-humour; but to *weakness of heart*. She has not *strength of mind* sufficient, she says, to enable her to support her condition.

Yet what a contradiction!—*Weakness of heart*, says she, with *such a strength of will*!—O Belford! she is a lion-hearted Lady, in every case where her Honour, her Punctilio rather, calls for spirit. But I have had reason more than once in her case, to conclude, that the passions of the gentlest, slower to be moved than those of the quick, are the most flaming, the most irresistible, when raised.—Yet her charming Body is not equally organized. The unequal partners pull two ways; and the divinity within her tears her silken frame. But had the same soul informed a masculine body, never would there have been a truer hero.

Monday, Two o'clock.

Not yet visible!—My Beloved is not well. What *Expectations* had she from my ardent admiration of her!—More rudeness than revenge apprehended. Yet, how my soul thirsts for Revenge upon both these Ladies! I must have recourse to my *master-strokes*. This cursed project of Miss Howe and her Mrs. Townsend (if I cannot contrive to render it abortive) will be always a sword hanging over my head. Upon every little disobligation my Beloved will be for taking wing; and the pains I have taken to deprive her of every

every other refuge or protection in order to make her absolutely dependent upon me, will be all thrown away. But perhaps I shall find out a Smuggler to counterplot Miss Howe.

Thou remembreſt the contention between the Sun and the North-wind, in the Fable ; which ſhould firſt make an honeſt Traveller throw off his cloak.

Boreas began firſt. He puffed away moſt vehemently ; and often made the poor fellow curve and ſtagger : But with no other effect, than to cauſe him to wrap his Surtout the cloſer about him.

But when it came to Phœbus's turn, he ſo played upon the Traveller with his beams, that he made him firſt unbutton, and then throw it quite off :—Nor left he, till he obliged him to take to the friendly ſhade of a ſpreading beech ; where proſtrating himſelf on the thrown-off cloak, he took a comfortable nap.

The victor-god then laughed outright, both at Boreas and the Traveller, and purſued his radiant courſe, ſhining upon, and warming and cheriſhing a thouſand new objects, as he danced along : And at night, when he put up his fiery courſers, he diverted his Thetis with the relation of his pranks in the paſſed day.

I, in like manner, will diſcard all my boiſtrous inventions ; and if I can oblige my ſweet Traveller to throw aſide, *but for one moment*, the cloak of her rigid virtue, I ſhall have nothing to do, but, like the Sun, to bleſs new objects with my rays. But my choſen hours of converſation and reſoſe, after all my peregrinations, will be devoted to my goddeſs.

* * * *

AND now, Belford, according to my new ſyſtem, I think this houſe of Mrs. Fretchville an embarras upon me. I will get rid of it ; for ſome time at leaſt. Mennell, when I am out, ſhall come to her, enquiring for me. What for ? thou'lt aſk. What for !—Haſt thou not heard what has befallen poor Mrs. Fretchville ? —Then I'll tell thee.

One of her maids, about a week ago, was taken

with the Small-pox. The rest kept their mistress ignorant of it till Friday ; and *then* she came to know it by accident. The greater half of the plagues poor mortals of condition are tormented with, proceed from the Servants they take, partly for shew, partly for use, and with a view to lessen their cares.

This has so terrified the widow, that she is taken with all the symptoms that threaten an attack from that dreadful enemy of fair faces.—So must not think of removing : Yet cannot expect, that we should be further delayed on her account.

She now wishes, with all her heart, that she had known her own mind, and gone into the country at first when I treated about the house : This evil then had not happened ! A cursed cross accident for *us*, too ! —High-ho ! Nothing else, I think, in this mortal life ! People need not study to bring crosses upon themselves by their petulancies.

So this affair of the house will be over ; at least, for one while. But then I can fall upon an expedient which will make amends for this disappointment. I must move *slow*, in order to be *sure*. I have a charming contrivance or two in my head, even supposing my Beloved should get away, to bring her back again.

But what is become of Lord M. I trow, that he writes not to me, in answer to my invitation ? If he would send me such a Letter as I could shew, it might go a great way towards a perfect reconciliation. I have written to Charlotte about it. He shall soon hear from me, and that in a way he won't like, if he writes not quickly. He has sometimes threatened to disinheret *me* : But if I should renounce *him*, it would be but justice, and would vex him ten times more, than any-thing he can do, will vex me. Then, the Settlements unavoidably delayed, by his neglect !—How shall I bear such a life of procrastination !—I, who, as to my will, and impatience, and so forth, am of the true *Lady-make*, and can as little bear controul and disappointment as the best of them !

* * * *

ANOTHER Letter, from Miss Howe. I suppose it is *that* which she promises in her last to send her relating to the Courtship between old Tony the Uncle, and Annabella the Mother. I should be extremely rejoiced to see it. No more of the Smuggler-plot in it, surely! This Letter, it seems, she has put in her pocket. But I hope I shall soon find it deposited with the rest.

Monday Evening.

AT my repeated request she condescended to meet me in the Dining-room to afternoon-tea, and not before.

She entered with bashfulness, as I thought; in a pretty confusion, for having carried her apprehensions too far. Sullen and slow moved she towards the Tea-table.—Dorcas present, busy in tea-cup preparations. I took her reluctant hand, and pressed it to my lips—Dearest, loveliest of creatures, why this distance? Why this displeasure?—How can you thus torture the faithfullest heart in the world?

She disengaged her hand. Again I would have snatched it.

Be quiet, peevishly withdrawing it; and down she sat; a gentle palpitation in the Beauty of beauties indicating mingled fullness and resentment; her snowy handkerchief rising and falling, and a sweet flush overspreading her charming cheeks.

For God's sake, Madam!—And a third time I would have taken her repulsing hand.

And for the same sake, Sir; no more teasing.

Dorcas retired; I drew my chair nearer hers, and with the most respectful tenderness took her hand, and told her, that I could not forbear to express my apprehensions (from the distance she was so desirous to keep me at) that if any man in the world was more *indifferent* to her, to use no harsher a word, than another, it was the unhappy wretch before her.

She looked steadily upon me for a moment, and

with her other hand, not withdrawing that I held, pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket ; and by a twinkling motion urged forward a tear or two, which having arisen in each sweet eye, it was plain by that motion, she would rather have dissipated : But answered me only with a sigh, and an averted face.

I urged her to speak ; to look up at me ; to bless me with an eye more favourable.

I had reason, she told me, for my complaint of her indifference. She saw nothing in my mind that was generous. I was not a man to be obliged or favoured. My strange behaviour to her since Saturday night, *for no cause at all that she knew of*, convinced her of this. Whatever hopes she had conceived of me, were utterly dissipated : All my ways were disgustful to her.

This cut me to the heart. The guilty, I believe, in every case, less patiently bear the detecting truth, than the innocent do the degrading falsehood.

I bespoke her patience, while I took the liberty to account for this change, on my part.—I re-acknowledged the pride of my heart, which could not bear the thought of that want of preference in the heart of a Lady whom I hoped to call mine, which she had always manifested. Marriage, I said, was a State that was not to be entered upon with indifference on either side.

It is insolence, interrupted she, it is presumption, Sir, to expect tokens of value, without resolving to *deserve* them. You have no whining creature before you, Mr. Lovelace, overcome by weak motives, to love where there is no merit. Miss Howe can tell you, Sir, that I never loved the *faults* of my friend ; nor ever wished her to love me for mine. It was a rule with us, not to spare each other. And would a man who has nothing but faults (for pray, Sir, what are your virtues?) expect that I should shew a value for him ? Indeed if I did, I should not deserve even *his* value, but ought to be despised by him.

Well have you, Madam, kept up to this noble manner of thinking. You are in no danger of being despised

spised for any marks of tenderness or favour shewn to the man before you. You have been perhaps, *you'll* think, *laudably* studious of making and taking occasions to declare, that it was far from being owing to your *choice*, that you had any thoughts of me. My whole soul, Madam, in all its errors, in all its wishes, in all its views, had been laid open and naked before you, had I been encouraged by such a share in your confidence and esteem, as would have secured me against your apprehended worst constructions of what I should from time to time have revealed to you, and consulted you upon. For never was there a franker heart; nor a man so ready to accuse himself [*This, Belford, is true*]. But you know, Madam, how much otherwise it has been between us.—Doubt, distance, reserve, on your part, begat doubt, fear, awe, on mine.—How little confidence! as if we apprehended each other to be a Plotter rather than a Lover. How have I dreaded every Letter that has been brought you from Wilson's!—And with reason; since the last, from which I expected so much, on account of the proposals I had made you in writing, has, if I may judge by the effects, and by your denial of seeing me yesterday (tho' you could go abroad, and in a *chair* too, to avoid my attendance on you) set you against me more than ever.

I was guilty, it seems, of going to church, said the indignant Charmer; and without the company of a man, whose choice it would not have been to go, had I not gone—I was guilty of desiring to have the whole Sunday to myself, after I had obliged you, against my will, at a Play; and after you had detained me (equally to my dislike) to a very late hour over night.—These were my faults: For these I was to be punished; I was to be compelled to see you, and to be terrified when I did see you, by the most shocking ill-humour that was ever shewn to a creature in my circumstances, and not bound to bear it. You have pretended to find free fault with my Father's temper, Mr. Lovelace: But the worst that he ever shewed *after* marriage, was not

in the least to be compared to what you have shewn twenty times *beforehand*.—And what are my prospects with you, at the very best?—My indignation rises against you, Mr. Lovelace, while I speak to you, when I recollect the many instances, equally ungenerous and unpolite, of your behaviour to one whom you have brought into distress—And I can hardly bear you in my sight.

She turned from me, standing up; and lifting up her folded hands, and charming eyes swimming in tears, O my Father, said the inimitable creature, you might have spared your heavy curse, had you known how I have been punished, ever since my swerving feet led me out of your garden-doors to meet this man!—Then, sinking into her chair, a burst of passionate tears forced their way down her glowing cheeks.

My dearest life, taking her still folded hands in mine, who can bear an invocation so affecting, tho' so passionate?

And, as I hope to live, my nose tingled, as I once, when a boy, remember it did (and indeed once more very lately) just before some tears came into my eyes; and I durst hardly trust my face in view of hers.

What have I done to deserve this impatient exclamation?—Have I, at any time, by word, by deeds, by looks, given you cause to doubt my honour, my reverence, my *adoration*, I may call it, of your virtues? All is owing to misapprehension, I hope, on both sides. Condescend to clear up but your part, as I will mine, and all must speedily be happy.—Would to Heaven I loved that Heaven as I love you! And yet, if I doubted a Return in Love, let me perish if I should know how to wish you mine!—Give me hope, dearest creature, give me but hope, that I am your preferable choice!—Give me but hope, that you hate me not; that you do not *despise me*.

O Mr. Lovelace, we have been long enough together, to be tired of each other's humours and ways; ways and humours so different, that perhaps you ought
to

to dislike *me*, as much as I do *you*.—I think, I think, that I cannot make an answerable return to the value you profess for me. My temper is utterly ruined. You have given me an ill opinion of all mankind; of yourself in particular: And withal so bad a one of myself, that I shall never be able to look up, having utterly and for ever lost all that self-complacency, and conscious pride, which are so necessary to carry a woman through this life with tolerable satisfaction to herself.

She paused. I was silent. By my soul, thought I, this sweet creature will at last undo me!

She proceeded.—What now remains, but that you pronounce me free of all obligation to you? And that you hinder me not from pursuing the destiny that shall be allotted me?

Again she paused. I was still silent; meditating whether to renounce all further designs upon her; whether I had not received sufficient evidence of a virtue, and of a greatness of soul, that could not be questioned, or impeached.

She went on: Propitious to me be your silence, Mr. Lovelace!—Tell me, that I am free of all obligation to you. You know, I never made *you* promises.—You know, that you are not under any to *me*.—My broken fortunes I matter not—

She was proceeding—My dearest life, said I, I have been all this time, tho' you fill me with doubts of your favour, busy in the nuptial preparations. I am actually in treaty for Equipage.

Equipage, Sir!—Trappings, Tinsel!—What is Equipage; what is Life; what is Any-thing; to a creature sunk so low as I am in my own opinion!—Labouring under a Father's Curse!—Unable to look backward without reproach, or forward without terror!—These reflections strengthened by every cross accident!—And what but cross accidents befall me!—All my darling schemes dashed in pieces; all my hopes at an end; deny me not the liberty to refuge myself in some obscure corner, where neither the enemies you have made

me, nor the few friends you have left me, may ever hear of the supposed Rash one, till those happy moments are at hand, which shall expiate for all!

I had not a word to say for myself. Such a war in my mind had I never known. Gratitude, and Admiration of the excellent creature before me, combating with villainous Habit, with resolutions so premeditatedly made, and with views so much gloried in!—An hundred new contrivances in my head, and in my heart, that, to be honest, as it is called, must all be given up, by a heart delighting in intrigue and difficulty—Miss Howe's virulences endeavoured to be recollected—Yet recollection refusing to bring them forward with the requisite efficacy—I had certainly been a lost man, had not Dorcas come seasonably in, with a Letter.—On the superscription written—*Be pleased, Sir, to open it now.*

I retired to the window—opened it.—It was from Dorcas herself.—These the contents—‘Be pleased to detain my Lady: A paper of importance to transcribe, I will cough when I have done.’

I put the paper in my pocket, and turned to my Charmer, less disconcerted, as she, by that time, had also a little recovered herself.—One favour, dearest creature—Let me but know, whether Miss Howe approves or disapproves of my proposals?—I know her to be my enemy. I was intending to account to you for the change of behaviour you accused me of at the beginning of this conversation; but was diverted from it by your vehemence. Indeed, my beloved creature, you was *very* vehement. Do you think, it must not be matter of high regret to me, to find my wishes so often delayed and postponed in favour of your predominate view to a Reconciliation with relations who will not be reconciled to you?—To this was owing your declining to celebrate our Nuptials before we came to town, tho' you were so atrociously treated by your Sister, and your whole family; and tho' so ardently pressed to celebrate by me—To this was owing the ready offence you took at my four friends; and at the unavailing attempt I made

made to see a dropt Letter; little imagining, from what two such Ladies could write to each other, that there could be room for mortal displeasure.—To this was owing the week's distance you held me at, till you knew the issue of another application.—But when they had rejected that; when you had sent my coldly-received proposals to Miss Howe for her approbation or advice, as indeed I advised; and had honoured me with your company at the Play on Saturday night (my whole behaviour unobjectible to the last hour); must not, Madam, the sudden change in your conduct the very next morning, astonish and distress me?—And this persisted in with still stronger declarations, after you had received the impatiently-expected Letter from Miss Howe; must I not conclude, that all was owing to her influence; and that some other application or project was meditating, that made it necessary to keep me again at distance till the result were known, and which was to deprive me of you for ever? for was not that your constantly proposed preliminary?—Well, Madam, might I be wrought up to a half-phrensy by this apprehension; and well might I charge you with hating me.—And now, dearest creature, let me know, I once more ask you, what is Miss Howe's opinion of my proposals?

Were I disposed to debate with you, Mr. Lovelace, I could very easily answer your fine harangue. But at present, I shall only say, that your ways have been very unaccountable. You seem to me, if your meanings were always just, to have taken great pains to embarrass them. Whether owing in you to the want of a clear head, or a sound heart, I cannot determine; but it is to the want of one of them, I verily think, that I am to ascribe the greatest part of your strange conduct.

Curse upon the heart of the little devil, said I, who instigates you to think so hardly of the faithfullest heart in the world!

How dare you, Sir?—And there she stopt; having almost overshot herself; as I designed she should.

How

How dare I *what*, Madam? And I looked with meaning. How dare I *what*?

Vile man!—And do you—And there again she stopt.

Do I *what*, Madam?—And why *vile man*?

How dare you to curse *any-body* in my presence?

O the sweet receder! But that was not to go off so with a Lovelace.

Why then, dearest creature, is there *any-body* that instigates you?—If there be, again I curse them, be they whom they will.

She was in a charming pretty passion.—And this was the first time that I had the odds in my favour.

Well, Madam, it is just as I thought. And now I know how to account for a temper that I hope is not *natural* to you.

Artful wretch! And is it thus you would entrap me?—But know, Sir, that I receive Letters from nobody but Miss Howe. Miss Howe likes some of your ways as little as I do; for I have set every-thing before her. Yet she is thus far *your* enemy, as she is *mine*—She thinks I should not refuse your offers; but endeavour to make the best of my lot. And now you have the truth. Would to heaven you were capable of dealing with equal sincerity!

I *am*, Madam. And here, on my knee, I renew my vows, and my supplication, that you will make me yours—Yours for ever.—And let me have cause to bless you and Miss Howe in the same breath.

To say the truth, Belford, I had before begun to think, that the vixen of a girl, who certainly likes not Hickman, was in love with *me*.

Rise, Sir, from your too-ready knees; and mock me not.

Too-ready knees, thought I!—Though this humble posture so little affects this proud Beauty, she knows not how much I have obtained of others of her Sex, nor how often I have been forgiven for the last attempts, by kneeling.

Mock

Mock you, Madam!—And I arose, and re-urged her for the Day. I blamed myself at the same time, for the invitation I had given to Lord M. as it might subject me to delay from his infirmities: But told her, that I would write to him to excuse me, if she had no objection; or to give him the Day she would give me, and not wait for him, if he could not come in time.

My Day, Sir, said she, is Never. Be not surprised. A person of politeness judging between us, would not be surprised that I say so. But indeed, Mr. Lovelace [and wept thro' impatience] you either know not how to treat with a mind of the least degree of delicacy, notwithstanding your Birth and Education, or you are an ingrateful man; and [after a pause] a *worse* than ingrateful one. But I will retire. I will see you again to-morrow. I cannot before. I think I hate you—You *may* look—Indeed I think I hate you. And if, upon a re-examination of my own heart, I find I do, I would not for the world that matters should go on farther between us.

• But I see, I see, she does not *bate* me!—How it
• would mortify my vanity, if I thought there was a
• woman in the world, much more this, that could *bate*
• me!—'Tis evident, villain as she thinks me, that I
• should not be an *odious* villain, if I could but at last
• in *one* instance cease to be a villain! She could not
• hold it, determined as she had thought herself, I saw
• by her eyes, the moment I endeavoured to dissipate
• her apprehensions, on my *too-ready knees*, as she calls
• them. The moment the rough covering that my
• teasing behaviour has thrown over her affections
• is quite removed, I doubt not to find all silk and
• silver at bottom, all soft, bright, and charming.

I was however too much vexed, disconcerted, mortified, to hinder her from retiring—And yet she had not gone, if Dorcas had not coughed.

The wench came in, as soon as her Lady had retired, and gave me the copy she had taken. And what should it be but of the answer the truly admirable creature had intended

intended to give to my written proposals in relation to Settlements?

I have but just dipt into this affecting paper. Were I to read it attentively, not a wink should I sleep this night. To-morrow it shall obtain my serious consideration.

LETTER III.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Tuesday Morning, May 23.

THE dear creature desires to be excused seeing me till evening. She is not very well, as Dorcas tells me.

Read here, if thou wilt, the paper transcribed by Dorcas. It is impossible that I should proceed with my projects against this admirable woman, were it not that I am resolved, after a few trials more, if as nobly sustained as those she has already passed through, to make her (if she really hate me not) legally mine.

To Mr. LOVELACE.

WHEN a woman is married, that supreme earthly obligation requires that in all instances where her husband's real honour is concerned, she should yield her own will to his. But, beforehand, I could be glad, conformably to what I have always signified, to have the most explicit assurances, that every possible way should be tried to avoid litigation with my Father. Time and patience will subdue all things. My prospects of happiness are extremely contracted. A Husband's right will be always the same. In my life-time I could wish nothing to be done of this sort. Your circumstances, Sir, will not oblige you to extort violently from him what is in his hands. All that depends upon *me*, either with regard to my Person, to my Diversions, or to the Oeconomy that no married woman, of whatever Rank or Quality, should be above inspecting, shall be done, to prevent

‘ a necessity for such measures being taken. And if
 ‘ there will be no *necessity* for them, it is to be hoped
 ‘ that motives *less* excusable will not have force—Mo-
 ‘ tives which must be founded in a Littleness of Mind,
 ‘ which a woman, who has *not* that Littleness of Mind,
 ‘ will be under such temptations as her duty will hardly
 ‘ be able at all times to check, to despise her Husband
 ‘ for having; especially in cases where her own family,
 ‘ so much a part of herself, and which will have obli-
 ‘ gations upon her (tho’ then but *secondary* ones) from
 ‘ which she can never be freed, is intimately concerned.

‘ This article, then, I urge to your most serious con-
 ‘ sideration, as what lies next my heart. I enter not
 ‘ here minutely into the fatal misunderstanding between
 ‘ them and you: The fault may be in both. But, Sir,
 ‘ *yours* was the foundation-fault: At least, you gave a
 ‘ too plausible pretence for my Brother’s antipathy to
 ‘ work upon. Condescension was no part of your study.
 ‘ You chose to bear the imputations laid to your charge,
 ‘ rather than to make it your endeavour to obviate them.

‘ But this may lead into hateful recrimination—Let
 ‘ it be remembred, I will only say, in this place, that,
 ‘ in *their* eye, you have robbed them of a daughter
 ‘ they doted upon; and that their resentments on this
 ‘ occasion rise but in proportion to their love, and
 ‘ their disappointment. If they were faulty in some
 ‘ of the measures they took, while they themselves did
 ‘ not think so, who shall judge for *them*? You, Sir,
 ‘ who will judge every-body as you please, and will let
 ‘ no-body judge you, in *your own* particular, must not
 ‘ be *their* judge.—It may therefore be expected, that
 ‘ they will stand out.

‘ As for *myself*, Sir, I must leave it [So seems it to
 ‘ be destined] to your justice, to treat me as you shall
 ‘ think I deserve: But if your future behaviour to *them*
 ‘ is not governed by that harsh-sounding implacableness,
 ‘ which you charge upon some of *their* tempers, the
 ‘ splendor of your family, and the excellent character
 ‘ of *some* of them (of *all* indeed, unless your own
 ‘ con-

‘ conscience furnishes you with one *only* exception)
‘ will, on better consideration, do every-thing with
‘ them : For they *may* be overcome ; perhaps, how-
‘ ever, with the more difficulty, as the greatly pro-
‘ sperous less bear controul and disappointment than
‘ others : For I will own to you, that I have often in-
‘ secret lamented, that their great acquirements have
‘ been a snare to them ; perhaps as great a snare, as
‘ some *other* accidentals have been to you ; which being
‘ less immediately your own gifts, you have still less
‘ reason than they to value yourself upon them.

‘ Let me only, on this subject, further observe, that
‘ Condescension is not Meanness. There is a glory in
‘ yielding, that hardly any violent spirit can judge of.
‘ My Brother perhaps is no more sensible of *this* than
‘ you. But as you have talents which he has not (who,
‘ however, has, as I hope, that regard for morals, the
‘ want of which makes one of his objections to you)
‘ I could wish it may not be owing to *you*, that your
‘ mutual dislikes to each other do not subside ; for it is
‘ my earnest hope, that in time you may see each other,
‘ without exciting the fears of a Wife and a Sister for
‘ the consequence. Not that I should wish you to yield
‘ in points that truly concerned your honour : No, Sir ;
‘ I would be as delicate in such, as you yourself : *More*
‘ delicate, I will venture to say, because more *uni-*
‘ *formly* so. How vain, how contemptible, is that
‘ pride, which shews itself in standing upon diminutive
‘ observances ; and gives up, and makes a jest of, the
‘ most important !

‘ This article being considered as I wish, all the rest
‘ will be easy. Were I to accept of the handsome se-
‘ parate provision you seem to intend me ; added to
‘ the considerable sums arisen from my Grandfather’s
‘ Estate since his death (more considerable, than per-
‘ haps you may suppose from your offer) ; I should
‘ think it my duty to lay up for the family good, and
‘ for unforeseen events, out of it : For, as to my do-
‘ nations, I would generally confine myself in them

‘ to

Let.3. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 31

‘ to the tenth of my income, be it what it would. I
 ‘ aim at no glare in what I do of that sort. All I wish
 ‘ for, is the power of relieving the *Lame*, the *Blind*,
 ‘ the *Sick*, and the *industrious Poor*, whom accident
 ‘ has made so, or sudden distress reduced. The com-
 ‘ mon or bred beggars I leave to others, and to the pu-
 ‘ blic provision. They cannot be lower : Perhaps they
 ‘ wish not to be higher : And, not able to do for every
 ‘ one, I aim not at works of supererogation. Two
 ‘ hundred pounds a year would do all I wish to do of
 ‘ the separate sort : For all above, I would content my-
 ‘ self to ask you ; except, mistrusting your own œco-
 ‘ nomy, you would give up to my management and
 ‘ keeping, in order to provide for future contingencies,
 ‘ a larger portion ; for which, as your steward, I would
 ‘ regularly account.

‘ As to cloaths, I have particularly two suits, which,
 ‘ having been only in a manner tried on, would answer
 ‘ for any present occasion. Jewels I have of my Grand-
 ‘ mother’s, which want only new-setting : Another Set
 ‘ I have, which on particular Days I used to wear.
 ‘ Altho’ these are not sent me, I have no doubt, being
 ‘ merely personals, but they will, when I send for them
 ‘ in *another name* : Till when I should not chuse to
 ‘ wear any.

‘ As to your complaints of my diffidences, and the
 ‘ like, I appeal to your own heart, if it be possible for
 ‘ you to make my case your own for one moment, and
 ‘ to retrospect some parts of your behaviour, words,
 ‘ and actions, whether I am not rather to be justified
 ‘ than censured : And whether, of all men in the world,
 ‘ *avowing what you avow*, you ought not to think so.
 ‘ If you do not, let me admonish you, Sir, from the very
 ‘ great *mismatch*, that then must appear to be in our
 ‘ minds, never to seek, nor so much as wish, to bring
 ‘ about the *most intimate* union of interests between
 ‘ Yourself and

‘ May 20.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.’

THE original of this charming paper, as Dorcas tells me, was torn almost in two. In one of her pets, I suppose! What business have the Sex, whose principal glory is meekness, and patience, and resignation, to be in a passion, I trow?—Will not she, who allows herself such liberties as a Maiden, take greater when married?

And a *wife* to be in a passion!—Let me tell the Ladies, it is an impudent thing, begging their pardon, and as *imprudent* as impudent, for a *wife* to be in a passion, if she mean not eternal separation, or wicked defiance, by it: For is it not rejecting at once all that expostulatory meekness, and gentle reasoning, mingled with sighs as gentle, and graced with bent knees, supplicating hands, and eyes lifted up to your imperial countenance, just running over, that should make a reconciliation speedy, and as lasting as speedy? Even suppose the husband is in the wrong, will not his being so, give the greater force to her expostulation?

Now I think of it, a man *should* be in the wrong now-and-then, to make his wife shine. Miss Howe tells my Charmer, that Adversity is *her* shining-time. 'Tis a generous thing in a man, to make his wife shine at his own expence: To give her leave to triumph over him by patient reasoning: For were he to be *too imperial* to acknowledge his fault *on the spot*, she will find the benefit of her duty and submission *in future*, and in the high opinion he will conceive of her prudence and obligingness—And so, by degrees, she will become her master's master.

But for a wife to come up with a kemboed arm, the other hand thrown out, perhaps with a pointing finger—Look ye here, Sir!—Take notice!—If *you* are wrong, *I'll* be wrong!—If *you* are in a passion, *I'll* be in a passion!—Rebuff, for rebuff, Sir!—If *you* fly, *I'll* tear!—If *you* swear, *I'll* curse!—And the same room, and the same bed, shall not hold us, Sir!—For, remember, I am married, Sir!—I am a wife, Sir!—You can't help yourself, Sir!—Your honour, as well as your peace, is in my keeping!—And, if you like not this treatment, you may have worse, Sir!

Ah!

Ah! Jack! Jack! What man, who has observed these things, either *implied*, or *expressed*, in other families, would wish to be an husband!

Dorcas found this paper in one of the drawers of her Lady's dressing-table. She was reperusing it, as she supposes, when the honest wench carried my message to desire her to favour me at the tea-table; for she saw her pop a paper into the drawer as she came in; and there, on her mistress's going to meet me in the Dining-room, she found it; and to be This.

But I had better not to have had a copy of it, as far as I know: For, determined as I was before upon my operations, it instantly turned all my resolutions in her favour. Yet I would give something to be convinced, that she did not pop it into her drawer before the wench, in order for me to see it; and perhaps (if I were to take notice of it) to discover whether Dorcas, according to Miss Howe's advice, were most *my friend*, or *hers*.

The very suspicion of this will do her no good: For I cannot bear to be *artfully dealt with*. People love to enjoy their own peculiar talents in *monopoly*, as I may say. I am aware, that it will strengthen thy arguments against me in her behalf. But I know every tittle thou canst say upon it. Spare therefore thy wambling nonsense, I desire thee; and leave this sweet excellence and me to our fate: That will determine *for us*, as it shall please itself: For, as Cowley says,

*An unseen band makes all our moves:
And some are great, and some are small;
Some climb to good, some from good fortune fall:
Some wise men, and some fools we call:
Figures, alas! of speech!—For destiny plays us all.*

But, after all, I am sorry, *almost* sorry (for how shall I do to be *quite* sorry, when it is not *given* to me to be so?) that I cannot, until I have made further trials, resolve upon wedlock.

I have just read over again this intended answer to my proposals: And how I adore her for it!

But yet; another *Yet!*—She has not given it or sent it to me.—It is not therefore *her* answer. It is not written *for* me, tho' *to* me.

Nay, she has not *intended* to send it to me: She has even torn it, perhaps with indignation, as thinking it too *good* for me. By this action she absolutely retracts it. Why then does my foolish fondness seek to establish for her the same merit in my heart, as if she avowed it? Pr'ythee, dear Belford, once more, leave us to our fate; and do not thou interpose with thy nonsense, to weaken a spirit already too squeamish, and strengthen a conscience that has declared itself of her party.

Then again, remember thy recent discoveries, Lovelace! Remember her indifference, attended with all the appearance of contempt and hatred. View her, even *now*, wrapt up in reserve and mystery; meditating plots, as far as thou knowest, against the Sovereignty thou hast, by right of conquest, obtained over her. Remember, in short, all thou hast *threatened* to remember against this insolent Beauty, who is a Rebel to the power she has lifted under.

But yet, how dost thou propose to subdue thy sweet enemy?—Abhorred be *force*, be the *necessity* of force, if that can be avoided! There is no triumph in *force*—No conquest over the will—No prevailing, by gentle degrees, over the gentle passions!—*Force* is the devil!

My cursed character, as I have often said, was against me at setting-out—Yet is she not a *woman*? Cannot I find one yielding or but half-yielding moment, if she do not absolutely hate me?

But with what can I tempt her?—*RICHES* she was born to, and despises, knowing what they are. *JEWELS* and *Ornaments*, to a mind so much a jewel, and so richly set, her worthy consciousness will not let her value. *LOVE*—if she be susceptible of Love, it seems to be so much under the direction of Prudence, that one un-
VI guarded

guarded moment, I fear, cannot be reasonably hoped for: And so much VIGILANCE, so much Apprehensiveness, that her fears are ever aforehand with her dangers. Then her LOVE OF VIRTUE seems to be *Principle*, native Principle, or, if *not* native, so deeply rooted, that its fibres have struck into her heart, and, as she grew up, so blended and twisted themselves with the strings of life, that I doubt there is no separating of the one without cutting the others asunder.

What then can be done to make such a matchless creature get over the first tests, in order to put her to the grand proof, *whether once overcome, she will not be always overcome?*

Our Mother and her nymphs say, I am a perfect Craven, and no Lovelace: And so I think. But this is no simpering, smiling charmer, as I have found others to be, when I have touched upon affecting subjects at a distance; as once or twice I have tried to her, the Mother introducing them (to make Sex palliate the freedom to Sex), when only we three together. She is above the affectation of not seeming to understand you. She shews by her displeasure, and a fierceness not natural to her eye, that she judges of an impure heart by an impure mouth, and darts dead at once even the embryo hopes of an encroaching Lover, however distantly insinuated, before the meaning hint can dawn into *double entendre*.

By my faith, Jack, as I sit gazing upon her, my whole soul in my eyes, contemplating her perfections, and thinking, when I have seen her easy and serene, what would be her thoughts, did *she* know my heart as well as *I* know it; when I behold her disturbed and jealous, and think of the *justness* of her apprehensions, and that she cannot fear so much, as there is *room* for her to fear; my heart often misgives me.

And must, think I, O creature so divinely excellent, and so beloved of my soul, those arms, those incircling

arms, that would make a monarch happy, be used to repel brutal force; all their strength, unavailing perhaps, exerted to repel it, and to defend a person so delicately framed? Can violence enter into the heart of a wretch, who might entitle himself to all thy willing, yet virtuous Love, and make the blessings I aspire after, her *duty* to confer?—Begone, villain-purposes! Sink ye all to the hell that could only inspire ye! And I am then ready to throw myself at her feet, to confess my villainous designs, to avow my repentance, and to put it out of my power to act unworthily by such an excellence.

How then comes it, that all these compassionate, and, as some would call them, *honest* Sensibilities go off?—Why, Miss Howe will tell thee: She says, I am the *devil*.—By my conscience, I think he has at present a great share in me.

There's ingenuousness!—How I lay myself open to thee!—But seest thou not, that the more I say against myself, the less room there is for thee to take me to task?—O Belford, Belford! I cannot, cannot (at least *at present* I cannot) marry.

Then her family, my bitter enemies—To supple to them, or, if I do not, to make her *as* unhappy as she can be from my *attempts*—

Then does she not love Them too much, Me too little?

She now seems to despise me: Miss Howe declares, that she really does despise me. To be *despised* by a WIFE!—What a thought is that!—To be *excelled* by a WIFE too, in every part of praiseworthy knowledge!—To *take lessons*, to *take instructions*, from a WIFE!—*More* than despise me, she herself has taken time to consider whether she does not *bate* me:—*I hate you*, Lovelace, *with my whole heart*, said she to me but yesterday! *My soul is above thee, man!*—*Urge me not to tell thee, how sincerely I think my soul above thee!*—How poor indeed was I then, even in my own heart!—So *visible* a superiority, to so proud a spirit as mine!

mine!—And *here* from Below, from *BELOW* indeed! from these *women*! I am so goaded on—

Yet 'tis poor too, to think myself a machine in the hands of such wretches.—I am *no* machine.—Lovelace, thou art base to thyself, but to *suppose* thyself a machine.

But having gone thus far, I should be unhappy, if, after marriage, in the petulance of ill humour, I had it to reproach myself, that I did not try her to the utmost. And yet I don't know how it is, but this Lady, the moment I come into her presence, half-assimilates me to her own virtue.—Once or twice (to say nothing of her triumph over me on Sunday night) I was prevailed upon to fluster myself, with an intention to make some advances, which, if obliged to recede, I might lay upon raised spirits: But the instant I beheld her, I was soberized into awe and reverence: And the majesty of her even *visible* purity first damped, and then extinguished, my *double* flame.

What a surprisingly powerful effect, so much and so long in my power, *she*! so instigated by some of her own Sex, and so stimulated by Passion, *I*!—How can this be accounted for, in a Lovelace!

But, what a heap of stuff have I written!—How have I been run away with!—By what?—Canst thou say, by what?—O thou lurking varletess CONSCIENCE!—Is it Thou, that hast thus made me of party against myself?—How camest thou in?—In what disguise, thou egregious haunter of my more agreeable hours?—Stand *thou*, with *fate*, but neuter in this controversy; and, if I cannot do credit to human nature, and to the female Sex, by bringing down such an angel as this to class with and adorn it (for adorn it she does in her very foibles) then I am all yours, and never will resist you more.

Here I arose. I shook myself. The window was open. Away the troublesome bosom-visiter, the intruder, is flown.—I see it yet!—I see it yet!—And now it lessens to my aching eye!—And now the cleft

Air is closed after it, and it is out of sight!—And once more I am

ROBERT LOVELACE.

LETTER IV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Tuesday, May 23.

WELL did I, and but just in time, conclude to have done with Mrs. Fretchville and the house: For here Mennell has declared, that he cannot in conscience and honour go any farther.—He would not for the world be accessary to the deceiving of such a Lady!—I was a fool to let either you or him see her; for ever *since* ye have both had scruples, which neither would have had, were a *woman* to have been in the question.

Well, I can't help it!

Mennell has, however, though with some reluctance, consented to write me a Letter, provided I will allow it to be the last step he shall take in this affair.

I presumed, I told him, that if I could cause Mrs. Fretchville's *woman* to supply *his* place, he would have no objection to that.

None, he says—*But is it not pity*—

A pitiful fellow! Such a ridiculous kind of pity *his*, as those silly souls have, who would not kill an innocent chicken for the world; but when killed to their hands, are always the most greedy devourers of it.

Now this Letter gives the servant the Small-pox: And she has given it to her unhappy vapourish Lady. Vapourish people are perpetual subjects for diseases to work upon. *Name* but the malady, and it is *theirs* in a moment. *Ever* fitted for Inoculation.—The physical tribe's milch-cows.—A vapourish or splenetic patient is a Fiddle for the doctors; and they are eternally playing upon it. Sweet music does it make them. All their difficulty, except a case extraordinary happens (as poor Mrs. Fretchville's, who has *realized* her apprehensions) is but to hold their countenance, while their patient is drawing

drawing up a Bill of Indictment against himself ;—and when they have heard it, proceed to *punish* :—The right word for *prescribe*. Why should they not, when the criminal has confessed his guilt ?—And *punish* they generally do with a vengeance.

Yet, silly toads too, now I think of it. For why, when they know they cannot do good, may they not as well endeavour to gratify, as to nauseate, the patient's palate ?

Were I a physician, I'd get all the trade to myself : For Malmsey, and Cyprus, and the generous product of the Cape, a little disguised, should be my principal doses : As these would create new spirits, how would the revived patient covet the phylic, and adore the doctor !

Give all the paraders of the faculty whom thou knowest, this hint.—There could but one inconvenience arise from it. The APOTHECARIES would find their medicines cost them *something* : But the demand for quantities would answer that : Since the honest NURSE would be the patient's taster ; perpetually requiring repetitions of the last cordial julap.

Well, but to the Letter—Yet what need of further explanation after the hints in my former ? The widow can't be removed ; and that's enough : And Men-nell's work is over ; and his Conscience left to plague him for his own sins, and not another man's : And, very possibly, plague enough will it give him for those.

This Letter is directed, *To Robert Lovelace, Esq; or, in his absence, To his Lady*. She had refused dining with me, or seeing me ; and I was out when it came. She opened it : So is my Lady by her own consent, proud and faucy as she is.

I am glad at my heart that it came before we entirely make up. She would else perhaps have concluded it to be *contrived for a delay* : And now, moreover, we can accommodate our old and new quarrels together ; and that's contrivance, you know. But how is her dear haughty heart humbled to what it was when I

knew her first, that she can apprehend any delays from me; and have nothing to do but to vex at them!

I came in to dinner. She sent me down the Letter, desiring my excuse for opening it.—Did it before she was aware. Lady-pride, Belford!—Recollection, then Retrogradation!

I requested to see her upon it that moment.—But she desires to suspend our Interview till morning. I will bring her to own, before I have done with her, that she can't see me too often.

My impatience was so great, on an occasion so *unexpected*, that I could not help writing, to tell her, 'how much vexed I was at the accident: But that it need not delay my happy Day, as That did not depend upon the house [*She knew that before, she'll think; and so did I*]: And as Mrs. Fretchville, by Mr. Mennell, so handsomely expressed her concern upon it, and her wishes, that it could suit us to bear with the unavoidable delay, I hoped, that going down to the Lawn for two or three of the Summer-months, when I was made the happiest of men, would be favourable to all round.'

The dear creature takes this incident to heart, I believe: She has sent word to my repeated request to see her notwithstanding her denial, that she cannot till the morning: It shall be then at Six o'clock, if I please!

To be sure I *do* please!

Can see her but once a day now, Jack!

Did I tell thee, that I wrote a Letter to my Cousin Montague, wondering that I heard not from Lord M. as the subject was so very interesting? In it I acquainted her with the house I was about taking; and with Mrs. Fretchville's vapourish delays.

I was very loth to engage my own family, either man or woman, in this affair; but I must take my measures securely: And already they all think as bad of me as they well can. You observe by my Lord M's Letter to yourself, that the well-manner'd Peer is afraid I should play this admirable creature one of my *usual dog's tricks*.
I

I have received just now an answer from Charlotte.

Charlotte i'n't well. A Stomach-disorder!

No wonder a Girl's stomach should plague her. A single woman; that's it. When she has a man to plague, it will have something besides itself to prey upon. Knowest thou not moreover, that Man is the Woman's Sun; Woman is the Man's Earth?—How dreary, how desolate, the Earth, that the Sun shines not upon!

Poor Charlotte! But I *heard* she was not well: That encouraged me to write to her; and to express myself a little concerned, that she had not of her own accord thought of a visit in town to my Charmer.

Here follows a copy of her Letter. Thou wilt see by it, that every little monkey is to catechise *me*. They all depend upon my good-nature.

Dear Cousin,

M. Hall, May 22.

WE have been in daily hope for a long time, I must call it, of hearing that the happy knot was tied. My Lord has been very much out of order: And yet nothing would serve him, but he would himself write an Answer to your Letter. It was the only opportunity he should ever have, perhaps, to throw in a little good advice to you, with the hope of its being of any signification; and he has been several hours in a day, as his gout would let him, busied in it. It wants now only his last revisal. He hopes it will have the greater weight with you, if it appear all in his own hand-writing.

Indeed, Mr. Lovelace, his worthy heart is wrapt up in you. I wish you loved yourself but half as well. But I believe too, that if all the family loved you less, you would love yourself more.

His Lordship has been very busy, at the times he could not write, in consulting Pritchard about those Estates, which he proposes to transfer to you on the happy occasion, that he may answer your Letter in the most acceptable manner; and shew, by effects, how kindly he takes your invitation. I assure you, he is mighty proud of it.

As

As for myself, I am not at all well, and have not been for some weeks past, with my old Stomach-disorder. I had certainly else before now have done myself the honour you wonder I have *not* done myself. Lady Betty, who would have accompanied me (for we had laid it all out) has been exceedingly busy in her Law-affair; her antagonist, who is actually on the spot, having been making proposals for an accommodation. But you may assure yourself, that when our dear Relation-elect shall be entered upon the new habitation you tell me of, we will do ourselves the honour of visiting her; and if any delay arises from the dear Lady's want of courage (which, considering her man, let me tell you, may very well be) we will endeavour to inspire her with it, and be Sponsors for you;—for, Cousin, I believe you have need to be christened over again before you are entitled to so great a blessing. What think you?

Just now, my Lord tells me, he will dispatch a man on purpose with his Letter to-morrow: So I needed not to have written. But now I have, let it go; and by Empson, who sets out directly on his return to town.

My best compliments, and Sister's, to the most deserving Lady in the world [You will need no other direction to the person meant] conclude me

Your affectionate Cousin and Servant,

CHARL. MONTAGUE.

THOU see'st how seasonably this Letter comes. I hope my Lord will write nothing but what I may shew to my Beloved. I have actually sent her up this Letter of Charlotte's; and hope for happy effects from it.

R. L.

The Lady, in her next Letter, gives Miss Howe an account of what has passed between Mr. Lovelace and herself. She resents his behaviour with her usual dignity: But when she comes to mention Mr. Mennell's Letter, she re-urges Miss Howe to per-
fect

felt her scheme for her deliverance ; being resolved to leave him. But, dating again, on his sending up to her Miss Montague's Letter, she alters her mind, and desires her to suspend for the present her application to Mrs. Townsend.

I had begun, *says she*, to suspect all he had said of Mrs. Fretchville and her house ; and even Mr. Mennell himself, though so well appearing a man. But now that I find Mr. Lovelace had apprised his relations of his intention to take it, and had engaged some of the Ladies to visit me there ; I could hardly forbear blaming myself for censuring him as capable of so vile an imposture. But may he not thank himself for acting so very unaccountably, and taking such needlessly-awry steps, as he has done ; embarrassing, as I told him, his own meanings, if they were good ?

L E T T E R V.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;
Wednesday, May 24.

He gives his friend an account of their Interview that morning ; and of the happy effects of his Cousin Montague's Letter in his favour. Her reserves, however, he tells him, are not absolutely banished. But this he imputes to form.

IT is *not* in the power of woman, *says he*, to be altogether sincere on these occasions. But why ?—Do they think it so great a disgrace to be found out to be really what they are ?

I regretted the illness of Mrs. Fretchville ; as the intention I had to fix her dear self in the house before the happy knot was tied, would have set her in that independence in *appearance*, as well as *fact*, which was necessary to shew to all the world, that her choice was free ; and as the Ladies of my family would have been proud to make their court to her there ; while the Settlements and our Equipages were preparing. But on any other account, there was no great matter in it ;
since

since when my happy day was over, we could, with so much convenience, go down to the Lawn, to my Lord M's, and to Lady Sarah or Lady Betty's, in turn; which would give full time to provide ourselves with servants, and other accommodations.

How sweetly the Charmer listened!

I asked her, If she had had the Small-pox?

• Ten thousand pounds the worse in my estimation,
• thought I, if she has not; for not one of her charming
• graces can I dispense with.

'Twas always a doubtful point with her Mother and Mrs. Norton, she owned. But altho' she was not afraid of it, she chose not unnecessarily to rush into places where it was.

Right, thought I—Else, I said, it would not have been amiss for her to see the house before she went into the country; for, if *she* liked it not, I was not obliged to have it.

She asked, If she might take a copy of Miss Montague's Letter?

I said, She might keep the Letter itself, and send it to Miss Howe, if she pleased; for *that*, I supposed, was her intention.

She bowed her head to me.

There, Jack!—I shall have her courtesy to me by-and-by, I question not. What a-devil had I to do, to terrify the sweet creature by my termagant projects!—Yet it was not amiss, I believe, to make her afraid of me. She *says*, I am an unpolite man—And every polite instance from such a one, is deemed a favour.

Talking of the Settlements, I told her, I had rather that Pritchard (mentioned by my Cousin Charlotte) had not been consulted on this occasion. Pritchard, indeed, was a very honest man; and had been for a generation in the Family; and knew the Estates, and the condition of them, better than either my Lord or myself: But Pritchard, like other old men, was diffident and slow; and valued himself upon his skill as a draughtsman; and for the sake of that poultry reputation,

tation, must have all his forms preserved, were an imperial crown to depend upon his dispatch.

I kissed her unrepulsing hand no less than five times during this conversation. Lord, Jack, how my generous heart ran over!—She was quite obliging at parting.—She in a manner asked me *leave* to retire; to refuse Charlotte's Letter.—I think she bent her knees to me; but I won't be sure.—How happy might we have both been long ago, had the dear creature been always as complaisant to me! For I do love respect, and, whether I deserved it or not, always had it, till I knew this proud Beauty.

And now, Belford, are we in a train, or the ducal is in it. Every fortified town has its strong and its weak place. I had carried on my attacks against the impregnable parts. I have no doubt but I shall either *shine* or *smuggle* her out of her cloak, since she and Miss Howe have intended to employ a Smuggler against me.—All we wait for now is my Lord's Letter.

But I had like to have *forgot* to tell thee, that we have been not a little alarmed, by some enquiries that have been made after me and my Beloved, by a man of good appearance; who yesterday procured a tradesman in the neighbourhood to send for Dorcas: Of whom he asked several questions relating to us; and particularly (as we boarded and lodged in one house) whether we were married?

This has given my Beloved great uneasiness. And I could not help observing upon it, to her, *how right a thing it was, that we had given out below, that we were married*. The enquiry, most probably, I said, was from her Brother's quarter; and now perhaps that our Marriage was owned, we should hear no more of his machinations. The person, it seems, was curious to know the *day* that the ceremony was performed. But Dorcas refused to give him any other particulars, than that we *were* married; and she was the more reserved, as he declined to tell her the motives of his enquiry.

LETTER VI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

May 24.

THE devil take this Uncle of mine! He has at last sent me a Letter, which I cannot shew, without exposing the head of our family for a fool. A confounded parcel of pop-guns has he let off upon me. I was in hopes he had exhausted his whole stock of this sort, in his Letter to you.—To keep it back, to delay sending it, till he had recollected all this *farrago* of nonsense—Confound his *Wisdom of nations*, if so much of it is to be scraped together, in disgrace of itself, to make one egregious simpleton!—But I am glad I am fortified with this piece of flagrant folly, however; since, in all human affairs, the *convenient* and *inconvenient*, the *good* and the *bad*, are so mingled, that there is no having the one without the other.

I have already offered the Bill inclosed in it to my Beloved; and read to her part of the Letter. But she refused the Bill: And as I am in cash myself, I shall return it. She seemed very desirous to peruse the whole Letter. And when I told her, that were it not for exposing the writer, I would oblige her, she said, It would not be exposing his Lordship to shew it to her; and that she always preferred the Heart to the Head. I knew her meaning; but did not thank her for it.

All that makes for me in it, I will transcribe for her—Yet hang it, she shall have the Letter, and my Soul with it, for one consenting kiss.

* * * *

SHE has got the Letter from me, without the Reward. Duce take me, if I had the courage to propose the condition. A new character this of Bashfulness in thy friend. I see, *that a truly modest woman may make even a confident man keep his distance.* By my soul, Belford, I believe, that Nine women in Ten, who fall,
fall

fall either from *their own Vanity*, or *Levity*, or for want of *Circumspection*, and *proper Reserves*.

* * * *

I DID intend to take my reward on her returning a Letter so favourable to us both. But she sent it to me, sealed up, by Dorcas. I might have thought that there were two or three hints in it, that she would be too nice immediately to appear to. I send it to thee; and here will stop, to give thee time to read it. Return it as soon as thou hast perused it.

LETTER VII.

Lord M. To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Tuesday, May 23.

IT is a long Lane that has no turning—Do not despise me for my proverbs—You know I was always fond of them; and if you had been so too, it would have been the better for you, let me tell you. I dare swear, the fine Lady you are so likely to be soon happy with, will be far from despising them; for I am told, that she writes well, and that all her Letters are full of Sentences. God convert you! for nobody but He and this Lady can.

I have no manner of doubt now but that you will marry, as your father, and all your ancestors, did before you: Else you would have had no title to be my heir; nor can your descendants have any title to be yours, unless they are legitimate; that's worth your remembrance, Sir!—*No man is always a fool, every man sometimes*.—But your follies, I hope, are now at an end.

I know, you have vowed revenge against this fine Lady's family: But no more of that, now. You must look upon them all as your relations; and forgive, and forget. And when they see you make a good husband and a good father [Which God send, for all our sakes!] they will wonder at their nonsensical antipathy, and beg your pardon: But while they think you a vile fellow, and a Rake, how can they either love you, or excuse their daughter?

And methinks I could wish to give a word of comfort to the Lady, who, doubtless, must be under great fears, how she shall be able to hold-in such a wild creature, as you have hitherto been. I would hint to her, that, by strong arguments, and gentle words, she may do any thing with you; for tho' you are too apt to be hot, gentle words will cool you, and bring you into the temper that is necessary for your cure.

Would to God, *my poor Lady*, your Aunt, who is dead and gone, had been a proper patient for the same remedy! God rest her soul! No reflections upon her memory! *Worth is best known by want!* I know *hers* now; and if I had went first, she would by this time have known *mine*.

There is great wisdom in that saying, *God send me a friend, that may tell me of my faults: If not, an enemy; and he will.* Not that I am your enemy; and that you well know. *The more noble any one is, the more humble:* So bear with me, if you would be thought noble.—Am I not your Uncle? And do I not design to be better to you than your Father could be? Nay, I will be your Father too, when the happy Day comes; since you desire it: And pray make my compliments to my dear Niece; and tell her, I wonder much that she has so long deferred your happiness.

Pray let her know as that I will present *HER* (not *you*) either my Lancashire seat, or *The Lawn* in Hertfordshire; and settle upon her a thousand pounds a year peny-rents; to shew her, that we are not a family to take base advantages: And you may have writings drawn, and settle as you will.—Honest Pritchard has the Rent-roll of both these Estates; and as he has been a good old servant, I recommend him to your Lady's favour. I have already consulted him: He will tell you what is best for you, and most pleasing to me.

I am still very bad with my gout; but will come in a litter, as soon as the Day is fixed: It would be the joy of my heart to join your hands. And, let me tell you, if you do not make the best of husbands to so good a young

young Lady, and one who has had so much courage for your sake, I will renounce you; and settle all I can upon her and hers by you, and leave you out of the question.

If any-thing be wanting for your further security, I am ready to give it; tho' you know, that my word has always been looked upon as my bond. And when the Harlowes know all this, let us see whether they are able to blush, and take shame to themselves.

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty want only to know the Day, to make all the country round them blaze, and all their tenants mad. And, if any one of mine be sober upon the occasion, Pritchard shall eject him. And, on the birth of the first child, if a Son, I will do something more for you, and repeat all our rejoicings.

I ought indeed to have written sooner. But I knew, that if you thought me long, and were in haste as to your nuptials, you would write and tell me so. But my gout was very troublesome: And I am but a slow writer, you know, at best: For Composing is a thing, that tho' formerly I was very ready at it (as my Lord Lexington used to say); yet having left it off a great while, I am not so now. And I chose, on this occasion, to write all out of my own head and memory; and to give you my best advice; for I may never have such an opportunity again. You have had (God mend you!) a strange way of turning your back upon all I have said: This once, I hope, you will be more attentive to the advice I give you for your own good.

I had still another end; nay, two other ends.

The one was, That now you are upon the borders of wedlock, as I may say, and *all your wild oats will be sown*, I would give you some instructions as to your public as well as private behaviour in life; which, intending you so much good as I do, you ought to hear; and perhaps would never have listened to, on any less extraordinary occasion.

The second is, That your dear Lady-elect (who is it seems herself so fine and so sententious a writer) will

see by this, that it is not our faults, nor for want of the best advice, that you was not a better man than you have hitherto been.

And now, in few words, for the conduct I would wish you to follow in public, as well as in private, if you would think me worthy of advising.—It shall be short; so be not uneasy.

As to the *private* life: Love your Lady as she deserves. *Let your actions praise you.* Be a good husband; and so give the lye to all your enemies; and make them ashamed of their scandals: And let us have pride in saying, that Miss Harlowe has not done either herself or family any discredit by coming among us. Do this; and I, and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, will love you for ever.

As to your *public* conduct—This as follows is what I could wish: But I reckon your Lady's wisdom will put us both right—No disparagement, Sir; since, with all your Wit, you have not hitherto shewn much Wisdom, you know.

Get into Parliament as soon as you can: For you have *talons* to make a great figure there. Who so proper to assist in making new holding Laws, as those whom no Law in being could hold?

Then, for so long as you will give attendance in St. Stephen's chapel—Its being called a chapel, I hope, will not *disgust* you: I am sure I have known many a Riot there:—A Speaker has a hard time of it! But we *Peers* have more decorum—But what was I going to say?—I must go back.

For so long as you will give your attendance in Parliament, for so long will you be out of mischief; out of *private* mischief, at least: And may St. Stephen's fate be yours, if you wilfully do *public* mischief!

When a new Election comes, you will have two or three Boroughs, you know, to chuse out of:—But if you stay till then, I had rather you were for the Shire.

You will have interest enough, I am sure; and being so handsome a man, the women will *make* their husbands vote for you.

I shall long to read your Speeches. I expect you will speak, if occasion offer, the very first day. You want no courage; and think highly enough of yourself, and lowly enough of every-body else, to speak on all occasions.

As to the methods of the House, you have spirit enough, I fear, to be too much above them: Take care of that.—I don't so much fear your want of good-manners. To *men*, you want no decency, if they don't provoke you: As to that, I wish you would only learn to be as patient of contradiction from *others*, as you would have other people be to *you*.

Altho' I would not have you to be a Courtier; neither would I have you to be a Malecontent. I remember (*for I have it down*) what my old friend Archibald Hutcheson said; and it was a very good Saying—(to Mr. Secretary Craggs, I think, it was)—‘ I look upon
‘ an Administration, as entitled to every Vote I can
‘ with good conscience give it; for a House of Com-
‘ mons should not needlessly put Drags upon the Wheels
‘ of Government: And, when I have *not* given it my
‘ Vote, it was with regret: And, for my Country's
‘ sake, I wished with all my heart, the measure had
‘ been such as I could have approved.’

And another Saying he had, which was this; ‘ Nei-
‘ ther can an Opposition, neither can a Ministry, be al-
‘ ways wrong. To be a plumb man therefore with
‘ either, is an infallible mark, that that man must mean
‘ more and worse than he will own he does mean.’

Are these Sayings bad, Sir? Are they to be despised?
—Well then, why should I be despised for remembering them, and quoting them, as I love to do? Let me tell you, if you loved my company more than you do, you would not be the worse for it. I may say so without any vanity; since it is *other mens* wisdom, and not *my own*, that I am so fond of.

But to add a word or two more, on this occasion; and I may never have such another; for you *must* read this thro'—*Love honest men, and herd with them, in the*

house and out of the house; by whatever names they be dignified or distinguished: *Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number.* But did I, or did I not, write this before?—Writing, at so many different times, and such a quantity, one may forget.

You may come in for the title when I am dead and gone—God help me!—So I would have you keep an equilibrium. If once you get the name of being a fine speaker, you may have any thing: And, to be sure, you have naturally a great deal of Elocution; a tongue that would delude an angel, as the women say—To their sorrow, some of them, poor creatures!—A leading man in the house of Commons is a very important character; because that House has the giving of money: *And Money makes the mare to go*; ay, and Queens and Kings too, sometimes, to go in a manner very different from what they might otherwise chuse to go, let me tell you.

However, methinks, I would not have you take a Place neither—It will double your value, and your interest, if it be believed, that you will not: For, as you will then stand in no man's way, you will have no envy; but pure sterling respect; and both sides will court you.

For your part, you will not want a Place, as some others do, to piece up their broken fortunes. If you can now live reputably upon Two thousand pounds a year, it will be hard if you cannot hereafter live upon Seven or Eight—Less you will not have, if you oblige me; as now by marrying so fine a Lady, very much you will—And all this, over and above Lady Betty's and Lady Sarah's favours!—What, in the name of wonder, could possibly possess the proud Harlowes!—That Son, that Son of theirs!—But, for his dear Sister's sake, I will say no more of him.

I never was offered a Place myself: And the only one I would have taken, had I been offered it, was *Master of the Buckbunds*; for I loved hunting when I was young; and it carries a good sound with it for us who live in the country. Often have I thought of that
excellent

excellent old adage; *He that eats the King's goose, shall be choaked with his feathers.* I wish to the Lord, this was thoroughly considered by Place-hunters! It would be better for them, and for their poor families.

I could say a great deal more, and all equally to the purpose. But really I am tired; and so I doubt are you. And besides, I would reserve something for conversation.

My Nieces Montague, and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, join in compliments to my Niece that is to be. If she would chuse to have the knot tied among us, pray tell her that we shall see it *securely done*: And we will make all the country ring and blaze for a week together. But so I believe I said before.

If any-thing further may be needful toward promoting your reciprocal felicity, let me know it; and how you order about the Day; and all that. The inclosed Bill is very much at your service. 'Tis payable at sight, as whatever else you may have occasion for, shall be.

So God bless you both; and make things as convenient to my gout as you can; tho' be it whenever it will, I will hobble to you; for I long to see you; and still more to see my Niece; and am (in expectation of that happy opportunity)

Your most affectionate Uncle, M.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Thursday, May 25.

THOU see'st, Belford, how we now drive before the wind.—The dear creature now comes almost at the first word, whenever I desire the honour of her company. I told her last night, that, apprehending delay from Pritchard's slowness, I was determined to leave it to my Lord to make his compliments in his own way; and had actually that afternoon put my writings into the hands of a very eminent Lawyer,

Counsellor Williams, with directions for him to draw up Settlements from my own Estate, and conformable to those of my Mother ; which I put into his hands at the same time. It had been, I assured her, no small part of my concern, that her frequent displeasure, and our mutual misapprehensions, had hindered me from advising with her before on this subject. Indeed, indeed, my dearest life, said I, you have hitherto afforded me but a very thorny courtship.

She was silent. *Kindly* silent. For well know I, that she could have recriminated upon me with a vengeance. But I was willing to see, if she were not loth to disoblige me now. I comforted myself, I said, with the hopes, that all my difficulties were now over ; and that every past disobligation would be buried in oblivion.

Now, Belford, I have actually deposited these writings with Counsellor Williams ; and I expect the draughts in a week at furthest. So shall be doubly armed. For if I *attempt*, and *fail*, these will be ready to throw in, to make her have patience with me *till I can try again*.

I have more contrivances still in embryo. I could tell thee of an hundred, and yet hold another hundred in petto, to pop in as I go along, to excite thy surprize, and to keep up thy attention. Nor rave thou at me ; but, if thou art my friend, think of *Miss Howe's Letters*, and of her *Smuggling Scheme*. All owing to my fair captive's informations and incitements. Am I not a *Villain*, a *Fool*, a *Beelzebub*, with them already ?— Yet no harm done by me, nor so much as attempted ?

Every-thing of this nature, the dear creature answered (with a downcast eye, and a blushing cheek) she left to me.

I proposed my Lord's Chapel for the celebration, where we might have the presence of Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and my two Cousins Montague.

She seemed not to favour a public celebration ; and waved this subject for the present. I doubted not but she

she would be as willing as I, to decline a public wedding; so I pressed not this matter further just then.

But patterns I *actually produced*; and a Jeweller was to bring as this day several sets of jewels for her choice. But the patterns she would not open. She sighed at the mention of them; The second patterns, she said, that had been offered to her (a): And very peremptorily forbid the Jeweller's coming: as well as declined my offer of causing my Mother's to be new-set; at least for the present.

I do assure thee, Belford, I was in earnest in all this. My whole Estate is nothing to me, put in competition with her hoped-for favour.

She then told me, that she had put into writing her opinion of my general proposals; and there had expressed her mind, as to cloaths and jewels: But on my strange behaviour to her (*for no cause that she knew of*) on Sunday night, she had torn the paper in two.

I earnestly pressed her to let me be favoured with a sight of this paper, torn as it was. And after some hesitation, she withdrew, and sent it to me by Dorcas.

I perused it again. It was in a manner new to me, tho' I had read it so lately: And, by my soul, I could hardly stand it. An hundred admirable creatures I called her to myself. But I charge thee, write not a word to me in her favour if thou meanest her well; for if I spare her, it must be all *ex mero motu*.

You may easily suppose, when I was re-admitted to her presence, that I ran over in her praises, and in vows of Gratitude, and everlasting Love. But here's the devil; she still receives all I say with reserve; or if it be not with reserve, she receives it so much *as her due*, that she is not at all raised by it. Some women are undone by praise, by flattery. I myself, a man, am proud of praise. Perhaps thou wilt say, that those are most proud of it, who least deserve it; as those are of riches and grandeur, who are not born to either. I own that, to be superior to these foibles, it requires a Soul. Have

(a) See Vol. I. p. 270, & seq.

I not then a Soul?—Surely, I have.—Let me then be considered as an Exception to the Rule.

Now have I foundation to go upon in my terms. My Lord, in the exuberance of his generosity, mentions a thousand pounds a year peny-rents. *This* I know, that were I to marry this Lady, he would rather settle upon her all he has a mind to settle, than upon me. He has even threatened, that if I prove not a good husband to her, he will leave all he can at his death from me to her. Yet considers not that a woman so perfect can never be displeased with her husband but to *his* disgrace; for who will blame *her*?—Another reason, why a LOVELACE should not wish to marry a CLARISSA.

But what a pretty fellow of an Uncle is this foolish Peer, to think of making a wife independent of her Emperor, and a Rebel of course; yet smarted himself for an error of this kind!

My Beloved, in her torn paper, mentions but Two hundred pounds a year, for her separate use. I insisted upon her naming a larger sum. She said, It might then be Three; and I, for fear she should suspect very large offers, named only Five; but added the entire disposal of all Arrears in her Father's hands, for the benefit of Mrs. Norton or whom she pleased.

She said, that the good woman would be uneasy if any-thing more than a competency were done for her. She was for suiting all her dispositions of this kind, she said, *to the usual way of life of the person*. To go beyond it, was but to put the benefited upon projects, or to make them aukward in a new state; when they might shine in that to which they were accustomed. And to put it into so good a Mother's power to give her Son a beginning in his business at a proper time; yet to leave her something for herself, to set her above want, or above the necessity of taking back from her child what she had been enabled to bestow upon him; would be the height of such a worthy parent's ambition.

Here's prudence! Here's judgment in so young a creature!

creature ! How do I hate the Harlowes for producing such an angel !—O why, why, did she refuse my sincere address to tie the knot before we came to this house !

But yet, what mortifies my pride, is, that this exalted creature, if I *were* to marry her, would not be governed in her behaviour to me by Love, but by Generosity merely, or by blind Duty ; and had rather live single, than be mine.

I cannot bear this. I would have the woman whom I honour with my name, if ever I confer this honour upon any, forego even her *superior duties* for me. I would have her look after me when I go out, as far as she can see me, as my Rosebud after her Johnny ; and meet me at my return with rapture. I would be the subject of her dreams, as well as of her waking thoughts. I would have her think every moment lost, that is not passed with me : Sing to me, read to me, play to me when I pleased ; no joy so great as in obeying me. When I should be inclined to Love, overwhelm me with it ; when to be serious or solitary, if apprehensive of intrusion, retiring at a nod ; approaching me only if I smiled encouragement : Steal into my presence with silence ; out of it, if not noticed, on tiptoe. Be a *Lady Easy* to all my pleasures, and valuing those most who most contributed to them ; only sighing in private, that it was not *herself* at the time. Thus of old did the contending wives of the honest patriarchs ; each recommending her handmaid to her Lord, as she thought it would oblige him, and looking upon the genial product as her own.

The gentle Waller says, *Women are born to be controul'd*. Gentle as he was, he knew that. A tyrant-husband makes a dutiful wife. And why do the Sex love Rakes, but because they know how to direct their uncertain wills, and manage them ?

* * * *

ANOTHER agreeable conversation. The Day of days the subject. As to fixing a particular one, that need not be done, my Charmer says, till the Settlements

ments are completed. As to marrying at my Lord's Chapel, the Ladies of my family present, that would be making a public affair of it; and the dear creature observed with regret, that it seemed to be my Lord's intention to make it so.

It could not be imagined, I said, but that his Lordship's setting out in a Litter, and coming to town, as well as his taste for glare, and the joy he would take to see me married at last, and to her dear self, would give it as much the air of a public marriage, as if the ceremony were performed at his own Chapel, all the Ladies present.

I cannot, said she, endure the thoughts of a public day. It will carry with it an air of insult upon my whole family. And, for my part, if my Lord will not take it amiss [And perhaps he will not, as the motion came not from himself, but from you, Mr. Lovelace] I will very willingly dispense with his Lordship's presence; the rather, as dress and appearance will then be unnecessary; for I cannot bear to think of decking my person while my parents are in tears.

How excellent this! Yet do not her parents richly deserve to be in tears?

See, Belford, with so charming a niceness, we might have been a long time ago upon the verge of the State, and yet found a great deal to do, before we entered into it.

All obedience, all resignation—No will but hers. I withdrew, and wrote directly to my Lord; and she not disapproving of it, I sent it away. The purport as follows; for I took no copy.

‘ That I was much obliged to his Lordship for his
 ‘ intended goodness to me, on an occasion the most so-
 ‘ lemn of my life. That the admirable Lady, whom
 ‘ he so justly praised, thought his Lordship's proposals
 ‘ in her favour too high. That she chose not to make
 ‘ a public appearance, if, without disobliging my friends,
 ‘ she could avoid it, till a Reconciliation with her own
 ‘ could be effected. That altho' she expressed a grate-
 ‘ ful

‘ful sense of his Lordship’s consent to give her to me
‘with his own hand; yet presuming, that the motive
‘to this kind intention, was rather to do her honour,
‘than it otherwise would have been his own choice
‘(especially as travelling would be at this time so in-
‘convenient to him) she thought it adviseable to save
‘his Lordship trouble on this occasion; and hoped he
‘would take as meant her declining the favour.

‘That the Lawn will be most acceptable to us both
‘to retire to; and the rather, as it is so to his Lord-
‘ship.

‘But, if he pleases, the jointure may be made from
‘my own Estate; leaving to his Lordship’s goodness
‘the alternative.’

I conclude with telling him, ‘That I had offered to
‘present the Lady his Lordship’s Bill; but on her de-
‘clining to accept of it (having myself no present oc-
‘casion for it) I return it inclosed, with my thanks,
‘&c.’

And is not this going a plaguy length? What a figure
should I make in Rakish Annals, if at last I should be
caught in my own gin?

The Sex may say what they will, but a poor inno-
cent fellow had need to take great care of himself,
when he dances upon the edge of the matrimonial pre-
cipice. Many a faint-hearted man, when he began in
jest, or only designed to ape gallantry, has been forced
into earnest, by being over-prompt, and taken at his
word, not knowing how to own that he meant less than
the Lady supposed he meant. I am the better enabled
to judge that this must have been the case of many a
sneaking varlet; because I, who know the female world
as well as any man in it of my standing, am so frequently
in doubt of myself, and know not what to make of the
matter.

Then these little sly rogues, how they lie couchant,
ready to spring upon us harmless fellows the moment
we are in their reach! — When the ice is once broken
for them, how swiftly can they make to port! — Mean
time,

time, the subject they can least *spe*ak to, they most *think* of. Nor can you talk of the ceremony before they have laid out in their minds how it is all to be.—Little faucy-face designers ! how first they draw themselves in, then us !

But be all these things as they will, Lord M. never in his life received so handsome a Letter as this from his Nephew

LOVELACE.

The Lady, after having given to Miss Howe the particulars contained in Mr. Lovelace's last Letter, thus expresses herself :

A principal consolation arising from these favourable appearances, is, that I, who have now but one only friend, shall most probably, and, if it be not my own fault, have as many new ones as there are persons in Mr. Lovelace's family ; and this whether Mr. Lovelace treat me kindly or not. And who knows, but that by degrees, those new friends, by their rank and merit, may have weight enough to get me restored to the favour of my relations ? Till which can be effected, I shall not be tolerably easy. Happy I never expect to be. Mr. Lovelace's mind and mine are vastly different ; different in *essentials*.

But as matters are at present circumstanced, I pray you, my dear friend, to keep to yourself every-thing that might bring discredit to him, if revealed.—Better any-body expose a man than a wife, if I *am* to be his ; and what is said by you will be thought to come from me.

It shall be my constant prayer, that all the felicities which this world can afford, may be yours. And that the Almighty will never suffer you nor yours, to the remotest posterity, to want such a friend as my Anna Howe has been to

Her CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LET,

L E T T E R IX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

• **A**ND now, that my Beloved seems secure in my
• net, for my project upon the vixen Miss
• Howe, and upon her Mother: In which the officious
• prancer Hickman is to come in for a dash.

• But why upon her Mother, methinks thou askest;
• who, unknown to herself, has only acted, by thy im-
• pulse, thro' thy agent Joseph Leman, upon the folly
• of old Tony the Uncle?

• No matter for that: She believes she acts upon
• her own judgment; and deserves to be punished for
• pretending to judgment, when she has none.—Every
• living soul, but myself, I can tell thee, shall be punish-
• ed, that treats either cruelly or disrespectfully so adored
• a Lady.—What a plague! is it not enough that she
• is teased and tormented in person by me?

• I have already broken the matter to our three con-
• federates; as a *supposed*, not a *resolved-on* case in-
• deed. And yet they know, that with me, in a piece
• of mischief, Execution, with its swiftest feet, is sel-
• dom three paces behind Projection, which hardly ever
• limps neither.

• MOWBRAY is not against it. It is a scheme, he
• says, worthy of us: And we have not done any-thing
• for a good while, that has made a noise.

• BELTON indeed hesitates a little, because matters
• go wrong between him and his Thomasine; and the
• poor fellow has not the courage to have his sore place
• probed to the bottom.

• TOURVILLE has started a fresh game, and shrugs
• his shoulders, and should not *chuse* to go abroad at
• present, *if I please*. For I apprehend that (from the
• nature of the project) there will be a kind of necessity
• to travel, till all is blown over.

• To ME, one country is as good as another; and I
• shall soon, I suppose, chuse to quit this paltry Island;
• except

• except the mistress of my fate will consent to cohabit
 • at home; and so lay me under no necessity of *sur-*
 • *prising her into foreign parts.* TRAVELING, thou
 • knowest, gives the Sexes charming opportunities of
 • being familiar with one another. A very few days
 • and nights must now decide all matters betwixt me
 • and my fair Inimitable.

• DOLEMAN, who can act in these causes only as
 • chamber-counsel, will inform us by pen and ink [his
 • right hand and right side having not yet been struck;
 • and the other side beginning to be sensible] of all
 • that shall occur in our absence.

• As for THEE, we had rather have thy company
 • than not; for, altho' thou art a wretched fellow at
 • contrivance, yet art thou intrepid at execution. But
 • as thy present engagements make thy attendance un-
 • certain, I am not for making thy part necessary to our
 • scheme; but for leaving thee to come after us when
 • abroad. I know thou canst not long live without
 • us.

• The project, in short, is this:—Mrs. Howe has an
 • elder Sister in the Isle of Wight, who is lately a wi-
 • dow; and I am well informed, that the Mother and
 • Daughter have engaged, before the latter is married,
 • to pay a visit to this Lady, who is rich, and intends
 • Miss for her heiress; and in the interim will make her
 • some valuable presents on her approaching Nuptials;
 • which, as Mrs. Howe, who loves money more than
 • any-thing but herself, told one of my acquaintance,
 • would be *worth fetching.*

• Now, Jack, nothing more need be done, than to
 • hire a little trim vessel, which shall sail a pleasuring
 • backward and forward to Portsmouth, Spithead, and
 • the Isle of Wight, for a week or fortnight before
 • we enter upon our parts of the plot. And as Mrs.
 • Howe will be for making the best bargain she can for
 • her passage, the master of the vessel may have orders
 • (as a perquisite allowed him by his owners) to take
 • what she will give: And the Master's name, be it
 • : what

Let.9. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 63

• what it will, shall be *Ganmore* on the occasion; for
 • I know a rogue of that name, who is not obliged to
 • be of any country, any more than we.

• Well, then, we will imagine them on board. I
 • will be there in disguise. They know not any of ye
 • four—supposing (the scheme so inviting) that thou
 • canst be one.

• 'Tis plaguy hard, if we cannot *find*, or *make*, a
 • storm.

• Perhaps they will be sea-sick: But whether they
 • be or not, no doubt they will keep their Cabin.

• Here will be Mrs. Howe, Miss Howe, Mr. Hick-
 • man, a Maid, and a Footman, I suppose; and thus we
 • will order it:

• I know it will be hard weather: I *know* it will:
 • And before there can be the least suspicion of the
 • matter, we shall be in sight of Guernsey, Jersey,
 • Dieppe, Cherbourg, or any-whither on the French
 • coast that it shall please us to agree with the winds
 • to blow us: And then, securing the footman, and
 • the women being separated, one of us, according to
 • lots that may be cast, shall overcome, either by per-
 • suasion or force, the maid-servant: That will be no
 • hard task; and she is a likely wench [I have seen her
 • often]: One, Mrs. Howe; nor can there be much
 • difficulty there; for she is full of health and life,
 • and has been long a Widow: Another [*That*, says
 • the princely Lion, must be *I!*] the saucy Daughter;
 • who will be too much frightened to make great resistance
 • [*Violent* spirits, in that Sex, are seldom *true* spirits—
 • 'Tis but where they *can*—]: And after beating about
 • the coast for three or four days for recreation's sake;
 • and to make sure work, and till we see our sullen birds
 • begin to eat and sip, we will set them all ashore where
 • it will be most convenient; sell the vessel [To Mrs.
 • Townsend's agents, with all my heart, or to some
 • other Smugglers] or give it to Ganmore; and pursue
 • our travels, and tarry abroad till all is hushed up.

• Now I know thou wilt make difficulties, as it is
 : thy

• thy way ; while it is mine to conquer them. My
 • other vassals made theirs ; and I condescended to ob-
 • viate them : As thus I will thine, first stating them
 • for thee according to what I know of thy phlegm.

• What, in the first place, wilt thou ask, shall be
 • done with Hickman ? who will be in full parade of
 • dress and primness, in order to shew the old Aunt
 • what a devilish clever fellow of a Nephew she is to
 • have.

• What ! — I'll tell thee — Hickman, in good man-
 • ners, will leave the women in their Cabin — and, to
 • shew his courage with his breeding, be upon deck —

• Well, and suppose he is ?

• Suppose he is ! — Why then I hope it is easy for
 • Ganmore, or any-body else, myself suppose in my
 • pea-jacket and great watch-coat (if any other make a
 • scruple to do it) while he stands in the way, gaping
 • and staring like a novice, to stumble against him, and
 • push him overboard ! — A rich thought ! — Is it not,
 • Belford ? — He is certainly plaguy officious in the La-
 • dies correspondence ; and, I am informed, plays dou-
 • ble between Mother and Daughter, in fear of both. —
 • Dost not see him, Jack ? — I do — popping up and
 • down, his wig and hat floating by him ; and paddling,
 • pawing, and dashing, like a frightened mongrel — I am
 • afraid he never ventured to learn to swim.

• But thou wilt not drown the poor fellow ; wilt
 • thou ?

• No, no ! — That is not necessary to the project — I
 • hate to do mischiefs supererogatory. The skiff shall
 • be ready to save him, while the vessel keeps its course :
 • He shall be set on shore with the loss of wig and hat
 • only, and of half of his little wits, at the place where
 • he embarked, or any-where else.

• Well, but shall we not be in danger of being hanged
 • for three such enormous Rapes, altho' Hickman should
 • escape with only a bellyful of sea-water ?

• Yes, to be sure, when caught — But is there any
 • likelihood of that ? — Besides, have we not been in
 • danger

• danger before now, for worse facts?—And what is
 • there in being only in *danger*?—If we actually were
 • to appear in open day in England before matters are
 • made up, there will be greater likelihood, that these
 • women will *not* prosecute, than that they *will*.—For
 • my own part, I should wish they *may*. Would not
 • a brave fellow chuse to appear in court to such an
 • arraignment, confronting women who would do cre-
 • dit to his attempt? The country is more merciful in
 • *these* cases, than in *any others*: I should therefore like
 • to put myself upon my country.

• Let me indulge a few reflections upon what thou
 • mayst think the *worst* than *can* happen. I will sup-
 • pose that thou art one of us; and that all five are
 • actually brought to tryal on this occasion: How
 • bravely shall we enter a court, *I* at the head of you,
 • dressed out each man, as if to his wedding-appear-
 • ance!—You are sure of all the women, old and
 • young, of your side.—What brave fellows!—What
 • fine gentlemen!—There goes a charming handsome
 • man!—meaning me, to be sure!—Who could find
 • in their hearts to hang such a gentleman as that!
 • whispers one Lady, sitting perhaps, on the right hand
 • of the Recorder [I suppose the scene to be in Lon-
 • don]: While another disbelieves that any woman
 • could *fairly* swear against me. All will croud after
 • *me*: It will be each man's happiness (if ye shall chance
 • to be bashful) to be neglected: I shall be found to
 • be the greatest criminal; and my safety, for which
 • the general voice will be engaged, will be yours.

• But then comes the triumph of triumphs, that will
 • make the accused look up, while the accusers are
 • covered with confusion.

• Make room there!—Stand by!—Give back!—
 • One receiving a rap, another an elbow, half a score
 • a push apiece!—

• Enter the slow-moving, hooded-faced, down-look-
 • ing Plaintiffs.—

• And first the Widow, with a sorrowful counte-

• nance, tho' half-veil'd, pitying her Daughter more
 • than herself. The people, the women especially, who
 • on this occasion will be five-sixths of the spectators,
 • reproaching her—You'd have the conscience, would
 • you, to have five such brave gentlemen as these
 • hanged for you know not what?

• Next comes the poor maid—who perhaps had been
 • ravished twenty times before; and had not appeared
 • now, but for company-sake; mincing, simpering,
 • weeping, by turns; not knowing whether she should
 • be sorry or glad.

• But every eye dwells upon Miss!—See, see, the
 • handsome gentleman bows to her!

• To the very ground, to be sure, I shall bow; and
 • kiss my hand.

• See her confusion! See! She turns from him!—
 • Ay! that's because it is in open court, cries an arch
 • one!—While others admire her—Ay! that's a girl
 • worth venturing one's neck for!

• Then we shall be praised—Even the Judges, and
 • the whole crouded Bench, will acquit us in their
 • hearts; and every single man wish he had been me!
 • —The women, all the time, disclaiming prosecution,
 • were the case to be their own. To be sure, Bel-
 • ford, the sufferers cannot put half so good a face
 • upon the matter as we.

• Then what a noise will this matter make! —Is it
 • not enough, suppose us moving from the Prison to
 • the Sessions-house (*a*), to make a noble heart thump
 • it away most gloriously, when such an one finds him-
 • self attended to his tryal by a parade of guards and
 • officers, of miens and aspects warlike and unwarlike;
 • himself their whole care, and their business!—wea-
 • pons in their hands, some bright, some rusty, equally
 • venerable for their antiquity and inoffensiveness!

• (*a*) Within these few years past, a passage has been made from
 • the Prison to the Sessions-house, whereby malefactors are carried
 • into court without going thro' the street. Lovelace's triumph on
 • their supposed march shews the wisdom of this alteration.

• others,

others, of more authoritative demeanour, strutting before with fine painted staves! shoals of people following, with a Which is he whom the *young* Lady appears against?—Then, let us look down, look up, look round, which way we will, we shall see all the doors, the shops, the windows, the sign-irons and balconies (garrets, gutters, and chimney-tops included) all white-capt, black-hooded, and periwigg'd, or crop-ear'd up by the *Immobile Vulgus*: While the floating *street-swarmers*, who have seen us pass by at one place, run with stretched-out necks, and strained eye-balls, a round-about way, and elbow and shoulder themselves into places by which we have not passed, in order to obtain another sight of us; every street continuing to pour out its swarms of late-comers, to add to the gathering snowball; who are content to take descriptions of our persons, behaviour, and countenances, from those who had the good fortune to have been in time to see us.

Let me tell thee, Jack, I see not why (to judge according to our principles and practices) we should not be as much elated in our march, were this to happen to us, as others may be upon any other the most *mob-attracting* occasion—Suppose a Lord Mayor on his *Gawdy*; suppose a victorious General, or Embassador, on his public Entry—Suppose (as I began with the *lowest*) the *grandest* parade that can be supposed, a Coronation—For, in all these, do not the royal guard, the heroic trained-bands, the pendent, clinging throngs of spectators, with their waving heads rolling to-and-fro from house-tops to house-bottoms and street-ways, as I have above described, make the principal part of the Raree-show?

And let me ask thee, If thou dost not think, that either the Mayor, the Embassador, or the General, would not make very pitiful figures on their Gala's, did not the trumpets and tabrets call together the Canaille to gaze at them?—Nor perhaps should We be the most guilty Heroes neither: For who knows

• how the Magistrate may have obtained his gold chain?
 • While the General probably returns from cutting of
 • throats, and from murders, sanctified by custom only.
 • —Cæsar, we are told (*a*), had won, at the age of
 • Fifty-six, when he was assassinated, fifty pitched bat-
 • tles, had taken by assault above a thousand towns,
 • and slain near 1,200,000 men; I suppose exclusive
 • of those who fell on his own side in slaying them.
 • Are not you and I, Jack, innocent men, and babes
 • in swadling-cloths, compared to Cæsar, and to his
 • predecessor in heroism Alexander, dubbed for mur-
 • ders and depredation *Magnus*?

• The principal difference that strikes me in the
 • comparison between us and the Mayor, the Embassa-
 • dor, the General, on *their* Gawdies, is, that the mob
 • make a greater noise, a louder huzzaing, in the one
 • case than in the other, which is called *acclamation*,
 • and ends frequently in *higher* taste, by throwing dead
 • animals at one another, before they disperse; in which
 • they have as much joy, as in the former part of the
 • triumph: While they will attend us with all the marks
 • of an awful or silent (at most only a whispering) re-
 • spect; their mouths distended, as if set open with
 • gags, and their voices generally lost in goggle-eyed
 • admiration.

• Well, but suppose, after all, we are convicted;
 • what have we to do, but in time make over our
 • estates, that the sheriffs may not revel in our spoils?
 • —There is no fear of being hanged for such a crime
 • as this, while we have *money* or *friends*.—And sup-
 • pose even the worst, that two or three were to die,
 • have we not a chance, each man of us, to escape? The
 • devil's in 'em, if they'll hang Five for ravishing
 • Three!

• I know I shall get off for one—were it but for
 • family-sake: And being a handsome fellow, I shall
 • have a dozen or two of young maidens, all dressed

• (*a*) Pliny gives this account, putting the number of men slain at
 • 1,100,092. See also Lipsius *de Constantia*.

• in white, go to Court to beg my life—And what a
 • pretty shew they will make, with their white hoods,
 • white gowns, white petticoats, white scarves, white
 • gloves, kneeling for me, with their white handker-
 • chiefs at their eyes, in two pretty rows, as Majesty
 • walks thro' them, and nods my pardon for their sakes!
 • —And, if once pardoned, all is over: For, Jack, in
 • a crime of this nature there lies no appeal, as in a
 • murder.

• So thou seest the worst that can happen, should
 • we *not* make the Grand Tour upon this occasion, but
 • stay and take our tryals. But it is most likely, that
 • they will not prosecute at all. If not, no risque on
 • our side will be run; only taking our pleasure abroad,
 • at the worst; leaving friends tired of us, in order,
 • after a time, to return to the same friends endeared
 • to us, as we to them, by absence.

• This, Jack, is my scheme, at the first running. I
 • know it is capable of improvement—For example:
 • I can land these Ladies in France; whip over before
 • they can get a passage back, or before Hickman can
 • have recovered his fright; and so find means to entrap
 • my Beloved on board—And then all will be right;
 • and I need not care if I were never to return to Eng-
 • land.

• Memorandum, To be considered of—Whether,
 • in order to complete my vengeance, I cannot
 • contrive to kidnap away either James Harlowe
 • or Solmes? or both? A man, Jack, would not
 • go into exile for nothing.

LETTER X.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

IF, Belford, thou likest not my plot upon Miss Howe,
 I have three or four more as good in my own opi-
 nion; better, perhaps, they will be in thine: And so 'tis
 but getting loose from thy present engagement, and thou
 shalt pick and chuse. But as for thy three brethren, they

must do as I would have them : And so, indeed, must thou—Else why am I your general? But I will refer this subject to its proper season. Thou knowest, that I never absolutely conclude upon a project, till 'tis time for execution ; and then Lightning strikes not quicker than I.

And now to the subject next my heart.

Wilt thou believe me, when I tell thee, that I have so many contrivances rising up and crouding upon me for preference, with regard to my Gloriana, that I hardly know which to chuse?—I could tell thee of no less than six princely ones, any of which *must* do. But as the dear creature has not grudged giving me trouble, I think I ought not, in gratitude, to spare combustibles for her ; but, on the contrary, to make her stare and stand aghast, by springing three or four mines at once.

Thou remembrest what Shakespeare, in his Troilus and Cressida, makes Hector, who, however, is not used to boast, say to Achilles, in an interview between them ; and which, applied to this watchful Lady, and to the vexation she has given me, and to the certainty I now think I have of subduing her, will run thus ; Supposing the Charmer before me ; and I meditating her sweet person from head to foot :

*Henceforth, O watchful Fair one, guard thee well :
For I'll not kill thee There ! nor There ! nor There !
But, by the zone that circles Venus' waist,
I'll kill thee Ev'ry-where ; yea, o'er and o'er.
Thou, wisest Belford, pardon me this brag :
Her watchfulness draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match the words,
Or may I never——*

Then, I imagine thee interposing to qualify my impatience, as Ajax did to Achilles :

*——Do not chafe thee, Cousin :
——And let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring thee to it.*

• All that vexes me, in the midst of my gloried-in de-
vices,

• vices, is, that there is a sorry fellow in the world, who
 • has presumed to question, whether the prize, when ob-
 • tained, is worthy of the pains it costs me : Yet knows,
 • with what patience and trouble a birdman will spread
 • an acre of ground with gins and snares ; set up his stalk-
 • ing horse, his glasses ; plant his decoy-birds, and invite
 • the feathered throng by his whistle ; and all his prize
 • at last (the reward of early hours, and of a whole morn-
 • ing's pains) only a simple Linnet.

• To be serious, Belford, I must acknowlege, that all
 • our pursuits, from childhood to manhood, are only tri-
 • fles of different sorts and sizes, proportioned to our
 • years and views : But then is not a fine woman the no-
 • blest trifle, that ever was or could be obtained by man ?
 • —And to what purpose do we say *obtained*, if it be not
 • in the way we wish for ?—If a man is rather to be *her*
 • prize, than she *his* ?

* * * *

AND now, Belford, what dost think ?

That thou art a cursed fellow, if—

If—No If's—But I shall be very sick to-morrow. I shall, 'faith.

Sick !—Why sick ?—What a devil shouldst thou be sick for ?

For more good reasons than one, Jack.

I should be glad to hear but one.—Sick, quotha ! Of all thy roguish inventions I should not have thought of this.

Perhaps thou thinkest my view to be, to draw the Lady to my bedside : That's a trick of three or four thousand years old ; and I should find it much more to my purpose, if I could get to hers. However, I'll condescend to make thee as wise as myself.

I am excessively disturbed about this Smuggling scheme of Miss Howe. I have no doubt, that my Fair-one, were I to make an attempt, and miscarry, will fly from me, if she can. I once believed she loved me : But now I doubt whether she does or not : At least, that it is with such an *ardor*, as Miss Howe calls it, as will

make her overlook a premeditated fault, should I be guilty of one.

And what will being sick do for thee?

Have patience. I don't intend to be so very bad as Dorcas shall represent me to be. But yet I know I shall reach confoundedly, and bring up some clotted blood. To be sure, I shall break a vessel: There's no doubt of that: And a bottle of Eaton's Styptic shall be sent for; but no doctor. If she has *Humanity*, she will be concerned. But if she has *Love*, let it have been pushed ever so far back, it will, on this occasion, come forward, and shew itself; not only in her eye, but in every line of her sweet face.

I will be very intrepid. I will not fear death, or anything else: I will be sure of being well in an hour or two, having formerly found great benefit by this astringent medicine, on occasion of an inward bruise by a fall from my horse in hunting, of which perhaps this malady may be the remains. And this will shew her, that tho' those about me may make the most of it, I do not; and so can have no design in it.

Well, methinks thou sayest, I begin to think tolerably of this device.

I knew thou wouldst, when I explained myself. Another time prepare to wonder; and banish doubt.

Now, Belford, if she be not much concerned at the broken vessel, which, in one so fiery in his temper as I have the *reputation* to be thought, may be very dangerous; a malady that I shall calmly attribute to the harasses and doubts under which I have laboured for some time past; and this will be a further proof of my Love, and will demand a grateful return—

And what then, thou egregious contriver?

Why then I shall have the *less remorse*, if I am to use a little violence: For can *she* deserve compassion, who shews none?

And what if she shew a *great deal of concern*?

Then shall I be in hope of *building on a good foundation*. Love hides a multitude of faults, and diminishes

nishes those it cannot hide. Love, when acknowledged, authorizes freedom; and freedom begets freedom; and I shall then see how far I can go.

Well but, Lovelace, how the duce wilt thou, with that full health and vigour of constitution, and with that bloom in thy face, make any-body believe thou art sick?

How!—Why, take a few grains of Ipecacuanha; enough to make me reach like a fury.

Good!—But how wilt thou manage to bring up blood, and not hurt thyself?

Foolish fellow! Are there not pigeons and chickens in every poulterer's shop?

Cry thy mercy.

But then I will be persuaded by Mrs. Sinclair, that I have of late confined myself too much; and so will have a chair called, and be carried to the Park; where I will try to walk half the length of the Mall, or so; and in my return, amuse myself at White's or the Cocoa.

And what will this do?

Questioning again!—I am afraid thou'rt an Infidel, Belford.—Why then shall I not know if my Beloved offers to go out in my absence?—And shall I not see whether she receives me with tenderness at my return? But this is not all: *I have a foreboding that something affecting will happen while I am out.* But of this more in its place.

And now, Belford, wilt thou, or wilt thou not, allow, that it is a right thing to be sick?—Lord, Jack, so much delight do I take in my contrivances, that I shall be half-sorry, when the occasion for them is over; for never, never, shall I again have such charming exercise for my invention.

Mean time these plaguy women are so impertinent, so full of reproaches, that I know not how to do anything but curse them. And then, truly, they are for helping me out with some of *their* trite and vulgar artifices. Sally particularly, who pretends to be a mighty contriver, has just now in an insolent manner told me, on my rejecting her proffered aids, that I had no mind to conquer;

conquer; and that I was so *wicked* as to intend to marry, tho' I would not own it to her.

Because this little devil made her first sacrifice at my altar, she thinks she may take any liberty with me: And what makes her outrageous at times, is, that I have, for a long time, *studiously* as she says, slighted her too readily offered favours: But is it not very impudent in her to think, that I will be any man's *successor*? It is not come to that neither, This, thou knowest, was always my rule—*Once any other man's*, and I know it, and *never more mine*. It is for such as thou, and thy brethren, to take up with *barlots*. I have been always aiming at the merit of a first discoverer.

The more devil I, perhaps thou wilt say, to endeavour to corrupt the uncorrupted.

But I say, *Not*; since, hence, I have but very few adulteries to answer for.

One affair, indeed, at Paris, with a married Lady [I believe I never told thee of it] touched my conscience a little: Yet brought on by the spirit of intrigue, more than by sheer wickedness. I'll give it thee in brief:

' A French Marquis, somewhat in years, employed
' by his Court in a public function at that of Madrid,
' had put his charming young new-married wife under
' the controul and *wardship*, as I may say, of his insolent
' Sister, an old Prude.

' I saw the Lady at the Opera. I liked her at first
' sight, and better at second, when I knew the situa-
' tion she was in. So, pretending to make my addresses
' to the Prude, got admittance to Both.

' The first thing I had to do, was to compliment my
' Prude into shyness by complaints of shyness: Next,
' to take advantage of the Marquise's situation, between
' her Husband's jealousy, and his Sister's arrogance:
' and to inspire her with resentment; and, as I hoped,
' with a regard to my person. The French Ladies have
' no dislike to intrigue.

' The Sister began to suspect me: The Lady had no
' mind to part with the company of the only man who
' had

‘ had been permitted to visit there ; and told me of her Sister’s suspicions. I put her upon concealing the Prude, as if unknown to me, in a closet in one of her own apartments, locking her in, and putting the key in her own pocket : And she was to question me on the sincerity of my professions to her Sister, in her Sister’s hearing.

‘ She complied. My Mistress was locked up. The Lady and I took our seats. I owned fervent Love, and made high professions : For the Marquise put it home to me. The Prude was delighted with what she heard.

‘ And how dost think it ended ?—I took my advantage of the Lady herself, who durst not for her life cry out ; and drew her after me to the next apartment, on pretence of going to seek her Sister, who all the time was locked up in the closet.

No woman ever gave me a private meeting for nothing ; my dearest Miss Harlowe excepted.

‘ My ingenuity obtained my pardon : The Lady being unable to forbear laughing thro’ the whole affair, to find both so uncommonly tricked ; her gaolers her prisoner, safe locked up, and as much pleased as either of us.

The English, Jack, do not often outwit the French.

‘ We had contrivances afterwards equally ingenious, in which the Lady, the ice once broken [*Once subdued, always subdued*] co-operated—But a more tender Tell-tale revealed the secret—Revealed it, before the Marquis could come to cover the disgrace. The Sister was inveterate ; the Husband irreconcilable ; in every respect unfit for a Husband, even for a *French* one—made, perhaps, more delicate to these particulars by the customs of a people among whom he was then resident, so contrary to those of his own countrymen. She was obliged to throw herself into my protection—Nor thought herself unhappy in it, till childbed pangs seized her : Then Penitence, and Death, overtook her the same hour !’

Excuse a tear, Belford !—She deserved a better fate !

What

What hath such a vile inexorable Husband to answer for!—The Sister was punished effectually—That pleases me on reflection—The Sister was effectually punished!—But perhaps I have told thee this Story before.

L E T T E R XI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Friday Evening.

JUST returned from an Airing with my Charmer, complied with after great importunity. She was attended by the two Nymphs. They both topt their parts; kept their eyes within bounds; made moral reflections now-and-then. O Jack! what devils are women, when all tests are got over, and we have completely ruined them!

The coach carried us to Hamstead, to Highgate, to Muswell-hill; back to Hamstead to the Upper-Flask; There, in compliment to the Nymphs, my Beloved consented to alight, and take a little repast. Then home early by Kentish Town.

Delightfully easy she: And so respectful and obliging I, all the way, and as we walked out upon the Heath, to view the variegated prospects which that agreeable elevation affords, that she promised to take now-and-then a little excursion with me. I think, Miss Howe, I *think*, said I to myself, every now-and-then as we walked, that thy wicked devices are superseded.

But let me give thee a few particulars of our conversation in the *circumrotation* we took, while in the coach—She had received a Letter from Miss Howe yesterday, I presumed?

She made no answer. How happy should I think myself to be admitted into their correspondence! I would joyfully make an exchange of communications.

So, tho' I hoped not to succeed by her consent [and little did she think I had so happily in part succeeded without it] I thought it not amiss to urge for it, for several reasons: Among others, that I might

: account

• account to her for my constant employment at my
• pen; in order to take off her jealousy, that *she* was
• the subject of thy correspondence and mine: And
• that I might justify my secrecy and *uncommunicative-*
• *ness* by her own.

• I proceeded therefore— That I loved Familiar-let-
• ter-writing, as I had more than once told her, above
• all the species of writing: It was writing from the
• heart (without the fetters prescribed by method or
• study) as the very word *Cor-respondence* implied. Not
• the heart only; the *soul* was in it. Nothing of body,
• when friend writes to friend; the mind impelling
• sovereignly, the vassal-fingers. It was, in short,
• friendship recorded; friendship given under hand
• and seal; demonstrating that the parties were under
• no apprehension of changing from time or accident,
• when they so liberally gave testimonies, which would
• always be ready, on failure, or infidelity, to be turned
• against them.— For my own part, it was the prin-
• cipal diversion I had in her absence: But for this in-
• nocent amusement, the distance she so frequently kept
• me at, would have been intolerable.

• Sally knew my drift; and said, She had had the
• honour to see two or three of my letters, and of Mr.
• Belford's; and she thought them the most entertain-
• ing that she had ever read.

• My friend Belford, I said, had a happy talent in
• the Letter-writing way; and upon all subjects.

• I expected my Beloved would have been inquisitive
• after our subjects: But (lying perdue, as I saw) not a
• word said she. So I touched upon this article myself.

• Our topics were various and diffuse: Sometimes
• upon literary articles [She was very attentive upon
• this]; sometimes upon the public entertainments;
• sometimes amusing each other with the fruits of the
• different correspondencies we held with persons
• abroad, with whom we had contracted friendships;
• sometimes upon the foibles and perfections of our
• particular friends; sometimes upon our own present
• : and

• and future hopes ; sometimes aiming at humour and
 • raillery upon each other— It might indeed appear to
 • favour of vanity, to suppose my letters would enter-
 • tain a Lady of her delicacy and judgment : But yet
 • I could not but say, that perhaps she would be far
 • from thinking so hardly of me as sometimes she had
 • seemed to do, if she were to see the Letters which ge-
 • nerally passed between Mr. Belford and me [I hope,
 • Jack, thou hast more manners, than to give me the
 • lye, tho' but in thy heart].

• She then spoke: After declining my compliment
 • in such a manner, as only a person could do, who de-
 • served it, she said, For her part, she had always thought
 • me a man of sense [A man of sense, Jack! What a
 • niggardly praise!]—And should therefore hope, that,
 • when I wrote, it exceeded even my speech : For that
 • it was impossible, be the Letters written in as easy
 • and familiar a style as they would, but that they must
 • have that advantage from sitting down to write them
 • which prompt speech could not always have. She
 • should think it very strange, therefore, if my Letters
 • were barren of sentiment ; and *as* strange, if I gave
 • myself liberties upon *premeditation*, which could have
 • no excuse at all, but from a thoughtlessness, which
 • itself wanted excuse.— But if Mr. Belford's Letters
 • and mine were upon subjects so general, and some
 • of them equally (she presumed) instructive and en-
 • tertaining, she could not but say, that she should be
 • glad to see any of them ; and particularly those which
 • Miss Martin had seen, and praised.

• This was put close.

• I looked at her, to see if I could discover any
 • tincture of jealousy in this hint ; that *Miss Martin*
 • had seen what I had not shewn to *her*. But she did
 • not look it : So I only said, I should be very proud
 • to shew her not only those, but all that passed be-
 • tween Mr. Belford and me ; but I must remind her,
 • that she knew the condition.

• No, indeed ! with a sweet lip pouted out, as saucy

• as

• as pretty ; implying a lovely scorn, that yet can only
• be lovely in youth so blooming, and beauty so di-
• vinely distinguished.

• How I long to see such a motion again. *Her*
• mouth only can give it.

• But I am mad with love— Yet eternal will be the
• distance, at the rate I go on : Now fire, now ice,
• my soul is continually upon the *bis*, as I may say.
• In vain, however, is the trial to quench—what, after
• all, is unquenchable.

• Pry'thee, Belford, forgive my nonsense, and my
• Vulcan-like metaphors—Did I not tell thee, not that
• I am *sick* of love, but that I am *mad* with it ! Why
• brought I such an angel into such a house ? into such
• company ?— And why do I not stop my ears to the
• Sirens, who, knowing my aversion to wedlock, are
• perpetually touching that string ?

• I was not willing to be answered so easily : I was
• sure, that what passed between two such young La-
• dies (friends so dear) might be seen by every-body :
• I had more reason than any-body to wish to see
• the Letters that passed between her and Miss Howe ;
• because I was sure they must be full of admirable in-
• struction, and one of the dear correspondents had
• deigned to wish my entire reformation.

• She looked at me, as if she would look me thro' :
• I thought I *felt* eye-beam, after eye-beam, penetrate
• my shivering reins.—But she was silent. Nor needed
• her eyes the assistance of speech.

• Nevertheless, a little recovering myself, I hoped
• that nothing unhappy had befallen either Miss Howe
• or her Mother. The Letter of yesterday sent by a
• particular hand ; she opening it with great emotion
• —seeming to have expected it sooner—were the
• reasons for my apprehensions.

• We were then at Muswell-hill : *A pretty country*
• *within the eye*, to Polly, was the remark, instead of
• replying to *me*.

• But I was not so to be answered—I should expect
• some

• some charming subjects and characters from two such pens : I hoped every-thing went on well between Mr. Hickman and Miss Howe. Her Mother's heart, I said, was set upon that match : Mr. Hickman was not without his merits : He was what they Ladies called a SOBER man : But I must needs say, that I thought Miss Howe deserved a husband of a very different cast !

• This, I supposed, would have engaged her into a subject from which I could have wiredrawn something :— For Hickman is one of her favourites— Why, I can't divine, except for the sake of opposition of character to that of thy honest friend.

• But she cut me short by a look of disapprobation, and another cool remark upon a distant view ; and, *How far off, Miss Horton, do you think that clump of trees may be ?* pointing out of the coach— So I had done.

• Here endeth all I have to write concerning our conversation on this our agreeable airing.

We have both been writing ever since we came home. I am to be favoured with her company for an hour, before she retires to rest.

All that obsequious Love can suggest, in order to engage her tenderest sentiments for me against to-morrow's sickness, will I aim at when we meet. But at parting will complain of a disorder in my stomach.

* * * *

WE have met. All was Love and unexceptionable Respect on my part. Ease and Complaisance on hers. She was concerned for my Disorder. So sudden!— Just as we parted ! But it was nothing. I should be quite well by morning.

Faith, Jack, I think I am sick already. Is it possible for such a giddy fellow as me to *persuade* myself to be ill ? I am a better Mimic at this rate than I wish to be. But every nerve and fibre of me is always ready to contribute its aid, whether by health or by ailment, to carry a resolved-on roguery into execution.

Dorcas

Dorcas has transcribed for me the whole Letter of Miss Howe, dated Sunday May 14. (a), of which before I had only extracts. She found no other Letter added to that parcel: But this, and that which I copied myself in character last Sunday while she was at church, relating to the smuggling scheme (b), are enough for me.

* * * *

DORCAS tells me, that her Lady has been removing her papers from the mahogany-chest into a wainscot-box, which held her linen, and which she put into her dark closet. We have no key of that at present. No doubt but all her Letters, previous to those I have come at, are in that box. Dorcas is uneasy upon it: Yet hopes that her Lady does not suspect her; for she is sure that she laid in every-thing as she found it.

L E T T E R XII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Cocoa-tree, Saturday, May 27.

THIS Ipecacuanha is a most disagreeable medicine. That these cursed physical folks can find out nothing to do us good, but what would poison the devil! In the other world, were they only to take physic, it would be punishment enough of itself for a mis-spent life. A Doctor at one elbow, and an Apothecary at the other, and the poor soul labouring under their prescribed operations, he need no worse tormentors.

But now this was to take down my countenance. It has done it: For, with violent reachings, having taken enough to make me sick, and not enough water to carry it off, I presently looked as if I had kept my bed a fortnight. *Ill-jesting*, as I thought in the midst of the exercise, *with edge-tools*, and worse with *physical-ones*.

Two hours it held me. I had forbid Dorcas to let her Lady know any-thing of the matter; out of tenderness to her; being willing, when she knew my pro-

(a) See Vol. III. p. 290.

(b) Ibid. p. 367.

hibition, to let her see that I *expected* her to be concerned for me.—

Well, but Dorcas was nevertheless a *woman*, and she can *whisper* to her Lady the secret she is enjoined to keep!

Come hither, Toad [sick as a devil at the instant]; Let me see what a mixture of grief and surprize may be beat up together in thy pudden-face.

That won't do. That dropt jaw, and mouth distended into the long oval, is more upon the Horrible, than the Grievous.

Nor that pinking and winking with thy *odious eyes*, as my Charmer once called them.

A little better *That*; yet not quite right: But keep your mouth closer. You have a muscle or two which you have no command of, between your cheek-bone and your lips, that should carry one corner of your mouth up towards your crows-foot, and that down to meet it.

There! Begone! Be in a plaguy hurry running up stairs and down, to fetch from the Dining-room what you carry up on purpose to fetch, till motion extraordinary put you out of breath, and give you the sigh-natural.

What's the matter, Dorcas?

Nothing, Madam.

My Beloved wonders she has not seen me this morning, no doubt; but is too shy to say she wonders. Repeated What's the matter, however, as Dorcas runs up and down stairs by her door, bring on, Oh! Madam, my master! my poor master!

What! How! When!— And all the monosyllables of surprize.

[*Within Parentheses* let me tell thee, that I have often thought, that the little words in the Republic of Letters, like the little folks in a nation, are the most significant. The *trisyllables*, and the *rumblers* of syllables more than *three*, are but the good for little *magnates*.]

I must not tell you, Madam— My master ordered me

me not to tell you— But he is in a worse way than he thinks for!— But he would not have *you* frightened.

High concern took possession of every sweet feature. She pitied me!— By my soul, she pitied me!

Where is he?

Too much in a hurry for good manners [*Another parenthesis, Jack!* Good manners are so little natural, that we ought to be *composed* to observe them: Politeness will not live in a storm.] I cannot stay to answer questions, cries the wench— tho' desirous to answer [*A third Parenthesis—* Like the people crying proclamations, running away from the customers they want to sell to]. This hurry puts the Lady in a hurry to ask [*A fourth, by way of embellishing the third!*] as the other does the people in a hurry to buy. And I have in my eye now a whole street raised, and running after a proclamation or express-crier, as if the first was a thief, the other his pursuers.

At last, O Lord! let Mrs. Lovelace know!—There is danger, to be sure! whispered from one Nymph to another; but at the door, and so loud, that my listening Fair-one might hear.

Out she darts— As how! as how, Dorcas!

O Madam— A vomiting of blood! A vessel broke, to be sure!

Down she hastens; finds every one as busy over my blood in the entry, as if it were that of the Neapolitan Saint.

In steps my Charmer, with a face of sweet concern.

How do you, Mr. Lovelace?

O my best Love!—Very well!— Very well!— Nothing at all! Nothing of consequence!—I shall be well in an instant!—Straining again! for I was indeed plaguy sick, tho' no more blood came.

In short, Belford, I have gained my end. I see the dear soul loves me. I see she forgives me all that's past. I see I have credit for a new score.

Miss Howe, I defy thee, my dear—Mrs. Townsend!— Who the devil are you?— Troop away with

your contrabands. No Smuggling! Nor Smuggler, but myself! Nor will the choicest of my Fair one's favours be long prohibited goods to me!

* * * *

EVERY one now is sure that she loves me. Tears were in her eyes more than once for me. She suffered me to take her hand, and kiss it as often as I pleased. On Mrs. Sinclair's mentioning, that I too much confined myself, she pressed me to take an Airing; but obligingly desired me to be careful of myself. Wished I would advise with a physician. *God made physicians*, she said.

I did not think That, Jack. God indeed made us All. But I fancy she meant *physic* instead of *physicians*; and then the phrase might mean what the vulgar phrase means;—*God sends meat, the Devil cooks*.

I was well already, on taking the Styptic from her dear hands.

On her requiring me to take the air, I asked, If I might have the honour of her company in a coach; and this, that I might observe if she had an intention of going out in my absence.

If she thought a chair were not a more proper vehicle for my case, she would with all her heart!

There's a precious!

I kissed her hand again! She was all goodness!—Would to Heaven I better deserved it, I said!—But all were golden days before us!—Her presence and generous concern had done every-thing. I was well! Nothing ailed me. But since my Beloved will have it so, I'll take a little Airing!—Let a chair be called!—O my Charmer! *were I to have owed this indisposition to my late barasses, and to the uneasiness I have had for disobliging you*; all is infinitely compensated by your goodness—All the Art of Healing is in your smiles!—Your late displeasure was the only malady!

While Mrs. Sinclair, and Dorcas, and Polly, and even poor silly Mabell [for Sally went out, as my angel came in] with uplifted hands and eyes, stood thanking

Heaven

Let. 13. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 85

Heaven that I was better, in audible whispers: See the power of Love, cried one!—What a charming husband, another!—Happy couple, all!

O how the dear creature's cheek mantled!—How her eyes sparkled!—How sweetly acceptable is praise to conscious merit, while it but reproaches when applied to the undeserving!—What a new, what a gay creation it makes at once in a diffident or dispirited heart!

And now, Belford, was it not worth while to be sick? And yet I must tell thee, that too many pleasanter expedients offer themselves, to make trial any more of this confounded Ipecacuanha.

L E T T E R XIII.

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miss* HOWE.

Saturday, May 27.

MR. Lovelace, my dear, has been very ill. Suddenly taken. With a vomiting of blood in great quantities. Some vessel broken. He complained of a disorder in his stomach over-night. I was the more affected with it, *as I am afraid it was occasioned by the violent contentions between us.*—But was I in fault?

How lately did I think I hated him!—But hatred and anger, I see, are but temporary passions with me. One cannot, my dear, hate people in danger of death, or who are in distress or affliction. My heart, I find, is not proof against kindness, and acknowledgement of errors committed.

He took great care to have his illness concealed from me as long as it could. So tender in the violence of his disorder!—So desirous to make the best of it!—I wish he had not been ill in my sight. I was too much affected—Every-body alarming me with his danger—The poor man, from such high health so *suddenly* taken!—And so unprepared!—

He is gone out in a chair. I advised him to do so. I fear that my advice was wrong; since Quiet in such

a disorder must needs be best. We are apt to be so ready, in cases of emergency, to give our advice, without judgment, or waiting for it!—I proposed a physician indeed; but he would not hear of one. I have great honour for the faculty; and the greater, as I have always observed, that those who treat the professors of the Art of Healing contemptuously, too generally treat higher institutions in the same manner.

I am really very uneasy. For I have, I doubt, exposed myself to him, and to the women below. *They* indeed will excuse me, as they think us married. But if he be not generous, I shall have cause to regret this surprize; which (as I had reason to think myself unaccountably treated by him) has taught me more than I knew of myself.

'Tis true, I have owned more than once, that I could have liked Mr. Lovelace above all men. I remember the debates you and I used to have on this subject, when I was your happy guest. You used to say, and once you wrote (*a*), that men of his cast are the men that our Sex do not *naturally* dislike: While I held, that such were not (however *that* might be) the men we *ought* to like. But what with my Relations precipitating of me, on one hand, and what with his unhappy character, and embarrassing ways, on the other, I had no more leisure than inclination to examine my own heart in this particular. And this reminds me of a passage in one of your former Letters, which I will transcribe, tho' it was written in raillery. *May it not be, say you (b), that you have had such persons to deal with, as have not allowed you to attend to the throbs; or, if you had them a little now-and-then, whether, having had two accounts to place them to, you have not by mistake put them to the wrong one?* A passage, which, altho' it came into my mind when Mr. Lovelace was least exceptionable, yet that I

(a) See Vol. III. p. 329.

(b) See Vol. I. p. 64.

• have denied any efficacy to, when he has teased and
 • vexed me, and given me cause of suspicion. For,
 • after all, my dear, Mr. Lovelace is not wise in all his
 • ways. And should we not endeavour, as much as we
 • can, as much as human frailty and partiality will per-
 • mit (where we are not attached by *natural ties*) to
 • like and dislike as reason bids us, and according to the
 • merit or demerit of the object? If Love, as it is called,
 • is allowed to be an excuse for our most unreasonable
 • follies, and to lay level all the fences that a careful
 • education has surrounded us by, what is meant by the
 • doctrine of subduing our passions?—But, O my dear-
 • est friend, am I not guilty of a punishable fault, were
 • I to love this man of errors? And has not my own
 • heart deceived me, when I thought I did not? And
 • what must be that Love, that has not some degree of
 • purity for its object? I am afraid of recollecting some
 • passages in my Cousin Morden's Letter (a).—And
 • yet why fly I from subjects that, duly considered,
 • might correct and purify my heart? I have carried,
 • I doubt, my notions on this head too high, not for
 • practice, but for *my* practice. Yet think me not
 • guilty of Prudery neither; for had I found out as much
 • of myself before, or, rather, had he given me heart's-
 • ease enough before to find it out, you should have had
 • my confession sooner.

Nevertheless let me tell you (what I hope I may justly
 tell you) that if again he give me cause to resume di-
 stance and reserve, I hope my reason will gather strength
 enough from his imperfections, to enable me to
 keep my passions under.—What can we do more than
 govern ourselves by the temporary lights lent us?

You will not wonder that I am grave on this de-
 tection—*Detection*, must I call it? What can I call
 it?—

Dissatisfied with myself, I am afraid to look back
 upon what I have written: And yet know not how
 to have done writing. I never was in such an odd frame

(a) See Vol. III. p. 241—248.

of mind.—I know not how to describe it.—Was *you* ever *so*?—Afraid of the censure of her you love—Yet not conscious that you deserve it?

Of this, however, I am convinced, that I should *indeed* deserve censure, if I kept any secret of my heart from you.

But I will not add another word, after I have assured you, that I will look still more narrowly into myself: And that I am

Your equally sincere and affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sat, Evening.

I Had a charming Airing, No return of my malady. My heart perfectly easy, how could my stomach be otherwise?

But when I came home, I found that my sweet soul had been alarmed by *a new incident*—The enquiry after us both, in a very suspicious manner, and that by description of our persons, and not by names, by a servant in a blue livery turn'd up and trimm'd with yellow.

Dorcas was called to him, as the upper servant; and she refusing to answer any of the fellow's questions, unless he told his business, and from whom he came, the fellow (as short as she) said, That if she would not answer *him*, perhaps she might answer somebody *else*; and went away out of humour.

Dorcas hurried up to her Lady, and alarmed her not only with the fact, but with her own conjectures; adding, that he was an ill-looking fellow, and she was sure could come for no good.

The livery and the features of the servant were particularly enquired after, and as particularly described—*Lord bless her! no end of her alarms, she thought!* And then did her apprehensions anticipate every evil that could happen.

Shé

She wished Mr. Lovelace would come in.

Mr. Lovelace came in soon after; all lively, grateful, full of hopes, of duty, of love, to thank his Charmer, and to congratulate with her upon the cure she had performed. And then she told the Story, with all its circumstances; and Dorcas, to point her Lady's fears, told us, that the servant was a sun-burnt fellow, and looked as if he had been at Sea.

He was then, no doubt, Captain Singleton's servant, and the next news she should hear was, that the house was surrounded by a whole Ship's crew; the vessel lying no farther off, as she understood, than Rotherhith.

Impossible, I said. Such an *attempt* would not be ushered in by such a *manner of enquiry*. And why may it not rather be a servant of your Cousin Morden, with notice of his arrival, and of his design to attend you?

This surmise delighted her. Her apprehensions went off, and she was at leisure to congratulate me upon my sudden recovery; which she did in the most obliging manner.

But we had not sat long together, when Dorcas again came fluttering up to tell us, that the footman, the *very* footman, was again at the door, and enquired, whether Mr. Lovelace and his Lady, *by name*, had not lodgings in this house? He asked, he told Dorcas, for no harm: But his disavowing of harm, was a demonstration with my apprehensive Fair-one, that harm was intended. And as the fellow had not been answered by Dorcas, I proposed to go down to the Street-parlour, and hear what he had to say.

I see your causeless terror, my dearest life, said I, and your impatience—Will you be pleased to walk down—And without being observed (for he shall come no farther than the Parlour-door) you may hear all that passes?

She consented. We went down. Dorcas bid the man come forward. Well, friend, what is your business with Mr. or Mrs. Lovelace?

Bowing, scraping, I am sure *you* are the gentleman, Sir.

Sir. Why, Sir, my business is only to know if your honour be here, and to be spoken with; or if you shall be here for any time?

Whom came you from?

From a gentleman who ordered me to say, if I was *made* to tell, but not else, it was from a friend of Mr. John Harlowe, Mrs. Lovelace's eldest Uncle.

The dear creature was ready to sink upon this. *It was but of late that she had provided herself with Salts.* She pulled them out.

Do you know any-thing of Colonel Morden, friend, said I?

No; I never heard of his name.

Of Captain Singleton?

No, Sir. But the gentleman, my master, is a Captain too.

What is his name?

I don't know if I should tell.

There can be no harm in telling the gentleman's name, if you come upon a good account.

That I do; for my master told me so; and there is not an honefter gentleman on the face of *God's yearth*.—His name is Captain Tomlinson, Sir.

I don't know such a one.

I believe not, Sir. He was pleased to say, He don't know your honour, Sir; but I heard him say, as how he should not be an unwelcome visitor to you for all that.

Do you know such a man as Captain Tomlinson, my dearest life [*Aside*] your Uncle's friend?

No; but my Uncle may have acquaintance, no doubt, that I don't know.—But I hope (trembling) this is not a trick.

Well, friend, if your master has any-thing to say to Mr. Lovelace, you may tell him, that Mr. Lovelace is here; and will see him whenever he pleases.

The dear creature looked as if afraid that my engagement was too prompt for my own safety; and away went the fellow—*I wondering, that she might not wonder,*

der, that this Captain Tomlinson, whoever he were, came not himself, or sent not a Letter the second time, when he had reason to suppose that I might be here.

Mean time, for fear that this should be a contrivance of James Harlowe, who, I said, loved plotting, though he had not a head turned for it, I gave some precautionary directions to the servants, and the women, whom for the greater parade, I assembled before us: And my Beloved was resolved *not to stir abroad till she saw the issue of this odd affair.*

And here must I close, *though in so great a puzzle.*

Only let me add, that poor Belton wants thee; for I dare not stir for my life.

Mowbray and Tourville skulk about like vagabonds, without heads, without hands, without souls; having neither You nor Me to conduct them. They tell me, they shall rust beyond the power of oil or action to brighten them up, or give them motion.

How goes it with thy Uncle?

L E T T E R X V.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sunday, May 28.

THIS Story of Captain Tomlinson employed us not only for the time we were together last night, but all the while we sat at breakfast this morning. She would still have it, that it was the prelude to some mischief from Singleton. I insisted (according to my former hint) that it might much more probably be a method taken by Colonel Morden to alarm her, previous to a personal visit. Travelled gentlemen affect to surprize in this manner. And why, dearest creature, said I, must every-thing that happens, which we cannot immediately account for, be what we least wish?

She had had so many disagreeable things befall her of late, that her fears were too often stronger than her hopes.

And this, Madam, makes me apprehensive, that you will get into so low-spirited a way, that you will

not

not be able to enjoy the happiness that seems to await us.

Her duty and her gratitude, she gravely said, to the Dispenser of all good, would secure her, she hoped, against unthankfulness. And a thankful spirit was the same as a joyful one.

So, Belford, for all her future joys she depends entirely upon the Invisible Good. She is certainly right; since those who fix least upon Second Causes are the least likely to be disappointed—And is not this gravity for her gravity?

She had hardly done speaking, when Dorcas came running up in a hurry—She set even *my* heart into a palpitation—Thump, thump, thump, like a precipitated pendulum in a clock-case—Flutter, flutter, flutter, my Charmer's, as by her sweet bosom rising to her chin I saw.

This lower class of people, my Beloved herself observed, were for ever aiming at the *stupid Wonderful*, and for making even common incidents matter of surprise.

Why the devil, said I to the wench, this alarming hurry?—And with your spread fingers, and your O Madams, and O Sirs!—and be curs'd to you! Would there have been a Second of time difference, had you come up slowly?

Captain Tomlinson, Sir!

Captain Devilson, what care I!—Do you see how you have disordered your Lady?

Good Mr. Lovelace, said my Charmer, trembling [See, Jack, when she has an end to serve, I am *good* Mr. Lovelace] If—if my brother,—if Captain Singleton should appear—Pray now—I beseech you—Let me beg of you—to govern your temper—My Brother is my Brother—Captain Singleton is but an *Agent*.

My dearest life, folding my arms about her [When she asks favours, thought I, the devil's in it, if she will not allow of such innocent freedoms as this, from *good* Mr. Lovelace too] you shall be witness of all that passes between us.—Dorcas, desire the gentleman to walk up.

Let me retire to my chamber first!—Let me not be known to be in the house!

Charming dear!—Thou see'st, Belford, she is afraid of leaving me!—O the little witchcrafts! Were it not for surprizes now-and-then, how would an honest man know where to have them?

She withdrew to listen—And tho' this incident has not turned out to answer *all I wished from it*, yet is it necessary, if I would acquaint thee with my *whole circulation*, to be very particular in what passed between Captain Tomlinson and me.

Enter Captain Tomlinson in a riding dress, whip in hand.

Your servant, Sir—Mr. Lovelace, I presume?

My name is Lovelace, Sir.

Excuse the Day, Sir—Be pleased to excuse my Garb. I am obliged to go out of town directly, that I may return at night.

The Day is a good day. Your Garb needs no apology.

When I sent my servant, I did not *know that I should find time to do myself this honour*. All that I thought I could do to oblige my friend this journey, was *only* to assure myself of your abode; and whether there were a probability of being admitted to the speech either of you, or your Lady.

Sir, you best know your own motives. What your time will permit you to do, you also best know. And here I am, attending your pleasure.

My Charmer owned afterwards her concern on my being so short. Whatever I shall mingle of her emotions, thou wilt easily guess I had afterwards.

Sir, I hope no offence. I intend none.

None—None at all, Sir.

Sir, I have no interest in the affair I come about. I may appear officious; and if I thought I should, I would decline any concern in it, after I have just hinted what it is.

And pray, Sir, what is it?

May

May I ask you, Sir, without offence, whether you wish to be reconciled, and to co-operate upon honourable terms, with *one* gentleman of the name of Harlowe; preparative, as it may be hoped, to a general Reconciliation?

O how my heart fluttered! cried my Charmer.

I can't tell, Sir—[*And then it fluttered still more, no doubt*]: The whole family have used me extremely ill. They have taken greater liberties with my character than are justifiable, and with my family *too*; which I can less forgive.

Sir, Sir, I have done. I beg pardon for this intrusion,

My Beloved was then ready to sink, and thought very hardly of me.

But pray, Sir, to the immediate purpose of your present commission; since a commission it seems to be?

It is a commission, Sir; and such a one, as I thought would be agreeable to all parties, or I should not have given myself concern about it.

Perhaps it *may*, Sir, when known. But let me ask you one previous question? Do you know Colonel Morden, Sir?

No, Sir. If you mean *personally*, I do not. But I have heard my good friend Mr. John Harlowe talk of him with great respect; and as a Co-trustee with him in a certain Trust.

Lovel. I thought it probable, Sir, that the Colonel might be arrived; that you might be a gentleman of his acquaintance; and that something of an agreeable surprize might be intended.

Capt. Had Colonel Morden been in England, Mr. John Harlowe would have known it; and then I should not have been a stranger to it.

Lovel. Well but, Sir, have you then any commission to me from Mr. John Harlowe?

Capt. Sir, I will tell you, as briefly as I can, the whole of what I have to say; but you'll excuse *me* also a previous question, for which curiosity is not my motive;

rive; but it is necessary to be answered before I can proceed; as you will judge when you hear it.

Lovel. What, pray, Sir, is your question?

Capt. Briefly, Whether you are actually, and *bona fide*, married to Miss Clarissa Harlowe?

I started, and, in a haughty tone, Is this, Sir, a question that *must* be answered before you can proceed in the business you have undertaken?

I mean no offence, Mr. Lovelace. Mr. Harlowe sought to me to undertake this office. I have daughters and nieces of my own. I thought it a good office, or I, who have many considerable affairs upon my hands, had not accepted of it. I know the world; and will take the liberty to say, That if that young Lady—

Captain Tomlinson, I think you are called?

My name is Tomlinson.

Why then, Captain Tomlinson, no *liberty*, as you call it, will be taken well, that is not extremely delicate, when that Lady is mentioned.

When you had heard me out, Mr. Lovelace, and had found, I had so behaved, as to make the caution necessary, it would have been just to have given it.—Allow me to say, I know what is due to the character of a woman of virtue, as well as any man alive.

Why, Sir! Why, Captain Tomlinson, you seem warm. If you intend any-thing by this [*O how I trembled!* said the Lady, *when she took notice of this part of our conversation afterwards*] I will only say, that this is a privileged place. It is at present my home, and an asylum for any gentleman who thinks it worth his while to enquire after me, be the manner or end of his enquiry what it will.

I know not, Sir, that I have given occasion for this. I make no scruple to attend you *elsewhere*, if I am troublesome here. I was told, I had a warm young gentleman to deal with: But as I knew my intention, and that my commission was an amicable one, I was the less concerned about that. I am twice your age, Mr. Lovelace, I dare say: But I do assure you, that if either my
message,

message, or my manner, give you offence, I can suspend the one or the other for a day, or for ever, as you like. And so, Sir, any time before Eight to-morrow morning, you will let me know your further commands.—And was going to tell me where he might be found.

Captain Tomlinson, said I, you answer well. I love a man of spirit. Have you not been in the army?

I have, Sir; but have *turned my sword into a ploughshare*, as the Scripture has it [*There was a clever fellow, Jack!—He was a good man with somebody, I warrant!*

O what a fine coat and cloak for an hypocrite will a text of Scripture, properly applied, make at any time in the eye of the pious! How easily are the good folks taken in!—And all my delight, added he, for some years past, has been in cultivating my paternal Estate. I love a brave man, Mr. Lovelace, as well as ever I did in my life. But let me tell you, Sir, that when you come to my time of life, you will be of opinion, that there is not so much true bravery in youthful choler, as you may now think there is.

A clever fellow again, Belford!—Ear and heart, both at once, he took in my Charmer!—*'Tis well*, she says, *there are some men who have wisdom in their anger*.

Well, Captain, that is reproof for reproof. So we are upon a foot. And now give me the pleasure of hearing the import of your commission.

Sir, you must first allow me to repeat my question: Are you really, and *bona fide*, married to Miss Clarissa Harlowe? Or are you not yet married?

Bluntly put, Captain. But if I answer that I *am*, what then?

Why then, Sir, I shall say, that you are a man of honour.

That I hope I am, whether you say it or not, Captain Tomlinson.

Sir, I will be very frank in all I have to say on this subject—Mr. John Harlowe has lately found out, that you and his Niece are both in the same lodgings; that
you

you have been long so; and that the Lady was at the Play with you yesterday was se'nnight; and he hopes, that you are actually married. He has indeed heard that you *are*; but as he knows your enterprising temper, and that you have declared, that you disdain a relation to their family, he is willing by me to have your marriage confirmed from your own mouth, before he take the steps he is inclined to take in his Niece's favour. You will allow me to say, Mr. Lovelace, that he will not be satisfied with an answer that admits of the least doubt.

Let me tell you, Captain Tomlinson, that it is a high degree of vileness for any man to suppose—

Sir—Mr. Lovelace—don't put yourself into a passion. The Lady's relations are jealous of the honour of their family. They have prejudices to overcome as well as you—Advantage may have been taken—and the Lady, at the *time*, not to blame.

This Lady, Sir, could give no such advantages: And if she *had*, what must the *man* be, Captain Tomlinson, who could have taken them?—Do you know the Lady, Sir?

I never had the honour to see her but once; and that was at Church; and should not know her again.

Not know her again, Sir!—I thought there was not a man living who had once seen her, and would not know her among a thousand.

I remember, Sir, that I thought I never saw a finer woman in my life. But, Mr. Lovelace, I believe, you will allow, that it is better that her relations should have wronged *you*, than you the *Lady*. I hope, Sir, you will permit me to repeat my question.

Enter Dorcas, in a hurry.

A gentleman, this minute, Sir, desires to speak with your honour—[*My Lady, Sir!—Aside*]

Could the dear creature put *Dorcas* upon telling this fib, yet want to save *me* one?—

Desire the gentleman to walk into one of the parlours. I will wait on him presently.

[*Exit Dorcas.*]

The dear creature, I doubted not, wanted to instruct me how to answer the Captain's home Put. I knew how I intended to answer it—Plumb, thou may'st be sure—But Dorcas's message staggered me. And yet I was upon one of my master-strokes—Which was, To take advantage of the Captain's enquiries, and to make *her own her marriage before him*, as she had done to the people below; and if she had been brought to that, to induce her, for her Uncle's satisfaction, to write him a Letter of gratitude; which of course must have been signed *Clarissa Lovelace*. I was loth, therefore, thou may'st believe, to attend her sudden commands: And yet, afraid of pushing matters beyond recovery with her, I thought proper to lead him from the question, to account for himself, and for Mr. Harlowe's coming at the knowledge of where we are; and for other particulars which I knew would engage her attention; and which might possibly convince her of the necessity there was for her to acquiesce in the affirmative I was disposed to give. And this for her own sake; for what, as I asked her afterwards, is it to me, whether I am ever reconciled to her family?—A family, Jack, which I must for ever despise.

You think, Captain, that I have answered doubtfully to the question you put. You *may* think so. And you must know, that I have a good deal of pride: And, only that you are a gentleman, and seem in this affair to be governed by generous motives, or I should ill brook being interrogated as to my honour to a Lady so dear to me.—But before I answer more directly to the point, pray satisfy me in a question or two that I shall put to *you*.

With all my heart, Sir. Ask me what questions you please, I will answer them with sincerity and candour.

You say, Mr. Harlowe has found out that we were at a Play together: And that we were both in the same lodgings

lodgings--How pray, came he at his knowlege?--For, let me tell you, that I have, for certain considerations (not respecting myself, I will assure you) condescended, that our abode should be kept secret. And this has been so strictly observed, that even Miss Howe, though she and my Beloved correspond, knows not directly whither to send to us.

Why, Sir, the person who saw you at the Play, was a tenant of Mr. John Harlowe. He watched all your motions. When the Play was done, he followed your coach to your lodgings. And early the next day, Sunday, he took horse, and acquainted his landlord with what he had observed.

Lovel. How oddly things come about!--But does any other of the Harlowes know where we are?

Capt. It is an absolute secret to every other person of the family; and so it is intended to be kept: As also that Mr. John Harlowe is willing to enter into treaty with you, by me, if his Niece *be actually married*; for perhaps he is aware, that he shall have difficulty enough with some people to bring about the desirable Reconciliation, altho' he could give them this assurance.

I doubt it not, Captain.--To James Harlowe is all the family folly owing.--Fine fools! [*heroically stalking about*] to be governed by one to whom malice, and not genius, gives the busy liveliness that distinguishes him from a Natural!--But how long, pray, Sir, has Mr. John Harlowe been in this pacific disposition?

I will tell you, Mr. Lovelace, and the occasion; and be very explicit upon it, and upon all that concerns you to know of me, and of the commission I have undertaken to execute; and this the rather, as when you have heard me out, you will be satisfied, that I am not an officious man in this my present address to you.

I am all attention, Captain Tomlinson.

And so I doubt not was my beloved.

Capt. ' You must know, Sir, that I have not been *many months* in Mr. John Harlowe's neighbourhood. ' I removed from Northamptonshire, partly for the

‘ sake of better managing one of two Executorships,
 ‘ which I could not avoid engaging in (the affairs of
 ‘ which frequently call me to town, and are part of my
 ‘ present business) and partly for the sake of occupying
 ‘ a neglected farm, which has *lately* fallen into my
 ‘ hands. But tho’ an acquaintance of no longer stand-
 ‘ ing, and that commencing on the Bowling-green
 ‘ [*Uncle John is a great Bowler, Belford*] (upon my de-
 ‘ cision of a point to every one’s satisfaction, which was
 ‘ appealed to me by all the gentlemen; and which
 ‘ might have been attended with bad consequences) no
 ‘ two Brothers have a more cordial esteem for each
 ‘ other. You know, Mr. Lovelace, that there is a
 ‘ *consent*, as I may call it, in some minds, which will
 ‘ unite them stronger in a few hours, than years will do
 ‘ with others, whom yet we see not with disgust.’

Lovel. Very true, Captain.

Capt. ‘ It was on the foot of this avowed friendship
 ‘ on both sides, that on Monday the 15th, as I very
 ‘ well remember, Mr. Harlowe invited himself home
 ‘ with me. And when there, he acquainted me with
 ‘ the whole of the unhappy affair that had made them
 ‘ all so uneasy. Till then I knew it only by report;
 ‘ for, intimate as we were, I forbore to speak of what
 ‘ was so near his heart, till he began first. And then
 ‘ he told me, that he had had an application made to
 ‘ him, two or three days before, by a gentleman whom
 ‘ he named (*a*), to induce him not only to be recon-
 ‘ ciled himself to his Niece, but to forward for her a
 ‘ general Reconciliation.

‘ A like application, he told me, had been made to
 ‘ his Sister Harlowe, by a good woman whom every-
 ‘ body respected; who had intimated, that his Niece,
 ‘ if encouraged, would again put herself into the pro-
 ‘ tection of her friends, *and leave you*: But if not, that
 ‘ *she must unavoidably be yours.*’

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, I make no mischief.—You
 look concerned—You sigh, Sir.

(*a*) See Miss Howe’s Letters, Vol. III. p. 272. and p. 292.

Proceed,

Proceed, Captain Tomlinson. Pray proceed.—*And I sighed still more profoundly.*

Capt. ‘They all thought it extremely particular, that a Lady should decline marriage with a man she had so lately gone away with.’

Pray, Captain—*Pray*, Mr. Tomlinson—No more of this subject. My Beloved is an angel. In every-thing unblameable. Whatever faults there have been, have been *theirs* and *mine*. What you would further say, is, that the *unforgiving* family rejected her application. They did. She and I had had a misunderstanding. *The falling out of Lovers*—you know, Captain.—We have been happier ever since.

Capt. ‘Well, Sir; but Mr. John Harlowe could not but better consider the matter *afterwards*. And he desired my advice how to act in it. He told me, that no Father ever loved a Daughter as he loved this Niece of his; whom, indeed, he used to call his *Daughter-niece*. He said, she had really been unkindly treated by her Brother and Sister: And as your alliance, Sir, was far from being a discredit to their family, he would do his endeavour to reconcile all parties, if he could be sure that ye were actually man and wife.’

Lovel. And what, pray, Captain, was your advice?

Capt. ‘I gave it as my opinion, that if his Niece were unworthily treated, and in distress (as he apprehended from the application to him) he would soon hear of her again: But that it was likely, that this application was made without *expecting* it would succeed; and as a Salvo only, to herself, for marrying without their consent. And the rather thought I so, as he had told me, that it came from a young Lady her friend, and not in a direct way *from herself*; which young Lady was no favourite of the family; and therefore would hardly have been employed, had success been expected.’

Lovel. Very well, Captain Tomlinson—Pray proceed.

Capt. ‘ Here the matter rested till last Sunday evening, when Mr. John Harlowe came to me with the man who had seen you and your Lady (as I presume she is) at the Play; and who had assured him, that you both lodged in the same house.—And then the application having been so lately made, which implied, that you were not then married, he was so uneasy for his Niece’s honour, that I advised him to dispatch to town some one in whom he could confide, to make proper enquiries.’

Lovel. Very well, Captain—And was such a person employed on such an errand by her Uncle?

Capt. ‘ A trusty and discreet person was accordingly sent; and last Tuesday, I think it was (for he returned to us on the Wednesday) he made the enquiries among the neighbours first [*The very enquiry, Jack, that gave us all so much uneasiness (a)*]. But finding, that none of them could give any satisfactory account, the Lady’s woman was come at, who declared, that you were actually married. But the Enquirer keeping himself on the reserve as to his employers, the girl refused to tell the day, or to give him other particulars.’

Lovel. You give a very clear account of every-thing, Captain Tomlinson. Pray proceed.

Capt. ‘ The gentleman returned; and on his report Mr. Harlowe, having still doubts, and being willing to proceed on some grounds in so important a point, besought me (as my affairs called me frequently to town) to undertake this matter. “ You, Mr. Tomlinson, he was pleased to say, have children of your own: You know the world: You know what I drive at: You will proceed, I am sure, with understanding and spirit: And whatever you are satisfied with, shall satisfy me.”

Enter Dorcas, again in a hurry.

Sir, the gentleman is impatient.
I will attend him presently.

(a) See p. 45.

The Captain then accounted for his not calling in person, when he had reason to think us here.

He said he had business of consequence a few miles out of town, whither he thought he must have gone yesterday; and having been obliged to put off his little journey till this day, and understanding that we were within, not knowing whether he should have such another opportunity, he was willing to try his good fortune before he set out; and this made him come booted and spurred, as I saw him.

He dropped a hint in commendation of the people of the house; but it was in such a way, as to give no room to suspect, that he thought it *necessary* to enquire after the character of persons who make so genteel an appearance, as he observed they do.

And here let me remark, that my Beloved might collect another circumstance in favour of the people below, had she doubted their characters, from the silence of her Uncle's Enquirist on Tuesday among the neighbours.

Capt. ' And now, Sir, that I believe I have satisfied you in every-thing relating to my commission, I hope you will permit me to repeat my question— which is—

Enter Dorcas again, out of breath.

Sir, the gentleman will step up to you—[*My Lady is impatient. She wonders at your honour's delay. Aside.*]

Excuse me, Captain, for one moment.

I have staid my full time, Mr. Lovelace. What may result from my question and your answer, whatever it shall be, may take us up time.—And you are engaged. Will you permit me to attend you in the morning, before I set out on my return?

You will then breakfast with me, Captain?

It must be early if I do. I must reach my own house to-morrow night, or I shall make the best of wives unhappy. And I have two or three places to call at in my way.

It shall be by Seven o'Clock, if you please, Captain.

We are early folks. And this I will tell you, that if ever I am reconciled to a family so implacable as I have always found the Harlowes to be, it must be by the mediation of so cool and so moderate a gentleman as yourself.

And so, with the highest civilities on both sides, we parted. But for the private satisfaction of so good a man, I left him out of doubt, that we were man and wife, tho' I did not directly aver it.

L E T T E R XVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sunday Night.

THIS Captain Tomlinson is one of the happiest, as well as one of the best men in the world. What would I give to stand as high in my Beloved's opinion, as he does! But yet I am as good a man as he, were I to tell my own story, and have equal credit given to it. But the devil should have had him before I had seen him on the account he came upon, had I thought I should not have answered my principal end in it. I hinted to thee in my last what that was.

But to the particulars of the conference between my Fair one, and me, on her hasty messages; which I was loth to come to, because she has had an half triumph over me in it.

After I had attended the Captain down to the very passage, I returned to the Dining-room, and put on a joyful air, on my Beloved's entrance into it—O my dearest creature, said I, let me congratulate you on a prospect so agreeable to your wishes! And I snatched her hand, and smothered it with kisses.

I was going on; when, interrupting me, You see, Mr. Lovelace, said she, how you have embarrassed yourself, by your obliquities! You see, that you have not been able to return a direct answer to a plain and honest question, tho' upon it depends all the happiness on the prospect of which you congratulate me.

You

You know, my best Love, what my prudent, and I will say, my *kind* motives were, for giving out, that we were married. You see, that I have taken no advantage of it; and that no inconvenience has followed it. You see that your Uncle wants only to be assured from ourselves, *that it is so*—

Not another word on this subject, Mr. Lovelace. I will not only *risque*, but I will forfeit, the Reconciliation so near my heart, rather than I will go on to countenance a story so untrue!

My dearest soul—Would you have me appear—

I would have you appear, Sir, as *you are*! I am resolved that I will appear to my Uncle's friend, and to my Uncle, as *I am*.

For one week, my dearest life! Cannot you for one week—only till the Settlements—

Not for one hour, with my own consent. You don't know, Sir, how much I have been afflicted, that I have appeared to the people below what I am not. But my Uncle, Sir, shall never have it to upbraid me, nor will I to upbraid myself, that I have wilfully passed upon him in false lights.

What, my dear, would you have me say to the Captain to-morrow morning? I have given him room to think—

Then put him right, Mr. Lovelace. Tell the truth: Tell him what you please of the favour of your relations to me: Tell him what you will about the Settlements: And if when drawn, you will submit them to his perusal and approbation, it will shew him how much you are in earnest.

My dearest life—Do you think, that he would disapprove of the terms I have offered?

No.

Then may I be accursed, if I willingly submit to be trampled under-foot by my enemies!

And may I, Mr. Lovelace, never be happy in this life, if I submit to the passing upon my Uncle Harlowe a wilful and premeditated falsehood for truth! I have

have too long laboured under the affliction which the rejection of all my friends has given me, to purchase my Reconciliation with them now at so dear a price as at that of my veracity.

The women below, my dear—

What are the women below to me? I want not to establish myself with them. Need they know all that passes between my relations and you and me?

Neither are they any-thing to me, Madam. Only, that when, for the sake of preventing the fatal mischiefs which might have attended your Brother's projects, I have made them think us married, I would not appear to them in a light which you yourself think so shocking. By my soul, Madam, I had rather die, than contradict myself so flagrantly, after I have related to them so many circumstances of our marriage.

Well, Sir, the women may believe what they please. That I have given countenance to what you told them, is my error. The many circumstances which you own *one* untruth has drawn you in to relate, is a justification of my refusal in the present case.

Don't you see, Madam, that your Uncle wishes to find that we are married? May not the ceremony be privately over, before his mediation can take place?

Urge this point no farther, Mr. Lovelace. If *you* will not tell the truth, *I* will to-morrow morning (if I see Captain Tomlinson) tell it myself. Indeed I will.

Will you, Madam, consent, that things pass as before with the people below? This mediation of Tomlinson *may* come to nothing. Your Brother's schemes *may* be pursued; the rather, that now he will know (perhaps from your Uncle) that you are not under a legal protection.—You will, at least, consent, that things pass *here* as before?

To permit this, is to go on in an error, Mr. Lovelace. But as the occasion for so doing (if there *can* be in your opinion an occasion that will warrant an untruth) will, as I presume, soon be over, I shall the less dispute that point with you. But a new error I will not be guilty of, if I can avoid it.

Can

Can I, do you think, Madam, have any dishonourable view in the step I supposed you would not scruple to take towards a Reconciliation with your own family? Not for *my own* sake, you know, did I hope you to take it; for what is it to me, if I am never reconciled to your family? I want no favours from them.

I hope, Mr. Lovelace, there is no occasion, in our present *not* disagreeable situation, to answer such a question. And let me say, that I shall think my prospects still more agreeable, if, to-morrow morning, you will not only own the very truth, but give my Uncle's friend such an account of the steps you have taken, and are taking, as may keep up my Uncle's favourable intentions towards me. This you may do under what restrictions of secrecy you please. Captain Tomlinson is a prudent man; a promoter of family-peace, you find; and, I dare say, may be made a friend.

I saw there was no help. I saw that the inflexible Harlowe spirit was all up in her. —A little witch! —A little —Forgive me, Love, for calling her names: And so I said, with an air, We have had too many misunderstandings, Madam, for me to wish for new ones: I will obey you without reserve. Had I not thought I should have obliged you by the other method (especially as the Ceremony might have been over, before any-thing could have operated from your Uncle's intentions, and of consequence no untruth persisted in) I would not have proposed it. But think not, my beloved creature, that you shall enjoy, without condition, this triumph over my judgment.

And then, clasping my arms about her, I gave her averted cheek (her charming Lip designed) a fervent kiss. —And your forgiveness of this sweet freedom (bowing) is that condition.

She was not mortally offended. And now must I make out the rest as well as I can. But this I will tell thee, that altho' her triumph has not diminished my Love for her; yet has it stimulated me more than ever to *Revenge*, as thou wilt be apt to call it. But *Victory* or *Conquest* is the more proper word.

There is a pleasure, 'tis true, in subduing one of these watchful Beauties. But, by my Soul, Belford, men of our cast take twenty times the pains to be rogues, that it would cost them to be honest; and dearly, with the sweat of our brows, and to the puzzling of our brains (to say nothing of the hazards we run) do we earn our purchase; and ought not therefore to be grudged our success when we meet with it—Especially as, when we have obtained our end, satiety soon follows: and leaves us little or nothing to shew for it. But this, indeed, may be said of all worldly delights.—And is not that a grave reflection from me?

I was willing to write up to the time. Altho' I have not carried my principal point, I shall make something turn out in my favour from Captain Tomlinson's errand. But let me give thee this caution; that thou do not pretend to judge of my devices by *parts*; but have patience till thou seest the *whole*. But once more I swear, that I will not be *out-Norris'd* by a pair of novices. And yet I am very apprehensive, at times, of the consequences of Miss Howe's Smuggling scheme.

- My conscience, I should think, ought not to reproach me for a contrivance, which is justified by the
- contrivances of two such girls as these: One of whom
- (the more excellent of the two) I have always, with
- her own approbation as I imagine, proposed for my
- imitation.

- But here, Jack, is the thing that concludes me, and
- cases my heart with adamant: I find by Miss Howe's
- Letters, that it is owing to *her*, that I have made no
- greater progress with my blooming Fair-one. She
- loves me. The Ipecacuanha contrivance convinces
- me, that she loves me. Where there is Love, there
- must be confidence, or a desire of having *reason* to
- confide. Generosity, founded on my supposed gene-
- rosity, has taken hold of her heart. Shall I not now
- see (since I must be for ever unhappy, if I marry her,
- and leave any trial unessay'd) what I can make of
- her Love, and her newly-raised confidence?—Will

: it

• it not be to my glory to succeed? And to hers, and to
• the honour of her Sex, if I cannot?—Where then will
• be the hurt to either, to make the trial? And cannot I,
• as I have often said, reward her when I will by marriage?
• riage?

'Tis late, or rather early; for the day begins to dawn upon me. I am plaguy heavy. Perhaps I need not to have told thee that. But will only indulge a doze in my chair, for an hour; then shake myself, wash and refresh. At my time of life, with such a constitution as I am blessed with, that's all that's wanted.

Good night to me!—It cannot be broad day till I am awake.—Aw-w-w-w-haugh—Pox of this yawning!

Is not thy Uncle dead yet?

What's come to mine, that he writes not to my last?—Hunting after more *wisdom of nations*, I suppose!—Yaw-Yaw-Yawn-ing again!—Pen, begone.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Monday, May 29.

NOW have I established myself for ever in my Charmer's heart.

The Captain came at Seven, as promised, and ready equipped for his journey. My Beloved chose not to give us her company till our first conversation was over.—Ashamed, I suppose, to be present at that part of it, which was to restore her to her *Virgin State* by my confession, after her *Wifehood* had been reported to her Uncle. But she took her cue nevertheless, and listened to all that passed.

The modestest women, Jack, must *think*, and think deeply sometimes. I wonder whether they ever blush at those things by themselves, at which they have so charming a knack of blushing in company. If not; and if blushing be a sign of grace or modesty, have not the Sex as great a command over their Blushes, as they
are

are said to have over their Tears? This reflection would lead me a great way into female minds, were I disposed to pursue it.

I told the Captain, that I would prevent his question; and accordingly (after I had enjoined the strictest secrecy, that no advantage might be given to James Harlowe; and which he answered for as well on Mr. Harlowe's part as his own) I acknowledged nakedly and fairly the whole truth—To wit, ‘ That we were not yet married. I gave him hints of the causes of procraftination. Some of them owing to unhappy misunderstandings: But chiefly to the Lady's desire of previous reconciliation with her friends; and to a delicacy that had no example.’

Less nice Ladies than this, Jack, love to have delays, wilful and *studied* delays, *imputed to them* in these cases—Yet are indelicate in their affected delicacy; for do they not thereby tacitly confess, that they expect to be the greatest gainers in wedlock; and that there is *self-denial* in the pride they take in delaying?

‘ I told him the reason of our passing to the people below as married—Yet as under a vow of restriction, as to Consummation, which had kept us both to the height, one of *forbearing*, the other of *vigilant* punctilio; even to the denial of those innocent freedoms, which betrothed Lovers never scruple to allow and to take.

‘ I then communicated to him a copy of my proposals of Settlement; the substance of her written answer; the contents of my Letter of invitation to Lord M. to be her Nuptial-father; and of my Lord's generous reply. But said, that having apprehensions of delay from his infirmities, and my Beloved chusing by all means (and that from principles of *unrequited* duty) a private Solemnization, I had written to excuse his Lordship's presence; and expected an answer every hour.

‘ The Settlements, I told him, were actually drawing by Counsellor Williams, of whose eminence he must have heard—’

He

He had.

‘ And of the truth of this he might satisfy himself before he went out of town.

‘ When these were drawn, approved, and engrossed, nothing, I said, but signing, and the nomination of my happy day, would be wanting. I had a pride, I declared, in doing the highest justice, to so beloved a creature, of my own voluntary motion, and without the intervention of a family from whom I had received the greatest insults. And this being our present situation, I was contented that Mr. John Harlowe should suspend his reconciliatory purposes till our marriage were actually solemnized.’

The Captain was highly delighted with all I said: Yet owned, that as his dear friend Mr. Harlowe had expressed himself greatly pleased to hear that we were actually married, he could have wished it *had* been so. But, nevertheless, he doubted not that all would be well.

He saw my reasons, he said, and approved of them, for making the gentlewomen below [whom again he *understood to be good sort of people*] believe, that the Ceremony had passed; which so well accounted for what the Lady’s maid had told Mr. Harlowe’s friend. Mr. James Harlowe, he said, had certainly ends to answer in keeping open the breach; and *as certainly had formed a design to get his Sister out of my hands*. Wherefore it as much imported his worthy friend to keep this treaty a secret, as it did me; at least till he had formed his party, and taken his measures. Ill-will and passion were dreadful misrepresenters. It was amazing to him, that animosity could be carried so high against a man capable of views so pacific and so honourable, and who had shewn such a command of his temper, in this whole transaction, as I had done. Generosity, indeed, in every case, where love of stratagem and intrigue (I would excuse him) were not concerned, was a part of my character—

He was proceeding, when breakfast being ready, in came

came the Empress of my heart, irradiating all around her, as with a glory—A benignity and graciousness in her aspect, that, tho' natural to it, had been long banished from it.

Next to prostration lowly bowed the Captain. O how the sweet creature smiled her approbation of him! Reverence from one, begets reverence from another. Men are more of monkeys in imitation, than they think themselves—Involuntarily, in a manner, I bent my knee—My dearest life—and made a very fine speech on presenting the Captain to her. No title, myself, to her lip or cheek, 'tis well *be* attempted not either. He was indeed ready to worship her;—could only touch her charming hand.

I have told the Captain, my dear creature—And then I briefly repeated (as if I had supposed she had not heard it) all I had told him.

He was astonished, that any-body could be displeased one moment with such an angel. He undertook her cause as the highest degree of merit to himself.

Never, I must needs say, did the angel so much *look* the angel. All placid, serene, smiling, self-assured: A more lovely flush than usual heightening her natural graces, and adding charms, even to radiance, to her charming complexion.

After we had seated ourselves, the agreeable subject was renewed, as we took our chocolate. How happy should she be in her Uncle's restored favour!

The Captain engaged for it—No more delays, he hoped, on *her* part! Let the happy day be but *once* over, all would then be right. But was it improper to ask for copies of my proposals, and of her answer, in order to shew them to his dear friend her Uncle?

As Mr. Lovelace pleased—O that the dear creature would always say so!

It must be in strict confidence then, I said. But would it not be better to shew her Uncle the draught of the Settlements, when drawn?

And will you *be so good*, as to allow of this, Mr. Lovelace? There,

There, Belford! We were once *The Quarrelsome*, but now we are *The Polite, Lovers*.

Indeed, my dearest creature, I will, *if you desire it*; and if Captain Tomlinson will engage, that Mr. Harlowe shall keep them absolutely a Secret; that I may not be subjected to the cavil and controul of any others of a family that have used me so very ill.

Now indeed, Sir, you are very obliging.

Dost think, Jack, that my face did not now also shine?

I held out my hand (first consecrating it with a kiss) for hers. *She condescended to give it me.* I pressed it to my lips: You know not, Captain Tomlinson (with an air) all storms overblown, what a happy man—

Charming couple! [His hands lifted up] How will my good friend rejoice! O that he were present! You know not, Madam, how dear you still are to your Uncle Harlowe!—

I am unhappy ever to have disobliged him!

Not too much of that, however, fairest, thought I!

The Captain repeated his resolutions of service, and that in so acceptable a manner, that the dear creature wished, that neither he, nor any of his, might ever want a friend of equal benevolence.

Nor any of His, she said; for the Captain brought it in, that he had five children living, by one of the best of wives and mothers, whose excellent management made him as happy, as if his Eight hundred pounds a year (which was all he had to boast of) were Two thousand.

Without Oeconomy, the oraculous Lady said, *no Estate* was large enough. *With it, the least* was not too small.

Lie still, teasing villain! lie still!—I was only speaking to my Conscience, Jack.

And let me ask you, Mr. Lovelace, said the Captain; yet not so much from doubt, as that I may proceed upon sure grounds—You are *willing* to co-operate with my dear friend in a general Reconciliation?

Let me tell you, Mr. Tomlinson, that if it can be distinguished, that my readiness to make up with a family, of whose generosity I have not had reason to

think highly, is entirely owing to the value I have for this angel of a woman, I will not only co-operate with Mr. John Harlowe, as you ask; but I will meet Mr. James Harlowe senior, and his Lady, *all the way*. And furthermore, to make the Son James and his Sister Arabella quite easy, I will absolutely disclaim any further interest, whether living or dying, in any of the three Brothers Estates; contenting myself with what my Beloved's Grandfather has bequeathed to her: For I have reason to be abundantly satisfied with my own circumstances and prospects—Enough rewarded, were she not to bring a shilling in dowry, in a woman who has a merit superior to all the goods of fortune.—True as the Gospel, Belford!—Why had not this Scene a real foundation!

The dear creature, by her eyes, expressed her gratitude, before her lips could utter it. O Mr. Lovelace, said she—You have infinitely—And there she stopt.

The Captain run over in my praise. He was really affected.

O that I had not such a *mixture of Revenge and Pride in my Love*, thought I!—But (my old plea) cannot I make her amends at any time? And is not her virtue now in the height of its probation?—Would she lay aside, like the friends of my uncontending Rosebud, all thoughts of defiance—Would she throw herself upon my mercy, and try me but one fortnight in the Life of Honour—What then?—*I cannot say, What then.*—

Do not despise me, Jack, for my inconsistency—In no two Letters perhaps agreeing with myself—Who expects consistency in men of our character?—But I am mad with Love—Fired by Revenge—Puzzled with my own devices—My Invention is my curse—My Pride my punishment—Drawn five or six ways at once, can *she* possibly be so unhappy as *I*?—O why, why, was this woman so divinely excellent!—Yet how know I that she is? What have been her trials? Have I had the courage to make a single one upon her *person*, tho' a thousand upon her *temper*?—Enow, I hope, to make her afraid of ever disobliging me more!—

* * * *

I MUST banish Reflection, or I am a lost man. For these two hours past have I hated myself for my own contrivances. And this not only from what I *have* related to thee; but from what I have *further* to relate. But I have now once more steeled my heart. My Vengeance is uppermost; *for I have been re-perusing some of Miss Howe's virulence..* The contempt they have both held me in, I cannot bear—

The happiest breakfast-time, my Beloved owned, that she had ever known *since she had left her Father's house* [*She might have let this alone*]. The Captain renewed all his protestations of service. He would write me word how his dear friend received the account he should give him of the happy situation of our affairs, and what he thought of the Settlements, as soon as I should send him the Draughts so kindly promised. And we parted with great professions of mutual esteem; my Beloved putting up vows for the success of his generous mediation.

When I returned from attending the Captain down stairs, which I did to the outward door, my Beloved met me as I entered the Dining-room; complacency reigning in every lovely feature.

' You see me already, *said she*, another creature.
' You know not, Mr. Lovelace, how near my heart
' this hoped-for Reconciliation is. I am now willing
' to banish every disagreeable remembrance. You
' know not, Sir, how much you have obliged me.
' And Oh, Mr. Lovelace, how happy shall I be, when
' my heart is lightened from the all-sinking weight of
' a Father's Curse! When my dear Mamma [*You*
' don't know, Sir, half the excellencies of my dear
' Mamma! and what a kind heart she has, when it is
' left to follow its own impulses—When this blessed
' Mamma] shall once more fold me to her indulgent
' bosom! When I shall again have Uncles and Aunts,
' and a Brother and Sister, all striving who shall shew
' most kindness and favour to the poor outcast, then

‘no more an outcast!—And you, Mr. Lovelace, to behold all this, and to be received into a family so dear to me, with welcome—What tho’ a little cold at first? when they come to know you better, and to see you oftener, no fresh causes of disgust occurring, and you, as I hope, having entered upon a new course, all will be warmer and warmer Love on both sides, till every one perhaps will wonder, how they came to set themselves against you.’

Then drying her tears with her handkerchief, after a few moments pausing, on a sudden; as if recollecting that she had been led by her joy to an expression of it which she had not intended I should see, she retired to her chamber with precipitation; leaving me almost as unable to stand it, as herself.

In short, I was—I want words to say how I was—My nose had been made to tingle before; my eyes have before been made to glisten by this soul-moving Beauty; but so *very* much affected, I never was—for, trying to check my sensibility, it was too strong for me, and I even sobbed—Yes, by my soul, I *audibly* sobbed, and was forced to turn from her before she had well finished her affecting speech.

I want, methinks, now I have owned the odd sensation, to describe it to thee—The thing was so strange to me—Something choaking, as it were, in my throat—I know not how—Yet, I must needs say, tho’ I am out of countenance upon the recollection, that there was something very pretty in it; and I wish I could know it again, that I might have a more perfect idea of it, and be better able to describe it to thee.

But this effect of her joy on such an occasion gives me a high notion of what that Virtue must be [What other name can I call it?] which in a mind so capable of delicate transport, should be able to make so charming a creature, in her very bloom, all frost and snow to every advance of Love from the man she hates not. This must be all from Education too—Must it not, Belford? Can *Education* have stronger force in a woman’s heart than *Nature*?—Sure it cannot. But if it can,

can, how entirely right are Parents to cultivate their Daughters Minds, and to inspire them with notions of Reserve and Distance to our Sex ; and indeed to make them think highly of their own ? For Pride is an excellent Substitute, let me tell thee, where Virtue shines not out, as the Sun, in its own unborrowed Lustre.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

AND now it is time to confess (and yet I know that thy Conjectures are aforehand with my Exposition) that this Captain Tomlinson, who is so great a favourite with my Charmer, and who takes so much delight in healing breaches, and reconciling differences, is neither a greater man nor a less, than honest Patrick M'Donald, attended by a discarded footman of his own finding out.

Thou knowest what a various-lived rascal he is ; and to what better hopes born and educated. But that ingenious knack of Forgery, for which he was expelled the Dublin-University, and a detection since in Evidenceship, have been his ruin. For these have thrown him from one Country to another ; and at last, into the way of life, which would make him a fit Husband for Miss Howe's Townsend with her contrabands. He is, thou knowest, admirably qualified for any enterprize that requires adroitness and solemnity. And can there, after all, be a higher piece of justice, than to keep one Smuggler in readiness to play against another ?

' Well but, Lovelace (methinks thou questionest) how camest thou to venture upon such a contrivance as this, when, as thou hast told me, the Lady used to be a month at a time at this Uncle's ; and must therefore, in all probability, know, that there was not a Captain Tomlinson in all the neighbourhood ; at least no one of the name so intimate with him, as this man pretends to be ?'—

This objection, Jack, is so natural a one, that I could not help observing to my Charmer, that she must surely

have heard her Uncle speak of this gentleman. No, she said, she never had. Besides, she had not been at her Uncle Harlowe's for near ten months [*This I had heard her say before*]: And there were several gentlemen who used the same Green, whom she knew not.

We are all very ready, thou knowest, to believe what we like.

And what was the reason, thinkest thou, that she had not been of so long time at this Uncle's?—Why, this old sinner, who imagines himself intitled to call me to account for my Freedoms with the Sex, has lately fallen into familiarities, as it is suspected, with his Housekeeper; who assumes airs upon it.—A cursed deluding Sex!—In Youth, Middle age, or Dotage, they take us all in.

Dost thou not see, however, that this Housekeeper knows nothing, nor is to know any-thing, of the Treaty of Reconciliation designed to be set on foot; and therefore the Uncle always comes to the Captain, the Captain goes not to the Uncle: And this I surmised to the Lady. And then it was a natural suggestion, that the Captain was the rather applied to, as he is a stranger to the rest of the family.—Need I tell thee the meaning of all this?

But this intrigue of the *Antient* is a piece of private history, the truth of which my Beloved cares not to own, and indeed affects to disbelieve. As she does also some puisny gallantries of her foolish Brother; which, by way of recrimination, I have hinted at, without naming my informant in their family.

Well but, methinks, thou questionest again, Is it not probable that Miss Howe will make enquiry after such a man as Tomlinson?—And when she cannot—

I know what thou wouldst say—But I have no doubt, that Willson will be so good, if I desire it, as to give into my own hands any Letter that may be brought by Collins to his house, for a week to come. And now I hope thou art satisfied.

I will conclude with a short Story,

‘ Two neighbouring Sovereigns were at war together, about some pitiful chuck-farthing thing or other; no matter what; *for the least trifles will set princes and children at loggerheads.* Their armies had been drawn up in battalia some days, and the news of a decisive action was expected every hour to arrive at each court. At last, issue was joined; a bloody battle was fought; and a fellow, who had been a spectator of it, arriving with the news of a complete victory, at the capital of one of the princes some time before the appointed couriers, the bells were set a ringing, bonfires and illuminations were made, and the people went to bed intoxicated with joy and good liquor. But the next day all was reversed: The victorious enemy, pursuing his advantage, was expected every hour at the gates of the almost defenceless capital. The first reporter was hereupon sought for, and found; and being questioned, pleaded a great deal of merit, in that he had, in so dismal a situation, taken such a space of time from the distress of his fellow-citizens, and given it to festivity, as were the hours between the false good news and the real bad.’

Do thou, Belford, make the application. This I know, that I have given greater joy to my Beloved, than she had thought would so soon fall to her share. And as the human life is properly said to be chequer-work, no doubt but a person of her prudence will make the best of it, and set off so much good against so much bad, in order to strike as just a balance as possible.

The Lady, in three several Letters, acquaints her friend with the most material passages and conversations contained in those of Mr. Lovelace preceding. These are her words, on relating what the commission of the pretended Tomlinson was, after the apprehensions that his distant enquiry had given her :

At last, my dear, all these doubts and fears were cleared up, and banished; and, in their place, a delightful prospect was opened to me. For it comes hap-

pily out (but at present it must be an absolute Secret, for reasons which I shall mention in the sequel) that the gentleman was sent by my Uncle Harlowe [I thought he could not be angry with me for ever] ; all owing to the conversation that passed between your good Mr. Hickman and him. For although Mr. Hickman's application was too harshly rejected at the time, my Uncle could not but think better of it afterwards, and of the arguments that worthy gentleman used in my favour.

Who, upon a passionate repulse, would despair of having a reasonable request granted? — Who would not, by gentleness and condescension, endeavour to leave favourable impressions upon an angry mind ; which, when it comes coolly to reflect, may induce it to work itself into a condescending temper? To request a favour, as I have often said, is one thing ; to challenge it as our due, is another. And what right has a petitioner to be angry at a *repulse*, if he has not a right to *demand* what he sues for as a *debt*?

She describes Captain Tomlinson, on his breakfast visit, to be, a grave good sort of man. And in another place, a genteel man, of great gravity, and a good aspect ; she believes upwards of fifty years of age. ' I liked him, says she, as soon as I saw him.'

As her prospects are now, as she says, more favourable than heretofore, she wishes, that her hopes of Mr. Lovelace's so often promised reformation were better grounded than she is afraid they can be.

We have both been extremely puzzled, my dear, *says she*, to reconcile some parts of Mr. Lovelace's character with other parts of it : His good with his bad ; such of the former in particular, as, His generosity to his tenants ; His bounty to the innkeeper's Daughter ; His readiness to put me upon doing kind things by my good Norton, and others.

A strange mixture in his mind, as I have told him ! For he is certainly (as I have reason to say, looking back upon his past behaviour to me in twenty instances) a

hard-

hard-hearted man.—Indeed, my dear, *I have thought more than once, that he had rather see me in tears, than give me reason to be pleased with him.*

My Cousin Morden says, that free livers are remorseless (a). And so they must be in the very nature of things.

Mr. Lovelace is a proud man. We have both long ago observed, that he is. And I am truly afraid, that his very Generosity is more owing to his *Pride* and his *Vanity*, than to that *Philantropy* (shall I call it?) which distinguishes a beneficent mind.

Money he values not, but as a means to support his *Pride* and his *Independence*. And it is easy, as I have often thought, for a person to part with a *secondary* appetite, when, by so doing, he can promote or gratify a *first*.

I am afraid, my dear, that there must have been some fault in his Education. His natural byas was not, I fancy, sufficiently attended to. He was instructed, perhaps (as his power was likely to be large) to do good and beneficent actions; but not, I doubt, from *proper motives*.

If he *bad*, his Generosity would not have stopt at *Pride*, but would have struck into *Humanity*; and then would he not have contented himself with doing praiseworthy things by Fits and Starts, or, as if relying on the doctrine of Merits, he hoped by a good action to atone for a bad one (b); but he would have been uniformly noble, and done the good for its *own* sake.

O my

(a) Vol. III. p. 246. See also Mr. Lovelace's own confession of the delight he takes in a woman's tears, in different parts of his Letters.

(b) That the Lady judges rightly of him in this place, see Vol. I. p. 226. where, giving the motive for his Generosity to his Rosebud, he says—'As I make it my Rule, whenever I have committed a very capital enormity, to do some good by way of atonement; and as I believe I am a pretty deal indebted on that score; I intend to join an hundred pounds to Johnny's Aunt's hundred pounds, to make one innocent couple happy.'—Besides which motive, he

had

O my dear! what a Lot have I drawn! *Pride* this poor man's *virtue*; and *Revenge* his other predominating quality!—This one consolation, however, remains: He is not an *Infidel*, an *Unbeliever*: Had he been an *Infidel*, there would have been no room at all for hope of him; but (priding himself, as he does, in his fertile invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a savage.

When she comes to relate those occasions, which Mr. Lovelace in his narrative acknowledges himself to be affected by, she thus expresses herself:

He endeavoured, as once before, to conceal his emotion. But why, my dear, should these men (for Mr. Lovelace is not singular in this) think themselves above giving these beautiful proofs of a feeling heart? Were it in my power again to chuse, or to refuse, I would reject the man with contempt, who sought to suppress, or offered to deny, the power of being visibly affected upon proper occasions, as either a savage-hearted creature, or as one who was so ignorant of the principal glory of the human nature, as to place his pride in a barbarous insensibility.

These lines translated from Juvenal by Mr. Tate, I have been often pleased with:

*Compassion proper to mankind appears,
Which nature witness'd, when she lent us Tears.
Of tender sentiments We only give
These proofs: To weep is OUR prerogative;*

had a further view to answer in that instance of his generosity; as may be seen Vol. II. Letters x. xi. xii. xiii. See also the Note Vol. II. p. 67.

To shew the consistence of his actions, as they now appear, with his views and principles, as he lays them down in his first Letters, it may not be amiss to refer the Reader to his Letters Vol. I. Numb. xxxiv. p. 222. and Numb. xxxv. p. 227—230.

See also Vol. I. p. 185—187. and p. 259—269. for Clarissa's early opinion of Mr. Lovelace.—Whence the Coldness and Indifference to him, which he so repeatedly accuses her of, will be accounted for, more to her glory, than to his honour.

*To shew by pitying looks, and melting eyes,
How with a suffering friend we sympathize.*

*Who can all sense of others ills escape,
Is but a brute at best, in human shape.*

• It cannot but yield me some pleasure, hardly as I
• have sometimes thought of the people of the house,
• that such a good man, as Captain Tomlinson, had
• spoken well of them, upon enquiry.

• And here I stop a minute, my dear, to receive,
• in fancy, your kind congratulation.

• My next, I hope, will confirm my present, and
• open still more agreeable prospects. Mean time be
• assured, that there cannot possibly be any good for-
• tune befall me, which I shall look upon with equal
• delight to that I have in your friendship.

• My thankful compliments to your good Mr. Hick-
• man; to whose kind intervention I am so much
• obliged on this occasion, conclude me, my dearest
• Miss Howe,

Your ever-affectionate and grateful

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Tuesday, May 30.

I Have a Letter from Lord M. Such an one as I
would wish for, if I intended matrimony. But as
matters are circumstanced, I cannot think of shewing
it to my Beloved.

My Lord regrets, 'that he is not to be the Lady's
' Nuptial Father. He seems apprehensive that I have
' still, specious as my reasons are, some mischief in my
' head.'

He graciously consents, 'that I may marry when I
' please; and offers one or both of my Cousins to assist
' my Bride, and to support her spirits on the occasion;
' since, as he understands, she is so much afraid to ven-
' ture with me.

' Pritchard,

‘ Pritchard, he tells me, has his final orders to draw up deeds for assigning over to me in perpetuity 1000*l.* *per annum*; which he will execute the same hour that the Lady in person owns her marriage.’

He consents, ‘ that the jointure be made from my own Estate.’

He wishes, ‘ that the Lady would have accepted of his draught; and commends me for tendering it to her. But reproaches me for pride in not keeping it myself. *What the right-side gives up, the left, he says, may be the better for.*’

The girls, the *left-sided* girls, he means.

With all my heart. If I can have my Clarissa, the devil take every-thing else.

A good deal of other stuff writes this stupid Peer; scribbling in several places half a dozen lines, apparently for no other reason, but to bring in as many musty words in an Old Saw.

If thou askest, ‘ How I can manage, since my Beloved will wonder, that I have not an answer from my Lord to such a Letter as I wrote to him; and if I own I have one, will expect that I should shew it to her, as I did my Letter?’—This I answer—That I can be informed by Pritchard, that my Lord has the gout in his right-hand; and has ordered him to attend me in form, for my particular orders about the transfer: And I can see Pritchard, thou knowest, at the King’s Arms, or where-ever I please, *at an hour’s warning; tho’ he be at M. Hall, I in town*; and he, by word of mouth, can acquaint me with every-thing in my Lord’s Letter *that is necessary for my Charmer to know.*

Whenever it suits me, *I can restore the old Peer to his right hand*, and then can make him write a much more sensible Letter than this that he has now sent me.

Thou knowest, that an adroitness in the Art of *Manual Imitation*, was one of my earliest attainments. It has been said, on this occasion, that had I been a *bad* man in *meum* and *tuum* matters, I should not have been fit to live. As to the girls, we hold it no sin to cheat them.

them. And are we not told, that in being *well de-
ceived* consists the whole of human happiness?

Wednesday, May 31.

ALL still happier and happier. A very high honour done me: A Chariot, instead of a Coach, permitted, purposely to indulge me in the Subject of subjects.

Our discourse in this sweet Airing turned upon our future manner of life. The Day is bathfully promised me. *Soon*, was the answer to my repeated urgency. Our Equipage, our Servants, our Liveries, were parts of the delightful subject. A desire that the wretch who had given me intelligence out of the family (honest Joseph Leman) might not be one of our menials; and her resolution to have her faithful Hannah, whether recovered or not; were signified; and both as readily assented to.

• Her wishes, from my attentive behaviour, when
• with her at St. Paul's (*a*), that I would often ac-
• company her to the Divine Service, were gently in-
• timated, and as readily engaged for. I assured her,
• that I ever had respected the Clergy in a body; and
• some individuals of them (her Dr. Lewen for one)
• highly: And that were not going to church an act
• of Religion, I thought it [as I told thee (*b*) once] a
• most agreeable sight to see Rich and Poor, all of a
• company, as I might say, assembled once a week in
• one place, and each in his or her best garb, to wor-
• ship the God that made them. Nor could it be a
• hardship upon a man liberally educated, to make *one*
• on so solemn an occasion, and to hear the harangue of
• a man of Letters (tho' far from being the principal
• part of the service, as it is too generally looked upon
• to be), whose studies having taken a different turn
• from his own, he must always have something new
• to say.

• She shook her head, and repeated the word *New*:
• But looked as if willing to be satisfied for the present

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 191.

(*b*) Ibid. p. 189.

: with

• with this answer. To be sure, Jack, she means to
 • do great despite to his Satanic Majesty in her hopes
 • of reforming me. No wonder therefore if he exerts
 • himself to prevent her, and to be revenged— But how
 • came this in?— I am ever of party against myself.—
 • One day, I fancy, I shall hate myself on recollecting
 • what I am about at this instant. But I must stay till
 • then. We must all of us do something to repent of.

The Reconciliation-prospect was enlarged upon. If her Uncle Harlowe will but pave the way to it, and if it can be brought about, she shall be happy.—Happy, with a sigh, *as it is Now possible she can be!*—

She won't forbear, Jack!

I told her, that I had heard from Pritchard, just before we set out on our Airing, and expected him in town to-morrow from Lord M. to take my directions. I spoke with gratitude of my Lord's kindness to me; and with pleasure of Lady Sarah's, Lady Betty's, and my two Cousins Montague's veneration for her: As also of his Lordship's concern that his gout hindered him from writing a reply *with his own hand* to my last.

She pitied my Lord. She pitied poor Mrs. Fretchville too; for she had the goodness to enquire after her. The dear creature pitied every-body that seemed to want pity. Happy in her own prospects, she had leisure to look abroad, and wishes every-body equally happy.

It is likely to go very hard with Mrs. Fretchville. Her Face, which she had valued herself upon, will be utterly ruined. 'This good, however, as I could not but observe, she may reap from so great an Evil—' As the greater malady generally swallows up the less, 'she may have a grief on this occasion, that may diminish the other grief, and make it tolerable.'

I had a gentle reprimand for this light turn on so heavy an evil— 'For what was the loss of Beauty to the loss of a good husband?'—Excellent creature!

Her hopes (and her pleasure upon those hopes) that Miss Howe's mother would be reconciled to her, were also mentioned. Good Mrs. Howe was her word, for

a woman so covetous, and so remorseless in her covetousness, that no one else will call her *good*. But this dear creature has such an extension in her Love, as to be capable of valuing the most insignificant animal related to those whom she respects. *Love me, and love my dog*, I have heard Lord M. say.—Who knows, but that I may in time, in compliment to myself, bring her to think well of *thee*, Jack?

But what am I about?—Am I not all this time arraigning my own heart?—I know I am, by the remorse I feel in it, while my pen bears testimony to her excellence. But yet I must add (for no selfish consideration shall hinder me from doing justice to this admirable creature) that in this conversation she demonstrated so much prudent knowledge in every thing that relates to that part of the domestic management which falls under the care of a Mistress of a Family, that I believe she has no equal of her years in the world.

• But, indeed, I know not the subject on which she
• does not talk with admirable distinction; inasmuch
• that could I but get over my prejudices against Matrimony, and resolve to walk in the dull beaten
• path of my ancestors, I should be the happiest of men
• —And if I cannot, perhaps I may be ten times more
• to be pitied than she.

My heart, my heart, Belford *is not to be trusted*—I break off, to re-peruse some of Miss Howe's virulence.

* * * *

CURSED Letters, these of Miss Howe, Jack!—Do thou turn back to those of mine, where I take notice of them.—I proceed—

Upon the whole, my Charmer was all gentleness, all ease, all serenity, throughout this sweet excursion. Nor had she reason to be otherwise: For it being the first time that I had the honour of her company *sola*, I was resolved to encourage her, by my respectfulness, to repeat the favour.

On our return, I found the Counsellor's Clerk waiting for me, with a draught of the Marriage-settlements.

They are drawn, with only the necessary variations, from those made for my Mother. The original of which (now returned by the Counsellor) as well as the new draughts, I have put into my Beloved's hands.

These Settlements of my Mother made the Lawyer's work easy; nor can she have a better precedent; the great Lord S. having settled them, at the request of my Mother's relations; all the difference, my Charmer's are 100*l. per annum* more than my Mother's.

I offered to read to her the old deed, while she looked over the draught; for she had refused her presence at the examination with the Clerk: But this she also declined.

I suppose she did not care to hear of so many children, first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh Sons, and as many Daughters, *to be begotten upon the body of the said Clarissa Harlowe.*

Charming matrimonial Recitatives!—tho' it is always said *lawfully begotten* too—As if a man could beget children *unlawfully* upon the body of his own Wife.—But thinkest thou not that these arch rogues the Lawyers hereby intimate, that a man may have children by his wife *before* marriage?—This must be what they mean. Why will these sly fellows put an honest man in mind of such rogueries?—But hence, as in numberless other instances, we see, that *Law* and *Gospel* are two very different things.

Dorcas, in our absence, tried to get at the wainscobox in the dark closet. But it cannot be done without violence. And to run a risque of consequence *now*, for mere curiosity-sake, would be inexcusable.

Mrs. Sinclair and the Nymphs are all of opinion, that I am now so much a favourite, and have such a visible share in her confidence, and even in her affections, that I may do what I will, and plead for excuse violence of *passion*; which they will have it, makes violence of *action* pardonable with their Sex; as well as an *allowed extenuation* with the *unconcerned of both Sexes*; and they all offer their helping hands. Why not?

not? they say: Has she not passed for my wife before them all?— And is she not in a fine way of being reconciled to her friends? And was not the want of that reconciliation the pretence for postponing Consummation?

They again urge me, since it is so difficult to make *Night* my friend, to an attempt in the *Day*. They remind me, that the situation of their house is such, that no noises can be heard out of it; and ridicule me for making it necessary for a Lady to be undressed. *It was not always so with me*, poor old man! Sally told me; saucily flinging her handkerchief in my face.

L E T T E R XX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Friday, June 2.

NOTwithstanding my studied-for politeness and complaisance for some days past; and though I have wanted courage to throw the mask quite aside; yet I have made the dear creature more than once look about her, by the warm, tho' decent expression of my passion. I have brought her to own, that I am *more* than indifferent with her: But as to LOVE, which I pressed her to acknowledge, *What need of acknowledgements of that sort, when a woman consents to marry?*— And once repulsing me with displeasure, *The proof of the true Love I was vowing for her, was RESPECT, not FREEDOM.* And offering to defend myself, she told me, that all the conception she had been able to form of a faulty passion, was, that it must demonstrate itself as mine sought to do.

I endeavoured to justify my passion, by laying over-delicacy at her door. Over-delicacy, she said, was not my fault, if it were *hers*. She must plainly tell me, that I appeared to her incapable of distinguishing what were the requisites of a pure mind. Perhaps, had the *libertine* presumption to imagine, that there was no difference in *Heart*, nor any but what proceeded from

Education and Custom, between the Pure and the Impure—And yet *Custom alone*, as she observed, if I *did* so think, would make a Second Nature, as well in *good* as in *bad* habits.

* * * * *

I HAVE just now been called to account for some innocent liberties which I thought myself entitled to take before the women; as they suppose us to be married, and now within view of consummation.

I took the lecture very hardly; and with impatience wished for the happy day and hour when I might call her all my own, and meet with no check from a niceness that had no example.

She looked at me with a bashful kind of contempt. I thought it *contempt*, and required the reason for it; not being conscious of offence, as I told her.

This is not the first time, Mr. Lovelace, said she, that I have had cause to be displeased with you, when *you*, perhaps, have not thought yourself exceptionable.—But, Sir, let me tell you, that the Married State, in my eye, is a State of Purity, and [I *think* she told me] not of *Licentiousness*; so, at least, I understood her.

Marriage Purity, Jack!—Very comical, 'faith—Yet, sweet dears, half the female world ready to run away with a Rake, *because* he is a Rake; and for no *other* reason; nay, every other reason *against* their choice of such a one.

But have not you and I, Belford, seen young wives, who would be thought modest; and when maids, were fantastically shy; permit freedoms in public from their uxorious husbands, which have shewn, that both of them have forgotten what belongs either to prudence or decency? While every modest eye has sunk under the shameless effrontery, and every modest face been covered with blushes for those who could *not* blush.

I once, upon such an occasion, proposed to a circle of a dozen, thus scandalized, to withdraw; since they must needs see that as well the *Lady*, as the Gentleman, wanted to be in private. This motion had its effect

effect upon the amorous pair; and I was applauded for the check given to their licentiousness.

But, upon another occasion of this sort, I acted a little more in character. For I ventured to make an attempt upon a Bride, which I should not have had the courage to make, had not the unblushing passiveness with which she received her fond husband's public toyings (looking round her with triumph rather than with shame, upon every Lady present) incited my curiosity to know if the same complacency might not be shewn to a private friend. 'Tis true, I was in honour obliged to keep the secret. But I never saw the turtles bill afterwards, but I thought of Number Two to the same female; and in my heart thanked the fond husband for the lesson he had taught his wife.

From what I have said, thou wilt see, that I approve of my Beloved's exception to *public Loves*. That, I hope, is all the charming Icicle means by *Marriage-Purity*. But to return.

From the whole of what I have mentioned to have passed between my Beloved and me, thou wilt gather, that I have not been a mere dangler, a Hickman, in the passed days, though not absolutely active, and a Lovelace.

The dear creature now considers herself as my Wife-elect. The *unsaddened* heart, no longer prudish, will not now, I hope, give the sable turn to every address of the man she dislikes not. And yet she must keep up so much reserve, as will justify past inflexibilities. 'Many and many a pretty soul would yield, were she not afraid that the man she favoured would think the worse of her for it.' This is also a part of the Rake's Creed. But should she resent ever so strongly, she cannot now break with me; since, if she does, there will be an end of the Family Reconciliation; and that in a way highly discreditable to herself.

Saturday, June 3.

JUST returned from Doctors-Commons. I have been endeavouring to get a Licence. Very true, Jack.

K 2

I have

I have the mortification to find a difficulty, as the Lady is of rank and fortune, and as there is no consent of father or *next friend*, in obtaining this *all-fettering* instrument.

I made report of this difficulty. 'It is very right, *she says*, that such difficulties should be made.'—But not to a man of my known fortune, surely, Jack, tho' the woman were the daughter of a Duke.

I asked, If she approved of the Settlements? She said, She had compared them with my Mother's, and had no objection to them. She had written to Miss Howe upon the subject, she owned; and to inform her of our present situation (a).

* * * *

JUST now, in high good humour, my Beloved returned me the draughts of the Settlements; a copy of which I had sent to Captain Tomlinson. She complimented me, 'that she never had any doubt of my honour in cases of this nature.'

In matters between man and man nobody ever had, thou knowest.

I had need, thou wilt say, to have some good qualities.

Great faults and great virtues are often found in the same person. In nothing *very* bad, but as to women: And did not one of them begin with me (b)?

We have held, that women have no Souls. I am a very Jew in this point, and willing to believe they have not. And if so, to whom shall I be accountable for what I do to them? Nay, if Souls they have, as there is no Sex in Ethereals, nor *need* of any, what plea can a Lady hold of injuries done her in her *Lady-State*, when there is an end of her *Lady-ship*?

(a) As this Letter of the Lady to Miss Howe contains no new matter, but what may be collected from those of Mr. Lovelace, it is omitted.

(b) See Vol. I. Letter xxxi. p. 190.

L E T.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Monday, June 5.

I Am now almost in despair of succeeding with this charming Frost-piece by Love or Gentleness.— A copy of the draughts, as I told thee, has been sent to Captain Tomlinson; and that by a special messenger. Ingrossments are proceeding with. I have been again at the Commons.— Should in all probability have procured a Licence by Mallory's means, had not Mallory's friend the proctor been suddenly sent for to Cheshunt, to make an old Lady's Will. Pritchard has told me by word of mouth, *though my Charmer saw him not*, all that was necessary for her to know in the Letter my Lord wrote, which I could not shew her; and taken my directions about the Estates to be made over to me on my Nuptials.— Yet with all these favourable appearances no conceding moment to be found, no improveable tenderness to be raised.

But never, I believe, was there so true, so delicate a modesty in the human mind as in that of this Lady. And this has been my security all along; and, in spite of Miss Howe's advice to her, will be so still; since, if her Delicacy be a fault, she can no more overcome it than I can my aversion to Matrimony. Habit, habit, Jack, seest thou not? may subject us both to weaknesses. And should she not have charity for me, as I have for her?

Twice indeed with rapture, which once she called rude, did I salute her; and each time, resenting the freedom, did she retire; tho', to do her justice, she favoured me again with her presence at my first entreaty, and took no notice of the cause of her withdrawing.

Is it policy to shew so open a resentment for innocent liberties, which, in her situation, she must so soon forgive?

Yet the woman who resents not initiatory freedoms must be lost. For Love is an encroacher. Love never goes backward. Love is always aspiring. Always *must* aspire. Nothing but the highest act of Love can satisfy an indulged Love. And what advantages has a Lover who values not breaking the peace, over his Mistress who is solicitous to keep it!

I have now at this instant wrought myself up, for the dozenth time, to a half-resolution. A thousand agreeable things I have to say to her. She is in the Dining-room. Just gone up. She always expects me when there.

* * * * *

HIGH displeasure!— followed by an abrupt departure.

I sat down by her. I took both her hands in mine. I would *have* it so. All gentle my voice. Her Father mentioned with respect. Her Mother with reverence. Even her Brother amicably spoken of. I never thought I could have wished so ardently, as I told her I did wish, for a Reconciliation with her family.

A sweet and grateful flush then overspread her fair face; a gentle sigh now-and-then heaved her handkerchief.

I perfectly longed to hear from Captain Tomlinson. It was impossible for her Uncle to find fault with the draught of the Settlements. I would not, however, be understood by sending them down, that I intended to put it in her Uncle's power to delay my happy Day. When, when, was it to be?

I would hasten again to the Commons; and would not return without the Licence.

The Lawn I proposed to retire to, as soon as the happy Ceremony was over. This day and that day I proposed.

It was time enough to name the Day, when the Settlements were completed, and the Licence obtained. Happy should she be, could the kind Captain Tomlinson obtain her *Uncle's presence privately*.

A good hint!—It may perhaps be improved upon—
Either for a *delay* or a *pacifier*.

No new delays for Heaven's sake, I besought her ;
and reproached her gently for the past. Name but the
Day— (an *early* day, I hoped it would be, in the fol-
lowing week)— that I might hail its approach, and
number the tardy hours.

My cheek reclined on her shoulder— kissing her
hands by turns. Rather bashfully than angrily reluc-
tant, her hands sought to be withdrawn ; her shoulder
avoiding my reclined cheek— Apparently loth, and
more loth, to quarrel with me ; her downcast eye con-
fessing more than her lips could utter. Now surely,
thought I, is my time to try if she can forgive a still
bolder freedom than I had ever yet taken.

I then gave her struggling hands liberty. I put one
arm round her waist : I imprinted a kiss on her sweet
lips, with a *Be quiet* only, and an averted face, as if she
feared another.

Encouraged by so gentle a repulse, the tenderest things
I said ; and then, with my other hand, drew aside the
handkerchief that concealed the Beauty of beauties, and
pressed with my burning lips the most charming breast
that ever my ravished eyes beheld.

A very contrary passion to that which gave her bo-
som so delightful a swell, immediately took place. She
struggled out of my encircling arms with indignation.
I detained her reluctant hand. Let me go, said she.
I see there is no keeping terms with you. Base en-
croacher ! Is this the design of your flattering speeches ?
—Far as matters have gone, I will for ever renounce
you. You have an odious heart. Let me go, I tell you.--

I was forced to obey, and she flung from me, re-
peating *base*, and adding *flattering*, encroacher.

* * *

IN vain have I urged by Dorcas for the promised
favour of dining with her. She would nor dine *at all*.
She *could not*.

But why makes she every inch of her person thus
sacred ?

sacred?—So near the time too, that she must suppose, that all will be my own by deed of purchase and settlement?

She has read, no doubt, of the Art of the Eastern Monarchs, who sequester themselves from the eyes of their subjects, in order to excite their adoration, when, upon some solemn occasions, they think fit to appear in public.

But let me ask thee, Belford, whether (on these solemn occasions) the preceding cavalcade; here a great officer, and there a great minister, with their Satellites, and glaring equipages; do not prepare the eyes of the wondering beholders, by degrees, to bear the blaze of Canopy'd Majesty (what tho' but an ugly old man perhaps himself? yet) glittering in the collected riches of his vast Empire?

And should not my Beloved, for her own sake, descend, by *degrees*, from *Goddes-hood* into *Humanity*? If it be *Pride* that restrains her, ought not that pride to be punished? If, as in the Eastern Emperors, it be *Art* as well as *Pride*, *Art* is what she of all women need not use. If *Shame*, what a shame to be ashamed to communicate to her adorer's sight the most admirable of her personal graces?

Let me perish, Belford, if I would not forego the brightest diadem in the world, for the pleasure of seeing a Twin Lovelace at each charming breast, drawing from it his first sustenance; the pious task, for physical reasons (a), continued for one month and no more!

I now, methinks, behold this most charming of women in this sweet office: Her conscious eye now dropt on one, now on the other, with a sigh of maternal tenderness; and then raised up to my delighted eye, full of wishes, for the sake of the pretty varlets, and for her own sake, that I would deign to legitimate; that I would condescend to put on the nuptial fetters.

• (a) In Pamela, Vol. IV. Letter VI. these reasons are given, and are worthy of every Parent's consideration, as is the whole Letter, which contains the debate between Mr. B. and his Pamela, on the important subject of Mothers being nurses to their own children.

L E T T E R XXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Monday Afternoon.

A Letter received from the worthy Captain Tomlinson, has introduced me into the presence of my Charmer sooner than perhaps I should otherwise have been admitted.

Sullen her brow, at her first entrance into the Dining-room. But I took no notice of what had passed, and her anger of itself subsided.

‘ The Captain, after letting me know, that he chose
‘ not to write, till he had the promised draught of the
‘ Settlements, acquaints me, that his friend Mr. John
‘ Harlowe, in their first conference (which was held
‘ as soon as he got down) was extremely surpris’d,
‘ and even grieved (*as he feared he would be*) to hear,
‘ that we were not married. The world, he said, who
‘ knew my character, would be very censorious, were
‘ it owned, that we had lived so long together un-
‘ married in the same lodgings; altho’ our marriage
‘ were now to be ever so publicly celebrated.’

‘ His Nephew James, he was sure, would make a
‘ great handle of it against any motion that might be
‘ made towards a Reconciliation; and with the greater
‘ success, as there was not a family in the kingdom
‘ more jealous of their honour than theirs.’

This is true of the Harlowes, Jack: They have been called *The proud Harlowes*: And I have ever found, that all *young Honour* is supercilious and touchy.

But seest thou not how right I was in my endeavour to persuade my Fair-one to allow her Uncle’s friend to think us married; especially as he came *prepared* to believe it; and as her Uncle *hoped* it was so?— But nothing on earth is so perverse, as a woman when she is set upon carrying a point, and has a *meek* man, or one who loves his *peace*, to deal with.

My Beloved was vexed. She pulled out her handkerchief:

kerchief: But was more inclined to blame me, than herself.

Had you kept your word, Mr. Lovelace, and left me when we came to town— And there she stopt; for she knew, that it was her own fault that we were not married before we left the country; and how could I leave her *afterwards, while her Brother was plotting to carry her off by violence?*

Nor has this Brother yet given over his machinations.

For, as the Captain proceeds, ‘ Mr. John Harlowe owned to him (but in confidence) that his Nephew is at this time busied in endeavouring to find out where we are; being assured (as I am not to be heard of at any of my relations, or at my usual lodgings) that we are together. And that we are not married, is plain, as he will have it, *from Mr. Hickman’s application so lately made to her Uncle; and which was seconded by Mrs. Norton to her Mother.* And her Brother cannot bear, that I should enjoy such a triumph unmolested.’

A profound sigh, and the handkerchief again lifted to the eye. But did not the sweet soul deserve this turn upon her, for feloniously resolving to rob me of herself, had the application made by Hickman succeeded?

I read on to the following effect:

‘ Why (asked Mr. Harlowe) was it said to his other enquiring friend, that we *were* married; and that by his Niece’s woman, who ought to know? Who could give *convincing* reasons, no doubt’—

Here again she wept; took a turn cross the room; then returned—Read on, said she—

Will you, my dearest life, read it yourself?

I will take the Letter with me, by-and-by— I cannot *see* to read it just now, wiping her eyes.—Read on—Let me hear it all—that I may know *your* sentiments upon this Letter, as well as give *my own*.

‘ The Captain then told Uncle John, the reasons
‘ that

‘ that induced me to give out that we were married ;
 ‘ and the conditions on which my Beloved was brought
 ‘ to countenance it ; which had kept us at the most
 ‘ punctilious distance.

‘ But still Mr. Harlowe objected my character. And
 ‘ went away dissatisfied. And the Captain was also
 ‘ so much concerned, that he cared not to write what
 ‘ the result of his first conference was.

‘ But in the next, which was held on receipt of the
 ‘ Draughts, at the Captain’s house (as the former was,
 ‘ for the greater secrecy) when the old gentleman had
 ‘ read them, and had the Captain’s opinion, he was
 ‘ much better pleased. And yet he declared, that it
 ‘ would not be easy to persuade *any other* person of his
 ‘ family to believe so favourably of the matter, as he
 ‘ was *now* willing to believe, were they to know that
 ‘ we had lived so long together unmarried.

‘ And then, the Captain says, his dear friend made a
 ‘ proposal :—It was this—*That we should marry out of*
 ‘ *hand, but as privately as possible, as indeed he found*
 ‘ *we intended* (for he could have no objection to the
 ‘ Draughts)—*But yet, he expected to have present one*
 ‘ *trusty friend of his own, for his better satisfaction—*

Here I stopt, with a design to be angry—But she
 desiring me to read on, I obeyed.

‘ —*But that it should pass to every one living, except*
 ‘ *to that trusty person, to himself, and to the Captain,*
 ‘ *that we were married from the time that we had lived*
 ‘ *together in one house ; and that this time should be*
 ‘ *made to agree with that of Mr. Hickman’s application*
 ‘ *to him from Miss Howe.*

This, my dearest life, said I, is a very considerate
 proposal. We have nothing to do, but to caution the
 people below properly on this head. I did not think
 your Uncle Harlowe capable of hitting upon such a
 charming expedient as this. But you see how much
 his heart is in the Reconciliation.

This was the return I met with—You have always,
 as a mark of your politeness, let me know, how *meanly*
 you think of every one of my family.

Yet, thou wilt think, Belford, that *I could forgive her for the reproach.*

‘The Captain does not know, he says, how this proposal will be relished by us. But, for his part, he thinks it an expedient that will obviate many difficulties, and may possibly put an end to Mr. James Harlowe’s further designs: And on this account he has, *by the Uncle’s advice*, already declared to two several persons, by whose means it may come to that young gentleman’s ears, that he [Captain Tomlinson] has very great reason to believe, that we were married soon after Mr. Hickman’s application was rejected.

‘And this, Mr. Lovelace (says the Captain) will enable you to pay a compliment to the family, that will not be unsuitable to the generosity of some of the declarations you were pleased to make to the Lady before me (and which Mr. John Harlowe may make some advantage of in favour of a Reconciliation); in that you have not demanded your Lady’s Estate so soon as you were entitled to make the demand.’ An excellent contriver surely she must think this worthy Mr. Tomlinson to be!

But the Captain adds, ‘that if either the Lady or I disapprove of his report of our Marriage, he will retract it. Nevertheless he must tell me, that Mr. John Harlowe is very much set upon this way of proceeding; as the only one, in his opinion, capable of being improved into a general Reconciliation. But if we do acquiesce in it, he beseeches my Fair-one not to suspend my Day, that he may be authorized in what he says, as to the truth of the main fact [*How conscientious this good man!*]: Nor must it be expected, he says, that her Uncle will take one step towards the wished-for Reconciliation, till the *Solemnnity is actually over.*’

He adds, ‘that he shall be very soon in town on other affairs; and then proposes to attend us, and give us a more particular account of all that has passed, or shall further pass, between Mr. Harlowe and him.’ Well,

Well, my dearest life, what say you to your Uncle's expedient? Shall I write to the Captain, and acquaint him, that we have no objection to it?

She was silent for a few minutes. At last, with a sigh, See, Mr. Lovelace, said she, what you have brought me to, by treading after you in such crooked paths!—See what disgrace I have incurred!—Indeed you have not acted like a wise man.

My beloved creature, do you not remember, how earnestly I besought the honour of your hand before we came to town?—Had I been *then* favoured—

Well, well, Sir—There has been much amiss somewhere; that's all I will say at present. And since what's past cannot be recalled, my Uncle must be obeyed, I think.

Charmingly dutiful!—I had nothing then to do, that I might not be behindhand with the worthy Captain and her Uncle, but to press for the Day. This I fervently did. But (as I might have expected) she repeated her former answer; to wit, That when the Settlements were completed; when the Licence was actually obtained; it would be time enough to name the Day: And, O Mr. Lovelace, said she, turning from me with a grace inimitably tender, her handkerchief at her eyes, what a happiness, if my dear Uncle could be prevailed upon to be personally a Father, on this occasion, to *the poor fatherless girl*!—

What's the matter with me!—Whence this dew-drop!—A tear!—As I hope to be saved, it is a tear, Jack!—Very ready methinks!—Only on reciting!—But her lovely image was before me, in the very attitude she spoke the words—And indeed at the time she spoke them, these lines of Shakespeare came into my head.

*Thy heart is big. Get thee apart, and weep!
Passion, I see, is catching:—For my eyes,
Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water—*

I withdrew, and wrote to the Captain to the following effect—‘ I desired, that he would be so good as to acquaint his dear friend, that we entirely acquiesced with what he had proposed ; and had already *properly* cautioned the gentlewomen of the house, and their servants, as well as our own : And to tell him, That if he would in person give me the blessing of his dear Niece’s hand, it would crown the wishes of both. In this case, I consented, that his own Day, *as I presumed it would be a short one*, should be ours : That by this means the secret would be with fewer persons : That I myself, as well as he, thought the Ceremony could not be too privately performed ; and this not only for the sake of the wise end he had proposed to answer by it, but because I would not have Lord M. think himself slighted ; since that nobleman, as I had told him [the Captain] had once intended to be our Nuptial-father ; and actually made the offer ; but that we had declined to accept of it, and that for no other reason than to avoid a public wedding ; which his beloved Niece would not come into, while she was in disgrace with her friends.—But that, if he chose not to do us this honour, I wished that Captain Tomlinson might be the trusty person, whom he would have to be present on the happy occasion.’

I shewed this Letter to my Fair-one. She was not displeased with it. So, Jack, we cannot now move too fast, as to Settlements and Licence : The Day is her *Uncle’s Day*, or *Captain Tomlinson’s* perhaps, as shall best suit the occasion. Miss Howe’s Smuggling Scheme is now surely provided against in all events.

But I will not by anticipation make thee a judge of all the benefits that may flow from this my elaborate contrivance. Why will these girls put me upon my *master-strokes* ?

And now for a little Mine which I am getting ready to spring. The *first* that I have sprung, and at the rate I go on (now a *resolution*, and now a *remorse*) perhaps the *last*, that I shall attempt to spring.

A *little Mine*, I call it. But it may be attended with great effects. I shall not, however, absolutely depend upon the success of it, having much more effectual ones in reserve. And yet great engines are often moved by small springs. A little spark falling by accident into a powder-magazine, has done more execution in a siege, than an hundred cannon.

Come the worst, the *hymeneal torch*, and a *white sheet*, must be my *Amende Honorable*, as the French have it.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. BELFORD, To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Tuesday, June 6.

UNsuccessful as hitherto my application to you has been, I cannot for the heart of me forbear writing once more in behalf of this admirable woman: And yet am unable to account for the zeal which impels me to take her part with an earnestness so sincere.

But all her merit thou acknowledgest; all thy own vileness thou confessest, and even gloriest in it; what hope then of moving so hardened a man?—Yet, as it is not too late, and thou art nevertheless upon the Crisis, I am resolved to try what another Letter will do. It is but my writing in vain, if it do no good; and if thou wilt let me prevail, I know thou wilt hereafter think me richly intitled to thy thanks.

To *argue* with thee would be folly. The case cannot require it. I will only *entreat* thee, therefore, that thou wilt not let such an Excellence lose the reward of her vigilant virtue.

I believe, there never were Libertines so vile, but purposed, at some future period of their lives, to set about reforming; and let me beg of thee, that thou wilt, in this great article, make thy future Repentance as easy, as some time hence thou wilt wish thou *badst* made it.

If thou proceedest, I have no doubt, that this affair will end tragically, one way or other. It *must*. Such
a woman

a woman must interest both gods and men in her cause. But what I most apprehend, is, that with her own hand, in resentment of the perpetrated outrage, she (like another Lucretia) will assert the purity of her heart: Or, if her piety preserve her from this violence, that wasting grief will soon put a period to her days. And in either case, will not the remembrance of thy *ever-during* guilt; and *transitory* triumph, be a torment of torments to thee?

'Tis a seriously sad thing, after all, that so fine a creature should have fallen into such vile and remorseless hands: For, from thy Cradle, as I have heard thee own, thou ever delightedst to sport with and torment the animal, whether bird or beast, that thou lovedst, and hadst a power over.

How different is the case of this fine woman from that of any other whom thou hast seduced!—I need not mention to thee, nor insist upon the striking difference: Justice, gratitude, thy interest, thy vows, all engaging thee; and thou certainly loving her, as far as thou art capable of Love, above all her Sex. She not to be drawn aside by Art, or to be made to suffer from Credulity, nor for want of Wit and Discernment (that will be another cutting reflection to so fine a mind as hers): The contention between you only unequal, as it is between naked innocence and armed guilt. In every thing else, as thou ownest, her talents greatly superior to thine!—What a fate will hers be, if thou art not at last overcome by thy reiterated remorse!

At first, indeed, when I was admitted into her presence (*a*) (and till I observed her meaning air, and heard her speak) I supposed that she had no very uncommon *Judgment* to boast of: For I made, as I thought, but *just* allowances for her blossoming youth, and for that loveliness of person, and for that ease and elegance in her dress, which I imagined must have taken up half her time and study to cultivate; and yet I had been prepared by thee to entertain a very high opinion of her sense

(*a*) See Vol. III. p. 201.

and her reading. Her choice of this gay fellow, upon such hazardous terms (thought I) is a confirmation that her *Wit* wants that maturity which only *years* and *experience* can give it. Her *Knowledge* (argued I to myself) must be all *Theory*; and the complaisance ever confor-
 ting with an age so green and so gay, will make so inexperienced a Lady at least forbear to shew herself *disgusted* at freedoms of discourse in which those present of her own Sex, and some of ours (so learned, so well read, and so travelled) allow themselves.

In this presumption, I ran on; and, having the advantage, as I conceived, of all the company but you, and being desirous to appear in her eyes a mighty clever fellow, I thought I *shewed away*, when I said any foolish things that had more sound than sense in them; and when I made silly jests, which attracted the smiles of thy Sinclair, and the specious Partington: And that Miss Harlowe did not smile too, I thought was owing to her youth or affectation, or to a mixture of both, perhaps to a greater command of her features.—Little dreamt I, that I was incurring her contempt all the time.

But when, as I said, I heard her speak; which she did not till she had fathomed us all; when I heard her sentiments on two or three subjects, and took notice of that searching eye, darting into the very inmost cells of our frothy brains, by my faith, it made me look about me; and I began to recollect, and be ashamed of all I had said before; in short, was resolved to sit silent, till every one had talked round, to keep my folly in countenance. And then I raised the subjects that she *could* join in, and which she *did* join in, so much to the confusion and surprize of every one of us!—For even thou, Lovelace, so noted for smart wit, repartee, and a vein of raillery, that delighteth all who come near thee, satteest in palpable darkness, and lookedst about thee, as well as we.

One instance only, of this, shall I remind thee of?

We talked of *Wit*, and of *Wit*, and aimed at it,

bandying it like a ball from one to another, and resting it chiefly with thee, who wert always proud enough and vain enough of the attribute; and then more especially, as thou hadst assembled us, as far as I know, principally to shew the Lady thy superiority over us; and us thy triumph over her. And then Tourville (who is always satisfied with Wit at *second-hand*; Wit upon memory; other mens Wit) repeated some verses, as applicable to the subject; which two of us applauded, tho' full of *double entendre*. Thou, seeing the Lady's serious air on one of those repetitions, appliedst thyself to her, desiring her notions of Wit: A quality, thou saidst, which every one prized, whether flowing from himself, or found in another.

Then it was that she took all our attention. It was a quality much talked of, she said, but, she believed, very little understood. At least, if she might be so free as to give her judgment of it from what had passed in the present conversation, she must say, that Wit with men was one thing; with women, another.

This startled us all:—How the women looked!—How they pursed in their mouths; a broad smile the moment before upon each, from the verses they had heard repeated, so well understood, as we saw, by their looks—While I besought her to let us know, for our instruction, what Wit was with *Women*: For such I was sure it *ought* to be with *Men*.

Cowley, she said, had defined it prettily by negatives.

Thou desiredst her to repeat his definition.

She did; and with so much graceful ease, and beauty, and propriety of accent, as would have made bad poetry delightful.

*A thousand diff'rent shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears.*

'Tis not a tale: 'Tis not a jest,

Admir'd, with laughter, at a feast,

Nor florid talk, which must this title gain:

The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

Much

Much less can that have any place

At which a virgin hides her face.

Such dross the fire must purge away:—'Tis just

The author blush there, where the reader must.

Here she stopt, looking round her upon us all with conscious superiority, as I thought. Lord, how we stared! Thou attemptedst to give us thy definition of Wit, that thou mightest have something to say, and not seem to be surpris'd into silent modesty.

But, as if she cared not to trust thee with the subject, referring to the same author as for his more positive decision, she thus, with the same harmony of voice and accent, emphatically decided upon it.

Wit, like a luxuriant vine,

Unless to Virtue's prop it join,

Firm and erect, tow'rd heaven bound,

Tbo' it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be

crown'd,

It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.

If thou recoldest this part of the conversation, and how like fools we looked at one another; how much it put us out of conceit with ourselves, and made us fear her, when we found our conversation thus excluded from the very character which our vanity had made us think unquestionably ours; and if thou profitest properly by the recollection; thou wilt be of my mind, that there is not so much Wit in Wickedness as we had flattered ourselves there was.

And after all, I have been of opinion ever since that conversation, that the Wit of all the Rakes and Libertines I ever conversed with, from the brilliant Bob Lovelace down to little Johnny Hartop the punster, consists mostly in saying bold and shocking things, with such courage as shall make the Modest blush, the Impudent laugh, and the Ignorant stare.

And why dost thou think I mention these things, so mal-à-propos, as it may seem?—Only, let me tell thee, as an instance (among many that might be given from

the same evening's conversation) of this fine Woman's superiority in those talents which ennoble Nature, and dignify her Sex—Evidenced not only to each of us, as we offended, but to the flippant Partington, and the grosser, but egregiously hypocritical Sinclair, in the correcting eye, the discouraging blush, in which was mixed as much displeasure as modesty, and sometimes, as the occasion called for it (for we were some of us hardened above the sense of feeling *delicate* reproof) by the sovereign contempt, mingled with a disdainful kind of pity, that shewed at once her own conscious worth, and our despicable worthlessness.

O Lovelace! what then was the triumph, even in my eye, and what is it still upon reflection, of *true* modesty, of *true* wit, and *true* politeness, over frothy jest, laughing impertinence, and an obscenity so shameful, even to the guilty, that they cannot hint at it but under a double meaning!

Then, as thou hast somewhere observed (*a*), all her correctives *avowed* by her Eye. Not poorly, like the generality of her Sex, affecting ignorance of meanings too obvious to be concealed; but so resenting, as to shew each impudent laughter, the offence given to, and taken by, a Purity, that had mistaken its way, when it fell into such company.

Such is the woman, such is the angel, whom thou hast betrayed into thy power, and wouldst deceive and ruin.—Sweet creature! did she did know how she is surrounded (as I then thought, as well as now think) and what is *intended*, how much sooner would death be her choice, than so dreadful a situation!—‘And how
‘effectually would her Story, were it generally known,
‘warn all the Sex against throwing themselves into the
‘power of ours, let our vows, oaths, and protestations,
‘be what they will!’

But let me beg of thee, once more, my dear Lovelace, if thou hast any regard for thine own honour, for the honour of thy family, for thy future peace, or for

(*a*) See p. 35.

my opinion of thee (who yet pretend not to be so much moved by principle, as by that dazzling merit which ought still more to attract *thee*) to be prevailed upon—to be—to be *humane*, that's all—Only, that thou wouldst not disgrace our common humanity!

Hardened as thou art, I know, that they are the abandoned people in the house who keep thee up to a resolution against her. O that the sagacious Fair-one (with so much innocent charity in her own heart) had not so resolutely held those women at distance!—That, as she *boarded* there, she had oftener *tabled* with them. Specious as they are, in a week's time, she would have seen thro' them; they could not have been always so guarded, as they were when they saw her but seldom, and when they *prepared* themselves to see her; and she would have fled their house as a place infected. And yet, perhaps, with so determined an enterprizer, this discovery might have accelerated her ruin.

I know that thou art nice in thy Loves. But are there not hundreds of women, who, tho' not utterly abandoned, would be taken with thee for mere *personal* regards? Make a Toy, if thou wilt, of Principle with respect to such of the Sex as regard it as a Toy; but rob not an angel of those Purities, which, in her own opinion, constitute the difference between angelic and brutal qualities.

With regard to the passion itself, the less of Soul in either man or woman, the more sensual are they. Thou, Lovelace, hast a Soul, tho' a corrupted one; and art more intent (as thou even gloriest) upon the preparative stratagem, than upon the end of conquering.

See we not the natural bent of idiots and the crazed?—The very appetite is *Body*; and when we ourselves are most fools, and crazed, then are we most eager in these pursuits. See what fools this passion makes the wisest men! What snivellers, what dotards, when they suffer themselves to be run away with by it!—An *unpermanent passion*!—Since, if (ashamed of its *more proper* name) we must call it *Love*, *Love gratified*, is *Love*

satisfied—And Love satisfied, is indifference begun. And this is the case where *consent* on one side adds to the obligation on the other. What then but remorse can follow a forcible attempt?

Do not even chaste Lovers chuse to be alone in their Courtship preparations, ashamed to have even a child to witness to their foolish actions, and more foolish expressions? Is this deified passion, in its greatest altitudes, fitted to stand the day? Do not the Lovers, when mutual consent awaits their Wills, retire to coverts and to darkness, to complete their wishes? And shall such a sneaking passion as this, which can be so easily gratified by viler objects, be permitted to debase the noblest?

Were not the delays of thy vile purposes owing more to the awe which her majestic virtue has inspired thee with, than to thy want of adroitness in villainy [I *must* write my free sentiments in this case; for have I not *seen* the angel?]; I should be ready to censure some of thy contrivances and pretences to suspend the expected day, as *trite*, *stale*, and (to me, who know thy intention) *poor*; and too often resorted to, as nothing comes of them, to be gloried in; particularly that of Mennell, the vapourish Lady, and the ready-furnished House.

She must have thought so too, at times, and in her heart despised thee for them, or love thee (ingrateful as thou art!) to her misfortune; as well as entertain hope against probability. But this would afford another warning to the Sex, were they to know her Story; ‘as it would shew them what poor pretences they must *seem* to be satisfied with, if once they put themselves into the power of a designing man.’

If *Trial* only was thy end, as once was thy pretence (a), enough surely hast thou tried this paragon of virtue and vigilance. But I knew thee too well, to expect, at the *time*, that thou wouldst stop there. ‘Men of our cast, whenever they form a design upon

(a) See Vol. II. Lett. 50.

'any of the Sex, put no other bound to their views, than what want of power gives them.' I knew, that from one advantage gained, thou wouldest proceed to attempt another. Thy habitual aversion to wedlock too well I knew; and indeed thou avowest thy hope to bring her to *Cobabitation*, in that very Letter in which thou pretendest *Trial* to be thy principal view (a).

But do not even thy own frequent and involuntary remorse, when thou hast time, place, company, and every other circumstance, to favour thee in thy wicked design, convince thee, that there can be no room for a hope so presumptuous?—Why then, since thou wouldest chuse to marry her rather than lose her, wilt thou make her hate thee for ever?

But if thou dardest to meditate *personal* trial, and art sincere in thy resolution to reward her, as she behaves in it, let me beseech thee to remove her from this vile house. That will be to give her and thy conscience fair play. So entirely now does the sweet deluded excellence depend upon her supposed happier prospects, that thou needest not to fear that she will fly from thee, or that she will wish to have recourse to that scheme of Miss Howe, which has put thee upon what thou callest thy *master-strokes*.

But whatever be thy determination on this head; and if I write not in time, but that thou hast actually pulled off the mask; let it not be one of thy devices, if thou wouldest avoid the curses of every heart, and hereafter of thy own, to give her, no not for one hour (be her resentment ever so great) into the power of that villainous woman, who has, if possible, less remorse than thyself; and whose *trade* it is to break the resisting spirit, and utterly to ruin the heart unpractised in evil.—O Lovelace, Lovelace, how many dreadful Stories could this horrid woman tell the Sex! And shall that of a Clarissa swell the guilty List?

But this I might have spared. Of this, devil as thou art, thou canst not be capable. Thou couldst not

(a) Vol. II. p. 352. See also Vol. III. Letters xlviii. xlix.

enjoy a triumph so disgraceful to thy wicked Pride, as well as to Humanity.

Shouldst thou think, that the melancholy spectacle hourly before me has made me more serious than usual, perhaps thou wilt not be mistaken. But nothing more is to be inferred from hence (were I even to return to my former courses) but that whenever the time of cool reflection comes, whether brought on by our own disastres, or by those of others, we shall undoubtedly, if capable of thought, and if we have time for it, think in the same manner.

We neither of us are such fools, as to disbelieve a Futurity, or to think, whatever be our practice, that we came hither by chance, and for no end but to do all the mischief we have it in our power to do. Nor am I ashamed to own, that in the prayers which my poor Uncle makes me read to him, in the absence of a very good Clergyman who regularly attends him, I do not forget to put in a word or two for myself.

If, Lovelace, thou laughest at me, thy ridicule will be more conformable to thy *actions* than to thy *belief*. — *Devils believe and tremble*. Canst thou be more abandoned than they?

And here let me add, with regard to my poor old man, that I often wish thee present but for one half-hour in a day, to see the dregs of a gay life running off in the most excruciating tortures, that the Colic, the Stone, and the Surgeon's knife, can unitedly inflict; and to hear him bewail the dissoluteness of his past life, in the bitterest anguish of a spirit every hour expecting to be called to its last account.—Yet, by all his confessions, he has not to accuse himself, in Sixty-seven years of life, of half the *very* vile enormities, which you and I have committed in the last Seven only.

I conclude with recommending to your serious consideration all I have written, as proceeding from the heart and soul of

Your assured Friend,

JOHN BELFORD.
L E T.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Tuesday Afternoon, June 6.

Difficulties still to be got over in procuring this plaguy Licence. I ever hated, and ever shall hate, these spiritual Lawyers, and their Court.

And now, Jack, if I have not secured *victory*, I have a *retreat*.

But hold—Thy servant with a Letter—

* * * *

A confounded *long* one! tho' not a *narrative* one—Once more in behalf of the Lady!—Lie thee down, oddity! What canst thou write that can have force upon me at this Crisis?—And have I not, as I went along, made thee to say all that was necessary for thee to say?

* * * *

Y E T once more, I will take thee up.

Trite, stale, poor (sayest thou) are some of my contrivances? That of the widow particularly?—I have no patience with thee.—Had not that contrivance its effect at the time, for a procrastination?—And had I not then reason to fear, that the Lady would find enough to make her dislike this house? And was it not right (intending what I intended) to lead her on from time to time, with a notion, that a house of her own would be ready for her soon, in order to induce her to continue here till it was?

Trite, stale, and poor!—Thou art a silly fellow, and no judge, when thou sayest this. Had I not, like a blockhead, revealed to thee, as I *went along*, the secret purposes of my heart, but had kept all in, till the event had explained my mysteries, I would have defied thee to have been able, any more than the Lady, to have guessed at what was to befall her, till it had actually come to pass. Nor doubt I, in this case, that, instead of presuming to reflect upon her for credulity, as *loving me*
to

to her misfortune, and for *hoping against probability*, thou wouldest have been readier by far, to censure her for Nicety and Overscrupulousness. And, let me tell thee, that had she loved me as I wished her to love me, she could not possibly have been so very apprehensive of my designs, nor so ready to be influenced by Miss Howe's precautions, as she has always been, altho' my general character made not for me with her.

But in thy opinion, I suffer for that Simplicity in my contrivances, which is their principal excellence. No Machinery make I necessary. No unnatural Flights aim I at. All pure Nature, taking advantage of Nature, as Nature tends; and so simple my devices, that when they are known, thou, even *thou*, imaginest, thou couldst have thought of the same. And indeed thou seemest to *own*, that the slight thou puttest upon them, is owing to my letting thee into them before-hand—undistinguishing, as well as ingrateful as thou art!

Yet, after all, I would not have thee think, that I do not know my weak places. I have formerly told thee, that it is difficult for the ablest general to say what he *will* do, or what he *can* do, when he is obliged to regulate his motions by those of a watchful enemy (*a*). If thou givest due weight to this consideration, thou wilt not wonder that I should make many marches and countermarches, some of which may appear to a slight observer unnecessary.

But let me cursorily enter into debate with thee on this subject, now I am within sight of my journey's end.

Abundance of impertinent things thou tellest me in this Letter; some of which thou hadst from myself; others that I knew before.

All that thou sayest in this charming creature's praise, is short of what I have said and written, on the inexhaustible subject.

Her virtue, her resistance, which are her *merits*, are my *stimulatives*. Have I not told thee so twenty times over?

Devil, as these girls between them call me, what of devil am I, but in my *Contrivances*? I am not more a

devil, than others, in the *End* I aim at; for when I have carried my point, it is still but *one* seduction. And I have perhaps been spared the guilt of *many* seductions in the time.

What of uncommon would there be in this case, but for her watchfulness?—As well as I love intrigue and stratagem, dost think, that I had not rather have gained my end with less trouble and less guilt?

The man, let me tell thee, who is as wicked as he *can* be, is a worse man than I am. Let me ask any Rake in England, if, resolving to carry his point, he would have been *so long about it?* or have had *so much compunction* as I have had?

Were every Rake, nay, were every Man; to sit down, as I do, and write all that enters into his head or into his heart, and to accuse himself with equal freedom and truth, what an army of miscreants should I have to keep me in countenance!

It is a maxim with some, that if they are left alone with a woman, and make not an attempt upon her, she will think herself affronted—Are not such men as these worse than I am? What an opinion must they have of the whole Sex?

Let me defend the Sex I so dearly love. If these Elder brethren of ours think they have general reason for their assertion, they must have kept very bad company, or must judge of womens hearts by their own. She must be an abandoned woman, who will not shrink as a Snail into its shell, at a *gross* and *sudden* attempt. A modest woman must be naturally *cold*, *reserved*, and *shy*. She cannot be *so much*, and *so soon* affected, as Libertines are apt to imagine. She must, *at least*, have some confidence in the *honour* and *silence* of a man, before desire can possibly put forth in her, to encourage and meet his flame. For my own part, I have been always decent in the company of women, till I was *sure* of them. Nor have I ever offered a *great* offence, till I have found *little* ones passed over; and that they shunned me not, when they knew my character.

My

My divine Clarissa has puzzled me, and beat me out of my play: At one time, I hoped to overcome by *intimidating* her; at another by *Love*; by the amorous *See-saw*, as I have called it (a). And I have only now to join *Surprize* to the other two, and see what can be done by all three.

And whose property, I pray thee, shall I invade, if I pursue my schemes of Love and Vengeance? Have not those who have a right in her, renounced that right? Have they not wilfully exposed her to dangers? Yet must know, that such a woman would be considered as lawful prize, by as many as could have the opportunity to attempt her?—And had they not thus cruelly exposed her, is she not a *Single woman*? And need I tell thee, Jack, that men of our cast, the *best* of them [the *worst* stick at nothing] think it a great grace and favour done to the married men, if they leave them their Wives to themselves; and compound for their Sisters, Daughters, Wards, and Nieces? Shocking as these principles must be to a reflecting mind, yet such thou knowest are the principles of thousands (who would not act so generously as I have acted by almost all of the Sex over whom I have obtained a power) and as often carried into practice, as their opportunities or courage will permit.—Such therefore have no right to blame *me*.

Thou repeatedly pleadest her sufferings from her family. But I have too often answered this plea, to need to say any more now, than that she has not suffered for *my sake*. For has she not been made the victim of the malice of her rapacious Brother and envious Sister, who only waited for an occasion to ruin her with her other relations; and took this *as the first*, to drive her out of the house; and, as it happened, into my arms?—Thou knowest how much *against her inclination*.

As for her *own* sins, how many has the dear creature to answer for to *Love* and to *me*!—Twenty times, and twenty times twenty, has she not told me, that she refused not the odious Solmes in favour to me? And as

(a) See Vol. II. p. 339.

often has she not offered to renounce me for the Single Life, if the Implacables would have received her on that condition?—Of what repetitions does thy weak pity make me guilty?

To look a little farther back: Canst thou forget what my sufferings were from this haughty Beauty in the whole time of my attendance upon her proud motions, in the purlieus of Harlowe-Place, and at the little White Hart at Neale, as we called it?—Did I not threaten vengeance upon her then (and had I not reason?) for disappointing me of a promised interview?

O Jack! what a night had I in the bleak coppice adjoining to her Father's paddock! My linen and wig frozen; my limbs absolutely numbed; my fingers only sensible of so much warmth, as enabled me to hold a pen; and that obtained by rubbing the skin off, and by beating with my hands my shivering sides. Kneeling on the hoar moss on one knee, writing on the other, if the stiff scrawl could be called writing. My feet, by the time I had done, seeming to have taken root, and actually unable to support me for some minutes!—Love and Rage kept then my heart in motion [and only Love and Rage could do it] or how much more than I *did* suffer, must I have suffered?

I told thee, at my melancholy return, what were the contents of the Letter I wrote (*a*). And I shewed thee afterwards, her tyrannical Answer to it (*b*). Thou, then, Jack, lovedst thy friend; and pitiedst thy poor suffering Lovelace. Even the affronted God of Love approved then of my threatened vengeance against the fair promiser; tho' now with thee, in the Day of my power, forgetful of the Night of my sufferings, he is become an advocate for her.

Nay, was it not he himself that brought to me my adorable *Nemesis*; and both together put me upon this very vow, 'That I would never rest till I had drawn
' in this goddess-daughter of the Harlowes to cohabit
' with me; and that in the face of all their proud family?'

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 29.

(*b*) Ibid. p. 31.

Nor canst thou forget this vow.—At this instant I have thee before me, as then thou sorrowfully lookedst. Thy strong features glowing with compassion for me; thy lips twisted; thy forehead furrowed; thy whole face drawn out from the stupid round into the ghastly oval; every muscle contributing its power to complete the aspect grievous; and not one word couldst thou utter, but *Amen* to my vow.

And what of distinguishing Love, or Favour, or Confidence, have I had from her since, to make me forego this vow?

I *renewed* it not, indeed, afterwards; and actually, for a long season, was willing to forget it; till repetitions of the same faults revived the remembrance of the former. And now adding to those the contents of some of Miss Howe's virulent Letters, so lately come at, what canst thou say for the Rebel, consistent with thy loyalty to thy Friend?

Every man to his genius and constitution. Hannibal was called *The father of warlike stratagems*. Had Hannibal been a private man, and turned his plotting head against the *other Sex*; or had I been a general, and turned mine against such of my fellow-creatures of *my own*, as I thought myself intitled to consider as my enemies, because they were born and lived in a different climate; Hannibal would have done less mischief; Lovelace more.—That would have been the difference.

Not a Sovereign on earth, if he be not a *good man*, and if he be of a warlike temper, but must do a thousand times more mischief than I. And why? Because he has it in his *power* to do more.

An honest man, perhaps thou'lt say, will not wish to have it in his power to do hurt. He *ought not*, let me tell him: For, if he have it, a thousand to one but it makes him both wanton and wicked.

In what, then, am I so *singularly* vile?

In my *Contrivances*, thou wilt say (for thou art my echo) if not in my proposed *End* of them.

How difficult does every man find it, as well as I,
to

to forego a predominant passion? I have three passions that sway me by turns; all imperial ones. Love, Revenge, Ambition, or a desire of conquest.

As to this particular contrivance of Tomlinson and the Uncle, which perhaps thou wilt think a black one; that had been spared, had not these *innocent* Ladies put me upon finding a husband for their Mrs. Townsend: That device, therefore, is but a *preventive* one. Thinkest thou, that I could bear to be outwitted? And may not this very contrivance save a world of mischief? for, dost thou think, I would have tamely given up the Lady to Townsend's Tars?

What meanest thou, except to overthrow thy own plea, when thou sayest, *that men of our cast know no other bound to their wickedness, but want of power*; yet knowest this Lady to be in mine?

Enough, sayest thou, *have I tried this paragon of virtue*. Not so; for I have not tried her at all.—All I have been doing, is but *preparation to a trial*.

But thou art concerned for the *means* that I may have recourse to in the *trial*, and for my *veracity*.

Silly fellow!—Did ever any man, thinkest thou, deceive a woman, but at the expence of his veracity? How otherwise, can he be said to *deceive*?

As to the *means*, thou dost not imagine, that I expect a *direct* consent. My main hope is but in a yielding reluctance; without which I will be sworn, whatever Rapes have been attempted, none ever were committed, one person to one person. And good Queen Bess of England, had she been living, and appealed to, would have declared herself of my mind.

It would not be amiss for the Sex to know, what our opinions are upon this Subject. I love to warn them. I wish no man to succeed with them but myself. I told thee once, that *tho' a Rake, I am not a Rake's friend* (a).

Thou sayest, that I ever hated wedlock. And true thou sayest. And yet *as true*, when thou tellest me, that I *would rather marry than lose this Lady*. And will

(a) See Vol. II. p. 352.

she detest me for ever, thinkest thou, if I try her, and succeed not?—Take care—Take care, Jack!—Seest thou not, that thou warnest me, that I do not try without resolving to conquer?

I must add, that I have for some time been convinced, that I have done wrong, to scribble to thee so freely as I have done (and the more so, if I make the Lady legally mine); for has not every Letter I have written to thee, been a Bill of Indictment against myself? I may partly curse my vanity for it; and I think I will refrain for the future; for thou art really very impertinent.

A good man, I own, might urge many of the things thou urgest; but, by my soul, they come very awkwardly from thee. And thou must be sensible, that I can answer every tittle of what thou writest, upon the foot of the *maxims we have long held and pursued*.—By the specimen above, thou wilt see that I can.

And pr'ythee tell me, Jack, what but this that follows would have been the epitome of mine and my Beloved's Story, *after ten years Cohabitation*, had I never written to thee upon the subject, and had I not been my own accuser?

‘ Robert Lovelace, a notorious woman-eater, makes his addressees in an honourable way to Miss Clarissa Harlowe; a young Lady of the highest merit.—Fortunes on both sides out of the question.

‘ After encouragement given, he is insulted by her violent Brother; who thinks it his interest to discountenance the match; and who at last challenging him, is obliged to take his worthless life at his hands.

‘ The family, as much enraged, as if he had taken the life he gave, insult him personally, and find out an odious Lover for the young Lady.

‘ To avoid a forced marriage, she is prevailed upon to take a step, which throws her into Mr. Lovelace's protection.

‘ Yet, disclaiming any passion for him, she repeatedly offers to renounce him for ever, if, on that condition, her relations will receive her, and free her from the address of the man she hates.

Mr.

‘ Mr. Lovelace, a man of strong passions, and, as
 ‘ some say, of great pride, thinks himself under very
 ‘ little obligation to her on this account; and not being
 ‘ naturally fond of marriage, and having so much reason
 ‘ to hate her relations, endeavours to prevail upon her to
 ‘ live with him, what he calls *the life of honour*: And at
 ‘ last, by stratagem, art, and contrivance, prevails.

‘ He resolves never to marry any other woman:
 ‘ Takes a pride to have her called by his name: A
 ‘ Church-rite all the difference between them: Treats
 ‘ her with deserved tenderness. Nobody questions their
 ‘ marriage but those proud relations of hers whom he
 ‘ wishes to question it. Every year a charming Boy.
 ‘ Fortunes to support the increasing family with splendor.
 ‘ A tender Father. Always a warm Friend; a generous
 ‘ Landlord, and a punctual Paymaster. Now-and-then
 ‘ however, perhaps, indulging with a new object, in
 ‘ order to bring him back with greater delight to his
 ‘ charming Clarissa—His only fault Love of the Sex—
 ‘ Which nevertheless, the women say, will cure itself—
 ‘ Defensible *thus far*, that he breaks no contracts by his
 ‘ roavings.’—

And what is there so very greatly amiss, AS THE
 WORLD GOES, in all this?

Let me aver, that there are thousands and ten thou-
 sands, who have worse Stories to tell than this would
 appear to be, had I not interested thee in the progress
 to my great end. And besides, thou knowest that the
 character I gave myself to Joseph Leman, as to my
 treatment of my mistresses, is pretty near the truth (a).

Were I to be as much in earnest in my defence, as
 thou art warm in my arraignment, I could convince
 thee, by other arguments, observations, and com-
 parisons [*Is not all human good and evil comparative?*]
 that tho’ from my ingenuous temper (writing only
 to Thee, who art master of every secret of my heart)
 I am so ready to accuse myself in my narrations; yet I
 have something to say *for* myself to myself, as I go

(a) See Vol. III. p. 89.

along; tho' no. one else perhaps that was not a Rake, would allow any weight to it.—And this caution might I give to thousands, who would stoop for a stone to throw at me: 'See that your own *predominant passions*, whatever they be, hurry you not into as much wickedness, as *mine* do *me*. See, if ye happen to be better than I in some things, that ye are not worse in others; and in points too, that may be of more extensive bad consequence, than that of seducing a girl (and taking care of her afterwards) who *from her cradle is armed with cautions against the delusions of men*.' And yet I am not so partial to my own follies as to think lightly of *this* fault, when I allow myself to think.

Another grave thing will I add, now my hand is in: 'So dearly do I love the Sex, that had I found, that a character for virtue had been generally *necessary* to recommend me to them, I should have had a much greater regard to my morals, as to the Sex, than I have had.'

To sum up all—I am sufficiently apprised, that men of worthy and honest hearts, who never allowed themselves in *premeditated* evil, and who take into the account the excellencies of this fine creature, will and must not only condemn, but *abhor* me, were they to know as much of me as thou dost. But, methinks, I would be glad to escape the censure of those men, and of those women too, who have never known what capital trials and temptations are; of those who have no genius for enterprize; of those who want rather courage than will; and most particularly of those, who have only kept their secret better than I have kept, or wished to keep, mine. Were these exceptions to take place, perhaps, Jack, I should have ten to acquit, to one that would condemn me. Have I not often said, *That human nature is a rogue?*

* * * *

I THREATENED above to refrain writing to thee. But take it not to heart, Jack—I must write on, and cannot help it.

L E T:

L E T T E R XXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Wednesday Night, 11 o'Clock.

FAITH, Jack, thou hadst half undone me with thy nonsense, tho' I would not own it in my yesterday's Letter: My Conscience of thy party before.— But I think I am my own man again.

So near to execution my Plot; so near springing my Mine; all agreed upon between the women and me; or I believe thou hadst overthrown me.

I have time for a few lines preparative to what is to happen in an hour or two; and I love to write to the *moment*.

We have been extremely happy. How many agreeable days have we known together!—What may the next two hours produce!

When I parted with my Charmer (which I did, with infinite reluctance, half an hour ago) it was upon her promise, that she would not sit up to write or read. For so engaging was the conversation to me (and indeed my behaviour throughout the whole of it was confessedly agreeable to her) that I insisted, if she did not directly retire to rest, that she should add another happy hour to the former.

To have sat up writing or reading half the night, as she sometimes does, would have frustrated my view, as thou wilt observe, when my little plot unravels.

WHAT—What—What now!—bounding villain! wouldst thou choak me!—

I was speaking to my heart, Jack!—It was then at my throat.—And what is all this for?—These shy women, how, when a man thinks himself near the mark, do they *tempest* him!

Is all ready, Dorcas? Has my Beloved kept her word with me?—Whether are these billowy heavings owing

more to Love or to Fear? I cannot tell for the soul of me, of which I have most. If I can but take her before her apprehension, before her eloquence, is awake—

Limbs, why thus convulsed!—Knees, till now so firmly knit, why thus relaxed? Why beat ye thus together? Will not these trembling fingers, which twice have refused to direct the pen, fail me in the arduous moment?

Once again, Why and for what all these convulsions? This project is not to end in *Matrimony*, surely?

But the consequences must be greater than I had thought of till this moment—My Beloved's destiny or my own may depend upon the issue of the two next hours!

I will recede, I think!—

* * * * *

SOFT, O virgin faint, and safe as soft, be thy slumbers!

I will now once more turn to my friend Belford's Letter. Thou shalt have fair play, my Charmer. I will re-peruse what thy advocate has to say for thee. Weak arguments will do, in the frame I am in!—

But, what, what's the matter!—What a *double*—But the uproar abates!—What a *double coward* am I?—Or is it that I am taken in a cowardly minute? for Heroes have their fits of *fear*; Cowards their *brave* moments; and Virtuous Women, all but my Clarissa, their moment *critical*—

But thus coolly enjoying thy reflections in a hurricane!—Again the confusion is renewed!—

What! Where!—How came it!—

Is my Beloved safe!—

O wake not too roughly my Beloved!—

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Thursday Morning, Five o'clock (June 8.)

NOW is my Reformation secured; for I never shall love any other woman!—O she is all variety! She

She must be ever new to me! *Imagination* cannot form; much less can the Pensil paint; nor can the Soul of painting, *Poetry*, describe an angel so exquisitely, so elegantly lovely!—But I will not by anticipation pacify thy impatience. Altho' the subject is too hallowed for profane contemplation, yet shalt thou have the *whole* before thee as it passed: And this not from a spirit wanting in description upon so rich a subject; but with a design to put a bound to thy roving thoughts. It will be iniquity *greater than a Lovelace ever was guilty of*, to carry them farther than I shall acknowledge.

Thus then, connecting my last with the present, I lead to it.

Didst thou not, by the conclusion of my former, perceive the consternation I was in, just as I was about to re-peruse thy Letter, in order to prevail upon myself to recede from my purpose of awaking in terrors my slumbering Charmer? And what dost think was the matter?

I'll tell thee—

At a little after Two, when the whole house was still, or seem'd to be so, and, as it proved, my Clarissa in bed, and fast asleep; I also in a manner undressed (as indeed I was for an hour before) and in my gown and slippers, tho' to oblige thee, writing on;—I was alarmed by a trampling noise over head, and a confused buz of mix'd voices, some louder than others, like scolding, and little short of screaming. While I was wondering what could be the matter, down stairs ran Dorcas, and at my door, in an accent rather frightedly and hoarsely inward, than shrilly clamorous, she cried out Fire! Fire! And this the more alarmed me, as she seem'd to endeavour to cry out louder, but could not.

My pen (its last scrawl a benediction on my Beloved) dropt from my fingers; and up started I; and making but three steps to the door, opening it, I cried out, Where! Where! almost as much terrified as the wench: While she, more than half-undrest, her petticoats in her hand, unable to speak distinctly, pointed up stairs.

I was there in a moment, and found all owing to the

carelessness of Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid, who, having sat up to read the simple *History of Dorastus and Faunia* when she should have been in bed, had set fire to an old pair of callicoe window-curtains.

She had had the presence of mind, in her fright, to tear down the half burnt vallens, as well as curtains, and had got them, tho' blazing, into the chimney, by the time I came up; so that I had the satisfaction to find the danger happily over.

Mean time Dorcas, after she had directed me up stairs, not knowing the worst was over, and expecting every minute the house would be in a blaze, out of tender regard for her Lady [*I shall for ever love the wench for it*] ran to her door, and rapping loudly at it, in a recovered voice, cried out, with a shrillness equal to her Love, *Fire! Fire!—The house is on fire!—Rise, Madam!—This instant rise—if you would not be burnt in your bed!*

No sooner had she made this dreadful outcry, But I heard her Lady's door, with hasty violence, unbar, unbolt, unlock, and open, and my Charmer's voice sounding like that of one going into a fit.

Thou mayest believe that I was greatly affected. I trembled with concern for her, and hastened down faster than the alarm of fire had made me run up, in order to satisfy her, that all the danger was over.

When I had *flown down* to her chamber-door, there I beheld the most charming creature in the world, supporting herself on the arm of the gasping Dorcas, sighing, trembling, and ready to faint, with nothing on but an under-petticoat, her lovely bosom half-open, and her feet just slipped into her shoes. As soon as she saw me, she panted, and struggled to speak; but could only say, Oh, Mr. Lovelace! and down was ready to sink.

I clasped her in my arms with an ardor she never felt before: My dearest Life! fear nothing: I have been up—The danger is over—The fire is got under—And how foolish devil! [to Dorcas] could you thus, by your hideous yell, alarm and frighten my angel!

Oh

Oh Jack! how her sweet bosom, as I clasped her to mine, heaved and panted! I could even distinguish her dear heart flutter, flutter, flutter against mine; and for a few minutes, I feared she would go into fits.

Lest the half-lifeless Charmer should catch cold in this undress, I lifted her to her bed, and sat down by her upon the side of it, endeavouring with the utmost tenderness, as well of action as expression, to dissipate her terrors.

But what did I get by this my generous care of her, and by my *successful* endeavour to bring her to herself?—Nothing (ungrateful as she was!) but the most passionate exclamations: For we had both already forgotten the occasion, dreadful as it was, which had thrown her into my arms: I, from the joy of incircling the almost disrobed body of the loveliest of her Sex; she, from the greater terrors that arose from finding herself in my arms, and both seated on the bed, from which she had been so lately frightened.

And now, Belford, reflect upon the distance at which the watchful Charmer had hitherto kept me. Reflect upon my Love, and upon my Sufferings for her: Reflect upon her Vigilance, and how long I had lain in wait to elude it; the awe I had stood in, because of her frozen virtue and over-niceness; and that I never before was so happy with her; and then think how ungovernable must be my transports in those happy moments!—And yet, in my own account, I was both decent and generous.

But, far from being affected, as I wished, by an address so fervent (although from a man for whom she had so lately owned a regard, and with whom, but an hour or two before, she had parted with so much satisfaction) I never saw a bitterer, or more moving grief, when she came fully to herself.

She appealed to heaven against my *treachery*, as she called it; while I, by the most solemn vows, pleaded my own equal fright, and the reality of the danger that had alarmed us both.

She conjured me, in the most solemn and affecting manner, by turns threatening and soothing, to quit her apartment, and permit her to hide herself from the light, and from every human eye.

I besought her pardon; yet could not avoid offending; and repeatedly vowed, that the next morning's Sun should witness our espousals: But taking, I suppose, all my protestations of this kind as an indication that I intended to proceed to the last extremity, she would hear nothing that I said; but, redoubling her struggles to get from me, in broken accents, and exclamations the most vehement, she protested, that she would not survive what she called a treatment so disgraceful and villainous; and, looking all wildly round her, as if for some instrument of mischief, she espied a pair of sharp-pointed scissors on a chair by the bed-side, and endeavoured to catch them up, with design to make her words good on the spot.

Seeing her desperation, I begged her to be pacified; that she would hear me speak but one word; declaring that I intended no dishonour to her: And having seized the scissors, I threw them into the chimney; and she still insisting vehemently upon my distance, I permitted her to take the chair.

But, O the sweet discomposure!—Her bared shoulders and arms, so inimitably fair and lovely: Her spread hands crossed over her charming neck; yet not half concealing its glossy beauties: The scanty coat, as she rose from me, giving the whole of her admirable shape, and fine-turn'd limbs: Her eyes running over, yet seeming to threaten future vengeance: And at last her lips uttering what every indignant look and glowing feature portended; exclaiming as if I had done the worst I could do, and vowing never to forgive me; wilt thou wonder if I resumed the incensed, the already too-much-provoked Fair-one?

I did, and clasped her once more to my bosom: But, considering the delicacy of her frame, her force was amazing, and shewed how much in earnest she was in

her

her resentment; for it was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to hold her: Nor could I prevent her sliding through my arms, to fall upon her knees: Which she did at my feet: And there, in the anguish of her soul, her streaming eyes lifted up to my face with supplicating softness, hands folded, dishevelled hair; for her night head-dress having fallen off in her struggling, her charming tresses fell down in naturally shining ringlets, as if officious to conceal the dazzling beauties of her neck and shoulders; her lovely bosom too heaving with sighs, and broken sobs; as if to aid her quivering lips, in pleading for her—In this manner, but when her grief gave way to her speech, in words pronounced with that emphatical propriety, which distinguishes this admirable creature in her elocution from all the women I ever heard speak; did she implore my compassion, and my honour.

‘Consider me, *dear* Lovelace,’ [*dear* was her charming word!] ‘on my knees I beg you to consider me, as a poor creature who has no protector but You; who has no defence but your Honour: By that Honour! By your Humanity! By all you have vowed! I conjure you not to make me abhor myself!—Not to make me vile in my own eyes!’

I mentioned the morrow as the happiest day of my life. Tell me not of to-morrow. If indeed you mean me honourably, *Now*, This very instant NOW! you must shew it, and begone! You can never in a whole long life repair the evils you may NOW make me suffer.

Wicked wretch!—Insolent villain—Yes, she called me insolent villain, altho’ so much in my power! And for what?—only for kissing (*with passion indeed*) her inimitable neck, her lips, her cheeks, her forehead, and her streaming eyes, as this assemblage of beauties offered itself at once to my ravished sight; she continuing kneeling at my feet, as I sat.

If I *am* a villain, Madam.—And then my grasping, but trembling hand—I hope I did not hurt the tenderest and loveliest of all her beauties.—If I *am* a villain, Madam—

She

She tore my ruffle, shrunk from my happy hand, with amazing force and agility, as with my other arm I would have incircled her waist.

Indeed you are!—The worst of villains!—Help! dear blessed people! and screamed—No help for a poor creature!—

Am I then a villain, Madam?—*Am* I then a villain, say you?—and clasped both my arms about her, offering to raise her to my bounding heart.

O no!—And yet you are!—And again I was her dear Lovelace!—Her hands again clasped over her charming bosom:—Kill me! Kill me!—If I am odious enough in your eyes, to deserve this treatment; and I will thank you!—Too long, much too long, has my life been a burden to me!—Or, wildly looking all around her, give me but the means, and I will instantly convince you, that my Honour is dearer to me than my Life!

Then, with still folded hands, and fresh-streaming eyes, I was her *blessed* Lovelace; and she would thank me with her latest breath, if I would permit her to make that preference, or free her from further indignities.

I sat suspended for a moment: By my Soul, thought I, thou art, upon full proof, an angel and no woman! Still, however, close clasping her to my bosom, as I had raised her from her knees, she again slid through my arms, and dropt upon them:—“See, Mr. Lovelace!—Good God! that I should live to see this hour, and to bear this treatment!—See at your feet a poor, creature, imploring your pity, who, for your sake, is abandoned of all the world! Let not my Father’s curse thus dreadfully operate! Be not *you* the inflicter, who have been the *cause* of it: But spare me, I beseech you spare me!—For how have I deserved this treatment from you?—For *your own sake*, if not for *my sake*, and as you would that God Almighty, in your last hour, should have mercy upon *you*, spare me!”—

What heart but must have been penetrated?

I would again have raised the dear suppliant from her knees; but she would not be raised, till my softened mind,

mind, she said, had yielded to her prayer, and bid her rise to be innocent.

Rise then, my angel! Rise, and be what you are, and all you wish to be! Only pronounce me pardoned for what has passed, and tell me you will continue to look upon me with that eye of favour and serenity which I have been blessed with for some days past, and I will submit to my beloved conqueress, whose power never was at so great an height with me, as now; and retire to my apartment.

God Almighty, said she, hear your prayers in your most arduous moments, as you have heard mine! And now leave me, this moment leave me, to my own recollection: In *that* you will leave me to misery enough, and more than you ought to wish to your bitterest enemy.

Impute not every-thing, my best Beloved, to design; for design it was not—

O Mr. Lovelace!

Upon my Soul, Madam, the fire was real—[*And so it was, Jack!*]*—*The house, my dearest Life, might have been consumed by it, as you will be convinced in the morning by ocular demonstration.

O Mr. Lovelace!

Let my passion for you, Madam, and the unexpected meeting of you at your chamber-door, in an attitude so charming—

—Leave me, leave me, this moment!—I beseech you, leave me; looking wildly and in confusion about her, and upon herself.

Excuse me, dearest creature, for those liberties, which, innocent as they were, your too great delicacy may make you take amiss—

No more! No more!—Leave me, I beseech you! Again looking upon herself, and around her, in a sweet confusion.—Begone! Begone!

Then weeping, she struggled vehemently to withdraw her hands, which all the while I held between mine.

—Her struggles!—O what additional charms, as I now reflect,

reflect, did her struggles give to every feature, every limb, of a person so sweetly elegant and lovely!

Impossible, my dearest Life, till you pronounce my pardon!—Say but you forgive me!—Say but you forgive me!

I beseech you, begone! Leave me to myself, that I may think what I *can* do, and what I *ought* to do.

That, my dearest creature, is not enough. You must tell me, that I am forgiven; that you will see me to-morrow, as if nothing had happened.

And then, I clasped her again in my arms, hoping she would not forgive me—

I will—I do forgive you—Wretch that you are!

Nay, my Clarissa! And is it such a reluctant pardon, mingled with a word so upbraiding, that I am to be put off with, when you are thus [clasping her close to me] in my power?

I do, I *do* forgive you!

Heartily?

Yes, heartily!

And freely?

Freely!

And will you look upon me to-morrow as if nothing had passed?

Yes, yes!

I cannot take these peevish affirmatives, so much like intentional negatives!—Say you will, upon your honour.

Upon my honour, then—O now, begone! begone!—And never—never—

What, never, my angel!—Is this forgiveness!

Never, said she, let what has passed be remembered more!

I insisted upon one kiss to seal my pardon—And retired like a fool, a woman's fool, as I was!—I sneakingly retired!—Couldst thou have believed it?

But I had no sooner entered my own apartment, than, reflecting upon the opportunity I had lost, and that all I had gained was but an encrease of my own difficulties; and upon the ridicule I should meet with below upon a

weakness

weakness so much out of my usual character; I repented, and hastened back, in hope, that through the distress of mind which I left her in, she had not so soon fastened her door; and I was fully resolved to execute all my purposes, be the consequence what it would; for, thought I, I have already sinned beyond *cordial* forgiveness, I doubt; and if fits and desperation ensue, I can but marry at last, and then I shall make her amends.

But I was justly punished;—for her door was fast: And hearing her sigh and sob, as if her heart would burst, My beloved creature, said I, rapping gently [her sobbings then ceasing] I want but to say three words to you, which must be the most acceptable you ever heard from me. Let me see you but for one moment.

I thought I heard her coming to open the door, and my heart leapt in that hope; but it was only to draw another bolt, to make it still the faster; and she either could not or would not answer me, but retired to the further end of her apartment, to her closet probably: And more like a fool than before, again I sneaked away.

This was my Mine, my Plot!—And this was all I made of it!

I love her more than ever!—And well I may!—Never saw I polished ivory so beautiful as her arms and shoulders; never touched I velvet so soft as her skin: Her virgin bosom—O Belford, she is all perfection!—Then such an elegance!—In her struggling losing her shoe (but just slipped on, as I told thee) her pretty foot equally white and delicate as the hand of any other woman, or even as her own hand!

But seest thou not, that I have a claim of merit for a grace that every-body hitherto had denied me? And that is, for a capacity of being moved by prayers and tears—Where, where, on this occasion, was the *Callus*, where the Flint, by which my heart was said to be surrounded?

This, indeed, is the first instance in the like case, that ever I was wrought upon. But why? *Because I never before encountered a resistance so much in earnest: A resistance, in short, so irresistible.* What

What a triumph has her Sex obtained in my thoughts by this trial, and this resistance?

But if she can *now* forgive me — *Can!* — She *must*. Has she not upon her honour already done it? — But how will the dear creature keep that part of her promise, which engages her to see me in the morning, as if nothing had happened?

She would give the world, I fancy, to have the first interview over! — She had not best reproach me — Yet *not* to reproach me! — What a charming puzzle! — Let her break her word with me at her peril. Fly me she cannot — No appeals lie from my tribunal — What friend has she in the world, if my compassion exert not itself in her favour? — And then the worthy Captain Tomlinson, and her Uncle Harlowe, will be able to make all up for me, be my *next* offence what it will.

As to thy apprehensions of her committing any rashness upon herself, whatever she might have done in her passion if she could have seized upon her scissars, or found any other weapon, I dare say, there is no fear of that from her *deliberate* mind. A man has trouble enough with these truly pious, and truly virtuous girls [*Now I believe there are such*]: he had need to have some benefit *from*, some security *in*, the rectitude of their minds.

In short, I fear nothing in this Lady but Grief: Yet that's a slow worker, you know; and gives time to pop in a little Joy between its Sullen Fits.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Thursday Morning, Eight o'clock.

HER chamber-door has not yet been opened. I must not expect she will breakfast with me. Nor dine with me, I doubt. A little silly Soul, what troubles does she make to herself by her over-niceness! — All I have done to her, would have been looked upon as a *frolick* only, a *ramping-bout*, and laughed off by

Nine

Nine parts in Ten of the Sex accordingly. The more she makes of it, the more painful to herself, as well as to me.

Why now, Jack, were it not better, upon *her own* notions, that she seemed not *so sensible* as she will make herself to be, if she is *very* angry?

But perhaps I am more afraid than I need. I believe I am. From her *over-niceness* arises my fear, more than from any extraordinary reason for resentment. Next time, she may count herself very happy, if she come off no worse.

The dear creature was so frightened, and so fatigued, last night, no wonder she lies it out this morning.

I hope she has had more rest than I have had. Soft and balmy, I hope, have been her slumbers, that she may meet me in tolerable temper. All sweetly blushing and confounded—I *know* how she will look!—But why should she, the *sufferer*, be ashamed, when I, the *trespasser*, am not?

But custom is a prodigious thing. The women are told how much their blushes heighten their graces: They practise for them therefore: Blushes come as readily when they call for them, as their Tears: Aye, that's it! While we men, taking blushes for a sign of guilt or sheepishness, are equally studious to suppress them.

By my troth, Jack, I am half as much ashamed to see the women below, as my Fair-one can be to see me. I have not yet opened my door, that I may not be obtruded upon by them.

After all, what devils may one make of the Sex! To what a height of—What call I shall it?—must those of it be arrived, who once loved a man with so much distinction, as both Polly and Sally loved me; and yet can have got so much above the pangs of jealousy, so much above the mortifying reflections that arise from dividing and sharing with new objects the affections of *him* they prefer to all others, as to wish
for,

for, and promote a Competitorship in his Love, and make their supreme delight consist in reducing others to their level!—For thou canst not imagine, how even Sally Martin rejoiced last night in the thought that the Lady's hour was approaching.

Past Ten o'clock.

I NEVER longed in my life for any thing with so much impatience, as to see my Charmer. She has been stirring, it seems, these two hours.

Dorcas just now tapped at her door, to take her morning commands.

She had none for her, was the answer.

She desired to know, If she would not breakfast?

A fullen, and low-voiced *negative* received Dorcas.

I will go myself.

THREE different times tapped I at the door; but had no answer.

Permit me, dearest creature, to enquire after your health. As you have not been seen to-day, I am impatient to know how you do?

Not a word of answer; but a deep sigh, even to sobbing?

Let me beg of you, Madam, to accompany me up another pair of stairs—You'll rejoice to see what a happy escape we have all had.

A happy escape indeed, Jack!—For the fire had scorched the window-board, singed the hangings, and burnt through the slit-deal lining of the window-jambs.

No answer, Madam!—Am I not worthy of one word?—Is it thus you keep your promise with me?—Shall I not have the favour of your company for two minutes [Only for two minutes] in the Dining-room?

Hem!—And a deep sigh!—were all the answer.

Answer me but how you do! Answer me but that you are well!—Is this the forgiveness that was the condition of my obedience?

Then, in a faintish, but angry voice, Begone from my

my door!—Wretch, inhuman, barbarous, and all that is base and treacherous!—begone from my door! Nor tease thus a poor creature, intitled to protection, not outrage.

I see, Madam, how you keep your word with me!—If a sudden impulse, the effects of an unthought-of accident, cannot be forgiven—

O the dreadful weight of a Father's curse, thus in the very Letter of it—

And then her voice dying away in murmurs inarticulate, I looked through the key-hole, and saw her on her knees, her face, tho' not towards me, lifted up, as well as hands, and these folded, deprecating, I suppose, that gloomy tyrant's curse.

I could not help being moved.

My dearest Life! admit me to your presence but for two minutes, and confirm your promised pardon; and may lightning blast me on the spot, if I offer anything but my penitence, at a shrine so sacred!—I will afterwards leave you for the whole day; and till tomorrow morning; and then attend you with Writings, all ready to sign, a Licence obtained, or, if it cannot, a Minister without one. This once believe me! When you see the reality of the danger that gave occasion for this your unhappy resentment, you will think less hardly of me. And let me beseech you to perform a promise on which I made a reliance not altogether ungenerous.

I cannot see you! Would to heaven I never had! If I write, that's all I can do.

Let your writing then, my dearest Life, confirm your promise: And I will withdraw in expectation of it.

Past Eleven o'clock.

SHE rung her bell for Dorcas; and, with her door in her hand, only half-opened, gave her a billet for me.

How did the dear creature look, Dorcas?

She was dressed. She turned her face quite from me; and sighed, as if her heart would break.

Sweet creature!—I kissed the wet wafer, and drew it from the paper with my breath.

These are the contents. — No inscriptive Sir! No Mr. Lovelace!

I Cannot see you: Nor will I, if I can help it. Words cannot express the anguish of my soul on your baseness and ingratitude.

If the circumstances of things are such, that I can have no way for Reconciliation with those who would have been my natural protectors from such outrages, but through you [The only inducement I can have to stay a moment longer in your knowledge] pen and ink must be, at present, the only means of communication between us.

Vilest of men! and most detestable of plotters! how have I deserved from you the shocking indignities— But no more—Only for your own sake, with not, at least for a week to come, to see

The undeservedly injured and insulted

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

So thou seest, nothing could have stood me in stead, but this plot of Tomlinson and her Uncle! To what a pretty pass, nevertheless, have I brought myself!—Had Cæsar been such a fool, he had never passed the Rubicon. But after he *had* passed it, had he retreated *re infelix*, intimidated by a Senatorial Edict, what a pretty figure would he have made in history!—I might have known, that to attempt a robbery, and put a person in bodily fear, is as punishable as if the robbery had been actually committed.

But not to see her for a week!—Dear pretty soul! how she anticipates me in every-thing! The Counsellor will have finished the Writings to-day or to-morrow, at furthest: The Licence with the Parson, or the Parson without the Licence, must be also procured within the next four-and-twenty hours; Pritchard is as good as ready with his Indentures Tripartite: Tomlinson is at hand, with a favourable answer from her

VI. Uncle

Uncle—*Yet not to see her for a week!*—Dear sweet soul!—Her good angel is gone a journey: Is truanting at least. But nevertheless, in thy week's time, or in much less, my Charmer, I doubt not to complete my triumph!

But what vexes me of all things, is, that such an excellent creature should break her word.—Fie, fie, upon her!—But nobody is absolutely perfect! 'Tis human to err, but not to persevere—I hope my Charmer cannot be inhuman!

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

King's-Arms, Pallmall, Thursday Two o'clock.

SEveral billets passed between us before I went out, by the *Intermediation* of Dorcas: For which reason mine are superscribed by her married name.—She would not open her door to receive them; lest I should be near it, I suppose: So Dorcas was forced to put them under the door (after copying them for thee); and thence to take the answers. Read them, if thou wilt, at this place.

To Mrs. LOVELACE.

INdeed, my dearest Life, you carry this matter too far. What will the people below, who suppose us one as to the Ceremony, think of so great a Niceness? Liberties so innocent! the Occasion so accidental!—You will expose *yourself* as well as *me*.—Hitherto they know nothing of what has passed. And what indeed *has* passed, to occasion all this resentment?—I am sure, you will not, by a breach of your word of honour, give me reason to conclude, that, had I *not* obeyed you, I could have fared no worse.

Most sincerely do I repent the offence given to your delicacy—But must I, for so accidental an occurrence, be branded by such shocking names?—*Vilest of men*, and *most detestable of plotters*, are hard words!—From the Pen of such a Lady too.

If you step up another pair of stairs, you will be convinced, that, however *detestable* I may be to you, I am no *plotter* in this affair.

I must insist upon seeing you, in order to take your directions upon some of the subjects we talked of yesterday in the evening.

All that is *more than necessary* is too much. I claim your promised pardon, and wish to plead it on my knees.

I beg your presence in the Dining-room for one quarter of an hour, and I will then leave you for the day. I am,

My dearest Life,
Your ever-adoring and truly penitent,

LOVELACE.

To Mr. LOVELACE.

I Will not see you. I cannot see you. I have no directions to give you. Let Providence decide for me as it pleases.

(The more I reflect upon your *vileness*, your *ingrateful*, your *barbarous vileness*, the more I am exasperated against you.

You are the *last* person, whose judgment I will take upon what is or is not carried too far in matters of decency.

'Tis grievous to me to write, or even to *think* of you at present. Urge me no more then. Once more, I will *not* see you. Nor care I, now you have made me vile to myself, what other people think of me.

To Mrs. LOVELACE.

A Gain, Madam, I remind you of your promise: And beg leave to say, I insist upon the performance of it.

Remember, dearest creature, that the fault of a blameable person cannot warrant a fault in one more perfect. *Over-niceness* may be *Under-niceness*! I cannot reproach myself with any thing that deserves this high resentment.

I own

I own that the violence of my passion for you might have carried me beyond fit bounds.—But that your commands and adjurations had power over me at *such* a moment, I humbly presume to say, deserves some consideration.

You enjoin me not to see you for a week. If I have not your pardon before Captain Tomlinson comes to town, what shall I say to *him*?

I beg once more your presence in the Dining-room. By my Soul, Madam, I *must* see you.

I want to consult you about the Licence, and other particulars of great importance. The people below think us married; and I cannot talk to you upon such subjects with the door between us.

For Heaven's sake, favour me with your presence for a few minutes: And I will leave you for the day.

If I am to be forgiven, according to your promise, the earliest forgiveness must be the least painful to yourself, as well as to

Your truly contrite and afflicted

LOVELACE.

To Mr. LOVELACE.

THE more you teaze me, the worse will it be for you.

Time is wanted to consider whether I ever should think of you at all.

At present, it is my sincere wish, that I may never more see your face.

All that can afford you the least shadow of favour from me, arises from the hoped-for Reconciliation with my *real* friends, not my *Judas*-protector.

I am careless at present of consequences. I hate myself: And who is it I have reason to value?—Not the man who could form a plot to disgrace his own hopes, as well as a poor friendless creature (*made friendless by himself*) by insults not to be thought of with patience.

To Mrs. LOVEFACE.

Madam, I will go to the Commons, and proceed in every particular as if I had not the misfortune to be under your displeasure.

I must insist upon it, that however faulty my passion, on so unexpected an incident, made me appear to a Lady of your delicacy, yet my compliance with your entreaties at *such* a moment [As it gave you an instance of your power over me, which few men could have shown] ought, duly considered, to intitle me to the effects of that solemn promise which was the condition of my obedience.

I hope to find you in a kinder, and, I will say, *juster* disposition on my return. Whether I get the Licence, or not, let me beg of you to make the *Soon* you have been pleased to bid me hope for, to-morrow morning. This will reconcile every-thing, and make me the happiest of men.

The Settlements are ready to sign, or will be by night.

For Heaven's sake, Madam, do not carry your resentment into a displeasure so disproportionate to the offence. For that would be to expose us both to the people below; and, what is of infinite more consequence to us, to Captain Tomlinson. Let us be able, I beseech you, Madam, to assure him, on his next visit, that we are one.

As I have no hope to be permitted to dine with you, I shall not return till evening. And then, I presume to say, I *expect* [Your *promise* authorizes me to use the word] to find you disposed to bless, by your consent for to-morrow,

Your adoring

LOVEFACE.

WHAT pleasure did I propose to take, how to *enjoy* the sweet confusion in which I expected to find her, while all was so recent! —But she *must*, she *shall* see me

me on my return. It were better for *herself*, as well as for *me*, that she had not made *so much ado about nothing*. I must keep my Anger alive, lest it sink into Compassion. Love and Compassion, be the provocation ever so great, are hard to be separated: While Anger converts what would be Pity without it, into Resentment. Nothing can be lovely in a man's eye, with which he is thoroughly displeased.

I ordered Dorcas, on putting the last billet under the door, and finding it taken up, to tell her, that I hoped an answer to it before I went out.

Her reply was verbal, *Tell him that I care not whether he goes, nor what he does.*—And this, re-urged by Dorcas, was all she had to say to me.

I looked thro' the keyhole at my going by her door, and saw her on her knees, at her bed's feet, her head and bosom on the bed, her arms extended [*Sweet Creature, how I adore her!*] and in an agony she seemed to be, sobbing, as I heard at that distance, as if her heart would break.—By my Soul, Jack, I am a pitiful fellow. Recollection is my enemy!—Divine Excellence!—Happy with her for so many days together; Now so unhappy!—And for what?—But she is Purity itself.—And why, after all, should I thus torment—But I must not trust myself with myself, in the humour I am in.

WAITING here for Mowbray and Mallory, by whose aid I am to get the Licence, I took papers out of my pocket, to divert myself; and thy last post officiously the first into my hand. I gave it the honour of a refusal; and this revived the subject with me, with which I had resolved not to trust myself.

I remember, that the dear creature, in her torn answer to my proposals, says, *That Condescension is not Meanness*. She better knows how to make this out, than any mortal breathing. Condescension indeed implies dignity: And dignity ever was there in her condescension. Yet such a dignity, as gave grace to the

condescension; for there was no pride, no insult, no apparent superiority, indicated by it. — This, Miss Howe confirms to be a part of her general character (a).

I can tell her, how she might behave, to make me her own for ever. She knows she cannot fly me. She knows she must see me sooner or later; the sooner the more gracious. — I would allow her to resent [Not because the liberties I took with her require resentment, were she not a CLARISSA; but as it becomes her particular niceness to resent]: But would she shew more *Love* than *Abhorrence* of me in her resentment; would she *seem*, if it were *but* to *seem*, to believe the fire no device, and all that followed merely accidental; and descend, upon it, to tender expostulation, and upbraiding for the advantage I would have taken of her surprise; and would she, at last, be satisfied (as *well* she may) that it was attended with no further consequence; and place some generous confidence in my honour [*Power loves to be trusted, Jack*]; I think I would put an end to all her trials, and pay her my vows at the Altar.

Yet, to have taken such bold steps, as with Tomlinson and her Uncle. — To have made such a progress. — O Belford, Belford, how have I puzzled myself, as well as her! — This cursed aversion to Wedlock how has it entangled me! — What contradictions has it made me guilty of!

How pleasing to myself, to look back upon the happy days I gave her; though mine would doubtless have been more unmixedly so, could I have determined to lay aside my contrivances, and to be as sincere all the time, as she deserved that I should be.

If I find this humour hold but till to-morrow morning [And it has now lasted two full hours, and I seem, methinks, to have *pleasure* in encouraging it] I will make thee a visit, I think, or get thee to come to me; and then will I *consult thee upon it*.

(a) See Vol. III. p. 276.

But she will not trust me. She will not confide in my honour. Doubt, in this case, is Defiance. She loves me not well enough to forgive me generously. *She is so greatly above me!* How can I forgive her for a merit so mortifying to my pride! She *thinks*, she *knows*, she has *told* me, that she is above me. These words are still in my ears, 'Begone, Lovelace!—My Soul is above thee, man!—Thou hast a proud heart to contend with!—My Soul is above thee, man (a)!'. Miss Howe thinks her above me too. Thou, even thou, my friend, my *intimate* friend and companion, art of the same opinion. Then I fear her as much as I love her.—How shall my pride bear these reflections? My Wife (as I have so often said, because it so often recurs to my thoughts) to be so *much* my Superior!—Myself to be considered but as the *second person* in my own family!—Canst thou teach me to bear such a reflection as this!—To tell me of my acquisition in her, and that she, with all her excellencies, will be *mine* in full property, is a mistake—It cannot be so—For shall I not be *hers*; and not *my own*?—Will not every act of her duty (as I cannot deserve it) be a condescension, and a triumph over me?—And must I owe it merely to her *goodness*, that she does not despise me?—To have her *condescend* to bear with my follies!—To wound me with an *Eye of Pity*!—A Daughter of the Harlowes thus to excel the last, and, as I have heretofore said, not the meanest of the Lovelaces (b)—Forbid it!—

Yet forbid it not—For do I not now—do I not every moment—see her before me all over charms, and elegance, and purity, as in the struggles of the past midnight? And in these struggles, heart, voice, eyes, hands, and sentiments, so greatly, so gloriously consistent with the character she has sustained from her cradle to the present hour?

But what advantages do I give *thee*?

Yet have I not *always* done her justice? Why then thy teasing impertinence?

(a) See p. 14.

(b) See Vol. II. p. 343.

However, I forgive thee, Jack—Since (so much generous Love am I capable of!) I had rather all the world should condemn *me*, than that *her* character should suffer the least impeachment.

The dear creature herself once told me, that there was a strange mixture in my mind (a).

I have been called *Devil*, and *Beelzebub*, between the two proud Beauties: I must indeed be a Beelzebub, if I had not some tolerable qualities.

But as Miss Howe says, the *suffering-time* of this excellent creature is her *shining-time* (b). Hitherto she has done nothing but shine.

She called me *villain*, Belford, within these few hours. And what is the sum of the present argument; but that had I *not* been a villain in her sense of the word, she had not been so much an *angel*?

O Jack, Jack! This midnight attempt has made me mad; has utterly undone me! How can the dear creature say, I have made her vile in her *own* eyes, when her behaviour under such a surprize, and her resentment under such circumstances, have so greatly exalted her in *mine*?

Whence, however, this strange rhapsody?—Is it owing to my being *here*? That I am not at *Stinclair's*? But if there be infection in that house, how has my *Beloved* escaped it?

But no more in this strain!—I will see what her behaviour will be on my return.—Yet already do I begin to apprehend some little sinkings, some little retrogradations: For I have just now a doubt arisen, whether, for *her own* sake, I should wish her to forgive me *lightly*, or with *difficulty*?

I AM in a way to come at the wished-for Licence.

I have now given every-thing between my Beloved and me a full consideration; and my puzzle is over. What has brought me to a speedier determination, is, that I think I have found out what she means by the

(a) Vol. III. p. 13.

(b) Ibid. p. 277.

week's distance at which she intends to hold me. It is, that she may have time to write to Miss Howe, to put in motion that cursed Scheme of hers, and to take measures upon it which shall enable her to abandon and renounce me for ever. Now, Jack, if I obtain not admission to her presence on my return; but am refused with haughtiness; if her *week* be insisted upon (such prospects before her); I shall be confirmed in my conjecture; and it will be plain to me, that weak at best was that Love, which could give place to punctilio, at a time when the all-reconciling Ceremony, as she must think, waits her command:—Then will I recollect all her perversenesses; then will I re-peruse Miss Howe's Letters, and the transcripts from others of them; give way to my aversion to the Life of Shackles: And then shall she be mine in my own way.

But, after all, I am in hopes, that she will have better considered of every-thing by the evening. That her threat of a *week's* distance was thrown out in the heat of passion; and that she will allow, that I have as much cause to quarrel with her for breach of her word, as she has with me for breach of the peace.

These lines of Rowe have got into my head; and I shall repeat them very devoutly all the way the chairmen shall poppet me towards her by-and-by.

Teach me, some pow'r, the happy art of speech,

To dress my purpose up in gracious words;

Such as may softly steal upon her soul,

And never waken the tempestuous passions.

LETTER XXIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Thursday Evening, June 8.

O For a Curse to kill with!—Ruined! Undone! Outwitted! Tricked!—Zounds, man, the Lady is gone off!—Absolutely gone off! Escaped!—

Thou knowest not, nor canst conceive, the pangs that wring my heart!—What can I do!—O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

And

And thou, too, who hast endeavoured to weaken my hands, wilt but clap thy dragon's wings at the tidings!

Yet I must write, or I shall go distracted. Little less have I been these two hours; dispatching messengers to every Stage; to every Inn; to every Waggon or Coach, whether flying or creeping, and to every house with a Bill up, for five miles round.

The little hypocrite, who knows not a soul in this town [*I thought I was sure of her at any time*] such an unexperienced traitress; giving me hope too, in her first billet, that her expectation of the family-reconciliation would with-hold her from taking such a step as this—Curse upon her contrivances!—I thought, that it was owing to her bashfulness, to her modesty, that, after a few innocent freedoms, she could not look me in the face; when, all the while, she was impudently [*Yes, I say, impudently, though she be Clarissa Harlowe*] contriving to rob me of the dearest property I had ever purchased—Purchased by a painful servitude of many months; fighting through the Wild-beasts of her family for her, and combating with a Wild-mill Virtue, which hath cost me millions of perjuries only to attempt; and which now, with its damn'd Air-fans, has tost me a mile and an half beyond hope!—And this, just as I had arrived within view of the consummation of all my wishes!

O Devil of Love; God of Love no more!—How have I deserved this of thee!—Never before the friend of frozen Virtue!—*Powerless* dæmon, for powerless thou must be, if thou *meane*st not to frustrate my hopes; who shall henceforth kneel at thy altars!—May every enterprising heart abhor, despise, execrate, renounce thee, as I do.—But, O Belford, Belford, what signifies cursing now!

How she could effect this her wicked escape, is my astonishment; the whole Sisterhood having charge of her:—For, as yet, I have not had patience enough to enquire into the particulars, nor to let a soul of them approach me.

Of

Of this I am sure, *or I had not brought her hither*; there is not a creature belonging to this house, that could be *corrupted* either by *Virtue* or *Remorse*: The highest joy every infernal Nymph of this worse than infernal habitation, *could* have known, would have been to reduce this proud Beauty to her own level.—And as to my villain, who also had charge of her, he is such a seasoned varlet, that he delights in mischief for the sake of it: No bribe could seduce him to betray his trust, were there but wickedness in it!—’Tis well, however, he was out of my way when the cursed news was imparted to me!—Gone, the villain! in quest of her: Not to return, nor to see my face [so it seems he declared]—till he has heard some tidings of her; and all the *out-of-place* varlets of his numerous acquaintance, are summoned and employed in the same business.

To what purpose brought I this angel (angel I must yet call her) to this hellish house?—And was I not meditating to do her deserved honour? By my Soul, Belford, I was resolved—But thou knowest what I had *conditionally* resolved—And now, who can tell into what hands she may have fallen?

I am mad, stark mad, by Jupiter, at the thoughts of this!—Unprovided, destitute, unacquainted—some villain, worse than myself, who adores her not as I adore her, may have seized her, and taken advantage of her distress!—Let me perish, Belford, if a whole hecatomb of *innocents*, as the little plagues are called, shall atone for the broken promise and wicked artifices of this *cruel creature*.

GOING home, as I did, with resolutions favourable to her, judge thou of my distraction, when her escape was first hinted to me, although but in broken sentences. I knew not what I said, nor what I did. I wanted to kill somebody. I flew out of one room into another, while all avoided me but the veteran Betty Carberry, who broke the matter to me. I charged bribery and corruption, in my first fury, upon all; and threatened

threatened destruction to old and young, as they should come in my way.

Dorcas continues *locked up* from me: Sally and Polly have not yet dared to appear: The vile Sinclair—

But here comes the odious devil. She taps at the door, though that's only a jar, whining and snuffling, to try, I suppose, to coax me into temper.

WHAT a helpless state, where a man can only execrate himself and others; the occasion of his rage remaining; the evil encreasing upon reflection; time itself conspiring to deepen it!—O how I curs'd her!

I have her now, methinks, before me blubbering—How odious does sorrow make an ugly face!—Thine, Jack, and this old beldam's, in penitentials, instead of moving compassion, must evermore confirm hatred; while Beauty in tears, is beauty heightened, and what my heart has ever delighted to see.

What excuse!—Confound you, and your cursed Daughters, what excuse can you make?—Is she not gone!—Has she not escaped!—But before I am quite distracted, before I commit half an hundred murders, let me hear how it was.

I HAVE heard her story!—Art, damn'd, confounded, wicked, unpardonable Art, in a woman of her character—But shew me a woman, and I'll shew thee a plotter!—This plaguy Sex is *Art* itself: Every individual of it is a plotter by nature.

This is the substance of the old wretch's account.

She told me, 'That I had no sooner left the vile house, than Dorcas acquainted the Syren' [*Do, Jack, let me call her names!—I beseech thee, Jack, to permit me to call her names!*] or than Dorcas acquainted her Lady with it; and that I had left word, that I was gone to Doctors-Commons, and should be heard of for some hours at the Horn there, if enquired after by the Counsellor, or any-body else: That afterwards I should be either at the Cocoa-Tree, or King's-Arms;

and

‘ and should not return till late. She then urged her
‘ to take some refreshment.

‘ She was in tears when Dorcas approached her; her
‘ saucy eyes swelled with weeping: She refused either
‘ to eat or drink; sighed as if her heart would break.
False, devilish grief! *not the humble, silent grief, that*
only deserves pity! — Contriving to ruin me, to despoil
me of all that I held valuable, in the very midst of it!

‘ Nevertheless, being resolved not to see me for a
‘ week at least, she ordered her to bring her up three
‘ or four French rolls, with a little butter, and a de-
‘ canter of water; telling her, she would dispense with
‘ her attendance; and that should be all she would live
‘ upon in the interim. So, artful creature! pretending
‘ to lay up for a week’s siege.’ — For, as to substantial
food, she, no more than other angels — Angels, said I! —
The devil take me if she shall be any more an angel!
— For she is odious in my eyes; and I hate her mor-
tally! —

But oh! Lovelace, thou lyest! — She is all that is
lovely! All that is excellent! —

But *is* she, *can* she be gone! — O how Miss Howe
will triumph! — But if that little Fury receive her, Fate
shall make me rich amends; for then will I contrive to
have them both.

I was looking back for connexion — but the devil take
connexion; I have no business with it: The contrary
best befits distraction, and that will soon be my lot!

‘ Dorcas consulted the old wretch about obeying
‘ her: O yes, by all means; for Mr. Lovelace knew
‘ how to come at her at any time; and directed a bot-
‘ tle of Sherry to be added.

‘ This chearful compliance so obliged her, that she
‘ was prevailed upon to go up, and look at the da-
‘ mage done by the fire; and seemed not only shock-
‘ ed at it, but, as they thought, satisfied it was no
‘ trick; as she owned she had at first apprehended it
‘ to be. All this made them secure; and they laughed
‘ in their sleeves, to think what a childish way of
‘ shew-

shewing her resentment she had found out; Sally throwing out her witticisms, that Mrs. Lovelace was right, however, *not to quarrel with her bread and butter.*

Now this very childishness, as *they* imagined it, in such a genius, would have made *me* suspect either her head, after what had happened the night before; or her purpose, when the marriage was (so far as she knew) to be completed within the week in which she was resolved to secrete herself from me in the same house.

She sent Will. with a Letter to Wilson's, directed to Miss Howe, ordering him to enquire if there were not one for her there.

He only pretended to go, and brought word there was none; and put her Letter in his pocket for me.

She then ordered him to carry another (which she gave him) to the Horn-Tavern to me. — All this done without any seeming hurry; yet she appeared to be very solemn; and put her handkerchief frequently to her eyes.

Will. pretended to come to me, with this Letter. But tho' the dog had the sagacity to mistrust something on her sending him out a second time (and to *me*, whom she had refused to see); which he thought extraordinary; and mentioned his mistrusts to Sally, Polly, and Dorcas; yet they made light of his suspicions; Dorcas assuring them all, that her Lady seemed more stupid with her grief, than active; and that she really believed she was a little turned in her head, and knew not what she did. But all of them depended upon her inexperience, her open temper, and upon her not making the least motion towards going out, or to have a coach or chair called, as sometimes she had done; and still more upon the preparations she had made for a week's siege, as I may call it.

Will. went out, pretending to bring the Letter to me; but quickly returned; his heart still misgiving him, on recollecting my frequent cautions, that he

was

‘ was not to judge for himself, when he had *positive* orders; but, if any doubt occurred, from circumstances I could not foresee, literally to follow them, as the only way to avoid blame.

‘ But it must have been in this little interval, that she escaped; for soon after his return, they made fast the street-door and hatch, the mother and the two nymphs taking a little turn into the garden; Dorcas going up stairs, and Will. (to avoid being seen by his Lady, or his voice heard) down into the kitchen.

‘ About half an hour after, Dorcas, who had planted herself where she could see her Lady’s door open, had the curiosity to go to look through the key-hole, having a misgiving, as she said, that her Lady might offer some violence to herself, in the mood she had been in all day; and finding the key in the door, which was not very usual, she tapped at it three or four times, and having no answer, opened it, with Madam, Madam, did you call?—Supposing her in her closet.

‘ Having no answer, she stepped forward, and was astonished to find she was not there. She hastily ran into the Dining-room, then into my apartments, searched every closet; dreading all the time to behold some sad catastrophe.

‘ Not finding her any-where, she ran down to the old creature, and her nymphs, with a Have you seen my Lady?—Then she’s gone!—She’s no-where above!

‘ They were sure she could not be gone out.

‘ The whole house was in an uproar in an instant; some running up-stairs, some down, from the upper rooms to the lower; and all screaming, How should they look *me* in the face!

‘ Will. cried out, he was a dead man; *He* blamed *them*; *They* *him*; and every one was an *accuser*, and an *excuser* at the same time.

‘ When they had searched the whole house, and every closet in it, ten times over, to no purpose, they took it into their heads to send to all the porters,

chairmen, and hackney-coachmen, that had been near the house for two hours past, to enquire if any of them saw such a young Lady; describing her.

This brought them some light: The only dawning for hope, that I can have, and which keeps me from absolute despair. One of the chairmen gave them this account: That he saw such an one come out of the house a little before Four (in a great hurry, and as if frightened) with a little parcel tied up in an handkerchief, in her hand: That he took notice to his fellow, who plied her without her answering, that she was a fine young Lady: That he'd warrant, she had either a bad husband, or very cross parents; for that her eyes seemed swelled with crying. Upon which, a third fellow replied, That it might be a Doe escaped from Mother Damnable's park. This Mrs. Sinclair told me with a curse, and a wish that she knew the saucy villain:—She thought, truly, that she *had a better reputation; so handsomely as she lived, and so justly as she paid every-body for what she bought; her house visited by the best and civillest of gentlemen; and no noise or brawls ever heard, or known in it.*

From these appearances, the fellow who gave this information, had the curiosity to follow her, unperceived. She often looked back. Every-body who passed her, turned to look after her; passing their verdicts upon her tears, her hurry, and her charming person; till coming to a stand of coaches, a coachman plied her; was accepted; alighted, opened the coach-door in a hurry, seeing her hurry; and in it she stumbled for haste; and, as the fellow believed, hurt her shins with the stumble.

The devil take me, Belford, if my generous heart is not moved for her, notwithstanding her wicked deceit, to think what must be her reflections and apprehensions at the time:—A mind so delicate, heeding no censures; yet, probably afraid of being laid hold of by a Lovelace in every one she saw! At the same time, not knowing to what dangers she was about to expose herself; nor

of whom she could obtain shelter; a stranger to the town; and to all its ways; the afternoon far gone; but little money; and no cloaths but those she had on!

It is impossible, in this little interval since last night, that Miss Howe's Townsend could be co-operating.

But how she must abhor me, to run all these risques; how heartily must she detest me, for my freedoms of last night! O that I had given her greater reason for a resentment so violent! — As to her *Virtue*, I am too much enraged to give her the merit due to that. To *Virtue* it cannot be owing that she should fly from the charming prospects that were before her; but to *Malice*, *Hatred*, *Contempt*, *Harlowe*-*Pride*. (the worst of *Pride*) and to all the deadly passions that ever reigned in a female breast. — And if I can but recover her — But be still, be calm, be hushed, my stormy passions; for is it not *Clarissa* (*Harlowe* must I say?) that thus I rave against?

The fellow heard her say, Drive fast! Very fast! Where, Madam? To Holborn Bars, answered she; repeating, Drive very fast! — And up she pulled both the windows: And he lost sight of the coach in a minute.

Will, as soon as he had this intelligence, speeded away in hopes to trace her out; declaring, that he would never think of seeing me, till he had heard some tidings of his Lady.

And now, Belford, all my hope is, that this fellow (who attended us in our Airing to Hamstead, to Highgate, to Muswell-hill, to Kentish-Town) will hear of her at some one or other of those places. And on this I the rather build, as I remember she was once, after our return, very inquisitive about the Stages, and their prices; praising the conveniency to passengers in their going off every hour; and this in Will's hearing, who was then in attendance. Woe be to the villain, if he recollect not this!

I have been traversing her room, meditating, or taking

taking up every-thing she but touched or used : The glass she dressed at, I was ready to break, for not giving me the personal image it was wont to reflect, of *her*, whose idea is for ever present with me. I call for her, now in the tenderest, now in the most reproachful terms, as if within hearing : Wanting *her*, I want my own soul, at least every-thing dear to it. What a void in my heart ! what a chilness in my blood, as if its circulation were arrested ! From her room to my own ; in the Dining-room, and in and out of every place where I have seen the Beloved of my heart, do I hurry ; in none can I tarry ; her lovely image in every one, in some lively attitude, rushing cruelly upon me, in differently remember'd conversations.

But when in my first fury, at my return, I went up two pair of stairs, resolved to find the locked-up Dorcas, and beheld the vainly-burnt window-board, and recollected my baffled contrivances, baffled by my own weak folly, I thought my distraction completed ; and down I ran as one frightened at a spectre, ready to howl for vexation ; my head and my temples shooting with a violence I had never felt before ; and my back aching as if the vertebræ were disjointed, and falling in pieces.

But now that I have heard the Mother's story, and contemplated the dawning hopes given by the chairman's information, I am a good deal easier, and can make cooler reflections. Most heartily pray I for Will's success, every four or five minutes. If I lose her, all my rage will return with redoubled fury. The disgrace to be thus outwitted by a novice, an infant in stratagem and contrivance, added to the violence of my passion for her, will either break my heart, or (what saves many an heart in evils insupportable) turn my brain. What had I to do to go out a Licence-hunting, at least till I had seen her, and made up matters with her ? And indeed, were it not the privilege of a principal to lay all his own faults upon his underlings, and never be to blame himself, I should be apt to reflect, that I am more in fault than any-body. And as the sting of this reflection will

sharpen

sharpen upon me if I recover her not, how shall I be able to bear it?

If ever—

Here Mr. Lovelace lays himself under a curse, too shocking to be repeated, if he revenge not himself upon the Lady, should he once more get her into his hands.

I HAVE just now dismissed the sniveling toad Dorcas; who was introduced to me for my pardon by the whining Mother. I gave her a kind of negative and ungracious forgiveness. Yet I shall as violently curse the two nymphs, by-and-by, for the consequences of my own folly: And this will be a good way too, to prevent their ridicule upon me, for losing so glorious an opportunity as I had last night, or rather this morning.

I have collected, from the result of the enquiries made of the chairman, and from Dorcas's observations before the cruel creature escaped, a description of her dress; and am resolved, if I cannot otherwise hear of her, to advertise her in the Gazette, as an eloped wife, both by her maiden and acknowledged name; for her elopement will soon be known by every *Enemy*: Why then should not my *Friends* be made acquainted with it, from whose enquiries and informations I may expect some tidings of her?

‘She had on a brown lustring night-gown, fresh, and looking like new, as every thing she wears does, whether new or not, from an elegance natural to her. A beaver hat, a black ribband about her neck, and blue knots on her breast. A quilted petticoat of carnation-coloured satten; a rose-diamond ring, supposed on her finger; and in her whole person and appearance, as I shall express it, a dignity, as well as beauty, that commands the repeated attention of every one who sees her.’

The description of her person, I shall take a little more pains about. My mind must be more at ease, before I can undertake that. And I shall threaten,

that if, after a certain period given for her voluntary return, she be not heard of, I will prosecute any person who presumes to entertain, harbour, abett, or encourage her, with all the vengeance that an injured gentleman and husband may be warranted to take by Law, or otherwise?

FRESH cause of aggravation!—But for this scribbling vein, or I should still run mad.

Again going into her chamber, because it was hers, and sighing over the bed, and every piece of furniture in it, I cast my eye towards the drawers of the dressing-glass, and saw peep out, as it were, in one of the half-drawn drawers, the corner of a Letter. I snatched it out, and found it superscribed by her, *To Mr. Lovelace*. The sight of it made my heart leap, and I trembled so, that I could hardly open the seal.

How does this damn'd Love unman me!—But nobody ever loved as I love!—It is even increased by her unworthy flight, and my disappointment. Ingrateful creature, to fly from a passion thus ardently flaming! which, like the palm, rises the more for being depressed and slighted.

I will not give thee a Copy of this Letter. I owe her not so much service.

But wouldst thou think, that this *baughty promise-breaker* could resolve, as she does, absolutely and for ever to renounce me for what passed last night? That she could resolve to forego all her opening prospects of Reconciliation; that Reconciliation with a worthless family, on which she had set her whole heart?—Yet she does!—She acquits me of all obligation to her, and herself of all expectations from me—And for what?—O that indeed I had given her real cause! Damn'd confounded Niceness, Prudery, Affectation, or pretty Ignorance, if not Affectation!—By my soul, Belford, I told thee all—I was more indebted to her struggles, than to my own forwardness. I cannot support my own reflections upon a decency so ill required.—She could not,

she would not have been so much a Harlowe in her resentment, had I deserved, as I *ought* to have done, her resentment. All she feared, had then been over; and her own good-sense, and even modesty, would have taught her to make the best of it.

But if ever again I get her into my hands, *Art* and more *Art*, and *Compulsion* too, if she make it necessary [and 'tis plain that nothing else will do] shall she experience from the man whose fear of her has been above even his passion for her; and whose gentleness and forbearance she has thus *perfidiously* triumphed over. Well says the Poet,

*'Tis nobler like a lion to invade
When appetite directs, and seize my prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging dog,
Till dull consent throws out the Scraps of Love.*

Thou knowest what I have so lately vowed — And yet, at times, [Cruel creature, and ingrateful as cruel!] I can subscribe with too much truth to those lines of another Poet:

*She reigns more fully in my soul than ever;
She garisons my breast, and mans against me
Ev'n my own rebel thoughts, with thousand graces,
Ten thousand charms, and new-discover'd beauties!*

LETTER XXX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

A Letter is put into my hands by Wilson himself —

Such a Letter!

A Letter from Miss Howe to her cruel friend! —

I made no scruple to open it.

It is a miracle, that I fell not into fits at the reading of it; and at the thought of what *might* have been the consequence, had it come to the hands of *this* *Clarissa Harlowe*. Let my justly-excited rage excuse my irreverence. I showed it before.

Collins, tho' not his day, brought it this afternoon to

Wilson's,

Wilson's, with a particular desire, that it might be sent with all speed to Miss Beaumont's lodgings, and given, if possible, into her own hands. He had before been here (at Mrs. Sinclair's) with intent to deliver it to the Lady with his own hand; but was told [*too truly told!*] that she was abroad; but that they would give her anything he should leave for her, the moment she returned. But he cared not to trust them with his business, and went away to Wilson's (as I find by the description of him at both places) and there left the Letter; but not till he had a second time called here, and found her not come in.

The Letter [Which I shall inclose; for it is too long to transcribe] will account to thee for *Gallins's* coming hither.

O this devilish Miss Howe! — Something must be resolved upon and done with that little Fury!

THOU wilt see the margin of this cursed Letter crouded with indices [15]. I put them to mark the places which call for vengeance upon the vixen writer, or which require animadversion. Return thou it to me the moment thou hast perused it.

Read it here; and avoid trembling for me, if thou canst.

To Miss LÆTITIA BEAUMONT.

My dearest Friend,

Wednesday, June 7.

YOU will perhaps think, that I have been too long silent. But I had begun two Letters at different times since my last, and written a great deal each time; and with spirit enough, I assure you; incensed as I was against the abominable wretch you are with; particularly on reading yours of the 21st of the past month (a). The first I intended to keep open till I could give you some account of my proceedings with Mrs. Townsend. It was some days before I saw her:

(a) See Letter i. of this Volume.

And

And this intervenient space giving me time to re-peruse what I had written, I thought it proper to lay that aside, and to write in a stile a little less fervent; for you would have blamed me I know, for the freedom of some of my expressions [*Execrations*, if you please]. And when I had gone a good way in the *second*, the change in your prospects, on his communicating to you Miss Montague's Letter, and his better behaviour, occasioning a change in your mind, I laid that aside also. And in this uncertainty, thought I would wait to see the issue of affairs between you before I wrote again; believing that all would soon be decided one way or other.

I had still, perhaps, held this resolution [As every appearance, according to your Letters, was more and more promising] had not the two passed days furnished me with intelligence which it highly imports you to know.

But I must stop here, and take a little walk, to try to keep down that just indignation which rises to my pen, when I am about to relate to you what I must communicate.

I AM not my own mistress enough — Then my Mother—Always up and down—And watching as if I were writing to a Fellow—But I will try if I can contain myself in tolerable bounds.—

The women of the house where you are—O my dear—The women of the house—But you never thought highly of them — So it cannot be very surprising—Nor would you have *staid so long with them, had not the notion of removing to one of your own*, made you less uneasy, and less curious about their characters, and behaviour. Yet I could *now* wish, that you had been less reserved among them—But I tease you—In short, my dear, you are certainly in a devilish house!—Be assured, that the woman is one of the vilest of women—Nor does she go to you by her right name—Very true!—Her name is *not* Sim-
clair

clair—Nor is the Street she lives in, Dover-street.—Did you never go out by yourself, and discharge the coach or chair, and return by another coach or chair? If you did [Yet I don't remember that you ever wrote to me, that you did] you would never have found your way to the vile house, either by the Woman's name, *Sinclair*, or by the Street's name, mentioned by that Doleman in his Letter about the lodgings (a).

The wretch might indeed have held out these false lights a little more excusably, had the house been an honest house; and had his end only been to prevent mischief from your Brother. — But this contrivance was antecedent, as I think, to your Brother's project: So that no excuse can be made for his intentions at the *time* — The man, whatever he may *now* intend, was certainly then, even *then*, a villain in his heart!

I AM excessively concerned, that I should be prevailed upon, between *your* over-niceness, on one hand, and my *Mother's* positiveness, on the other, to be satisfied without knowing how to direct to you at your lodgings. I think too, that the proposal that I should be put off to a *third-hand* knowledge, or rather veiled in a *first-hand* ignorance, came from him — and that it was only acquiesced in by you, as it was by me (b), upon needless and weak considerations — Because, truly, I might have it to say, if challenged, *that I knew not where to send to you!* — I am ashamed of myself! — Had this been at *first* excusable, it could not be a good reason for going on in the folly, when

(a) Vol. III. p. 34. and 40.

(b) See Vol. III. p. 124. and p. 131. Where the Reader will observe, that the proposal came from herself; which, as it was, also mentioned by Mr. Lovelace (Vol. III. p. 161.) she may be presumed to have forgotten. So that Clarissa had a double inducement for acquiescing with the proposed method of carrying on the correspondence between Miss Howe and herself by Wilson's conveyance, and by the name of Letitia Beaumont.

you had no liking to the house, and when he began to play tricks, and delay with you.—What! I was to mistrust myself, was I?—I was to allow it to be thought, that I could not keep my own Secret?—But the house to be taken at this time, and at that time, led us both on—like fools, like tame fools, in a string.—Upon my life, my dear, this man is a vile, contemptible villain—I must speak out?—How has he laughed in his sleeve at us both, I warrant, for I can't tell how long!—And yet who could have thought, that a man of fortune, and some reputation [This Doleman, I mean, not your wretch, to be sure!]¹—formerly a Rake in deed—[I enquired after him—long ago; and so was to the easier satisfied]²—but married to a woman of family—having had a palsy-blow—and one would think a penitent—should recommend such a house [Why, my dear, he could not enquire of it, but must find it to be bad] to such a man as Lovelace, to bring his future, nay, his *then* supposed, Bride to?

I WRITE, perhaps, with too much violence, to be clear. But I cannot help it. Yet I lay down my pen, and take it up every ten minutes, in order to write with some temper—My Mother too in and out—What need I (she asks me) look myself in, if I am only reading past correspondencies?—for that is my pretence, when she comes poking in with her face sharpened to an edge, as I may say, by a curiosity that gives her more pain than pleasure—The Lord forgive me; but I believe I shall huff her next time she comes in.

Do You forgive me too, my dear. My Mother thought, because she says, I am my Father's girl; and because I am sure I am hers. I don't know what to do—I don't know what to write next—I have so much to write, yet have so little patience, and so little opportunity.

But

But I will tell you how I came by my intelligence.

That being a *fact*, and requiring the less attention, I will try to account to you for *that*.

Thus then it came about—Miss Lardner (whom you have seen at her Cousin Biddulph's) saw you at St. James's church on Sunday was fortnight. She kept you in her eye during the whole time; but could not once obtain the notice of yours, tho' she courtesied to you twice. She thought to pay her compliments to you when the Service was over; for she doubted not but you were married—and for an odd reason—*Because you came to church by yourself*. Every eye (as usual, where-ever you are, she said) was upon you; and this seeming to give you hurry, and you being nearer the door than she, you slid out, before she could get to you. But she ordered her servant to follow you till you were housed. This servant saw you step into a chair, which waited for you; and you ordered the men to carry you to the place where they took you up.

The next day, Miss Lardner sent the same servant, out of mere curiosity, to make private enquiry whether Mr. Lovelace were, or were not, with you there. And this enquiry brought out, from *different* people, that the house was suspected to be one of those genteel wicked houses, which receive and accommodate *fashionable people* of both Sexes.

Miss Lardner, confounded at this strange intelligence, made further enquiry; enjoining secrecy to the servant she had sent, as well as to the gentleman whom she employed: Who had it confirmed from a rakish friend, who knew the house; and told him, that there were two houses; the one, *in which all decent appearances were preserved, and guests rarely admitted*; the other, the receptacle of those who were absolutely engaged, and broken to the vile yoke.

But

Say

1 Say—my dear creature—say—Shall I not execrate
2 the wretch?—But words are weak—What can I say,
3 that will suitably express my abhorrence of such a vil-
4 lain as he must have been, when he meditated to
5 carry a Clarissa to such a place!

6 Miss Lardner kept this to herself some days,
7 not knowing what to do; for she loves you, and
8 admires you of all women. At last, she revealed
9 it, but in confidence, to Miss Biddulph, by Letter.
10 Miss Biddulph, in like confidence, being afraid it
11 would distract me were I to know it, communicated
12 it to Miss Lloyd; and so, like a whispered scandal,
13 it passed through several canals; and then it came
14 to me. Which was not till last Monday.

15 I thought I should have fainted upon the surprising
16 communication. But Rage taking place, it blew away
17 the sudden illness. I besought Miss Lloyd to re-enjoin
18 secrecy to every-one. I told her, that I would not
19 for the world that my Mother, or any of your fami-
20 ly, should know it. And I instantly caused a trusty
21 friend to make what enquiries he could about Tom-
22 linson.

23 I had thoughts to have done it before I had this
24 intelligence: But not imagining it to be needful, and
25 little thinking that you could be in such a house, and
26 as you were pleased with your changed prospects, I
27 forbore. And the rather forbore, as the matter is
28 so laid, that Mrs. Hodges is supposed to know no-
29 thing of the projected treaty of accommodation;
30 but, on the contrary, that it was designed to be a
31 secret to her, and to every-body but immediate par-
32 ties; and it was Mrs. Hodges that I had proposed to
33 sound by a *second* hand.

34 Now, my dear, it is certain, without applying to
35 that too-much favoured housekeeper, that there is not
36 such a man within ten miles of your Uncle. Very
37 true! One *Tomkins* there is, about four miles off;
38 but he is a day-labourer: And one *Thompson*, about
39 five miles distant the other way; but he is a parish-
40 schoolmaster, poor, and about seventy.

☞ A man, tho' but of 800 l. a year, cannot come from one county to settle in another, but every-body in both must know it, and talk of it.

☞ Mrs. Hodges may yet be founded at a distance, if you will. Your Uncle is an old man. Old men imagine themselves under obligation to their paramours, if younger than themselves, and seldom keep any thing from their knowledge. But if we suppose him to make a secret of the designed treaty, it is impossible, *before that treaty was thought of*, but she must have seen him, at least have *heard* your Uncle speak praisefully of a man he is said to be so intimate with, let him have been ever so little a while in those parts.

☞ Yet, methinks, the Story is so plausible: Tomlinson, as you describe him, is so good a man, and so much of a gentleman, the end to be answered by his being an impostor, so much *more than necessary* if Lovelace has villainy in his head; and as you are in such a house—Your wretch's behaviour to him was so petulant and lordly; and Tomlinson's answer so full of spirit and circumstance; and then what he communicated to you of Mr. Hickman's application to your Uncle, and of Mrs. Norton's to your Mother [Some of which particulars, I am satisfied, his vile agent Joseph Leman could not reveal to his viler employer]; his pressing on the marriage-day, in the name of your Uncle, which it could not answer any *wicked* purpose for him to do; and what he writes of your Uncle's proposal, to have it thought that you were married from the time that you have lived in one house together; and that to be made to agree with the time of Mr. Hickman's visit to your Uncle: The insisting on a trusty person's being present at the Ceremony, at that Uncle's nomination—*These things make me willing to try for a tolerable construction to be made of all*, tho' I am so much puzzled by what occurs on both sides of the question, that I cannot but abhor the devilish wretch, whose inventions and contrivances, are for ever

☞ employing

Employing an inquisitive head, as mine is, without affording the means of absolute detection.

But this is what I am ready to conjecture, that Tomlinson, specious as he is, is a machine of Lovelace; and that he is employed for some end, which has not yet been answered. This is certain, that not only Tomlinson, but Mennell, who, I think, attended you more than once at this vile house, must know it to be a vile house.

What can you then think of Tomlinson's declaring himself in favour of it, upon enquiry?

Lovelace too must know it to be so, if not before he brought you to it, soon after.

Perhaps the Company he found there, may be the most probable way of accounting for his bearing with the house, and for his strange suspensions of marriage, when it was in his power to call such an angel of a woman his.—

O my dear, the man is a villain! the greatest of villains, in every light!—I am convinced that he is.—And this Deleman must be another of his implements!

There are so many wretches who think that to be no sin, which is one of the greatest and the most ingrateful of all sins, to ruin young creatures of our Sex who place their confidence in them; that the wonder is less than the shame, that people of figure, of appearance at least, are found to promote the horrid purposes of profligates of fortune and interest!

But can I think [You will ask with indignant astonishment] that Lovelace can have designs upon your honour?

That such designs he has had, if he still hold them not, I can have no doubt, now that I know the house he has brought you to, to be a vile one. This is a clue that has led me to account for all his behaviour to you ever since you have been in his hands.

Allow me a brief retrospection of it all.

We both know, that Pride, Revenge, and a deli-

light

light to tread in unbeaten paths; are principal ingredients in the character of this finished Libertine.

He hates all your family, yourself excepted; and I have several times thought, that I have seen him stung and mortified that Love has obliged him to kneel at your footstool, because you are a *Harlowe*.

—Yet is this wretch a Savage in Love.—Love that humanizes the fiercest spirits, has not been able to subdue his. His *Pride*, and the credit which a few *plausible qualities*, sprinkled among his *odious ones*, have given him, have secured him too good a reception from our eye-judging, our undistinguishing, our self-flattering, our too-confiding Sex, to make assiduity and obsequiousness, and a conquest of his unruly passions, any part of his study.

He has some reason for his animosity to *all* the *ladies*, and to *one* woman of your family. He has always shewn you, and his own family too, that he prefers his *Pride* to his *Interest*. He is a declared Marriage-hater: A notorious Intriguer: Full of his inventions; and glorying in them.—He never could draw you into declarations of Love: Nor, till your *wise* relations persecuted you, as they did, to receive his addresses as a Lover.—He knew, that you professedly disliked him for his immoralities; he could not therefore justly blame you, for the coldness and indifference of your behaviour to him.

The prevention of mischief was your first main view in the correspondence he drew you into. He thought not, then, to have wondered, that you declared your preference of the *Single Life* to any matrimonial engagement. He knew, that this was *always* your preference; and *that* before he tricked you away so artfully. What was his conduct to you afterwards, that you should of a sudden change it?

Thus was your whole behaviour regular, consistent, and dutiful to those to whom by birth you owed duty; and neither prudish, coquettish, nor tyrannical to him.

He had agreed to go on with you upon those your

own

own terms, and to rely only on *his own merits* and *future reformation*, for your favour.

It was plain to me, indeed, to whom you communicated all that *you knew* of your own heart, tho' not all of it that *I found out*, that Love had pretty nearly gained footing in it. And this you yourself would have discovered sooner than you did, had not this alarming, his unpolite, his rough conduct, kept it under.

I knew, by experience, that Love is a fire that is not to be played with, without burning one's fingers: I knew it to be a dangerous thing for two single persons of different Sexes, to enter into familiarity and correspondence with each other; since, as to the latter, must not a person be capable of premeditated Art, who can sit down to write, and not write from the heart?—And a woman to write her heart to a man practised in deceit, or even to a man of some character, what advantage does it give him over her?

As this man's Vanity had made him imagine, that no woman could be proof against Love, when his address was honourable; no wonder that he struggled, like a Lion held in toils, against a passion that he thought not returned. And how could you, *at first*, shew a return in Love, to so fierce a spirit, and who had seduced you away by vile artifices, but to the approval of those artifices?

Hence, perhaps, it is not difficult to believe, that it became possible for such a wretch as this to give way to his old prejudices against Marriage; and to that Revenge which had always been a first passion with him.

This is the only way, I think, to account for his horrid views in bringing you to a vile house.

And now may not all the rest be naturally accounted for?—His delays—His teasing ways—His bringing you to bear with his lodging in the same house—His making you pass to the people of it, as his Wife; *though restrictively so*, yet with hope,

no doubt (vilest of villains as he is!) to take you at advantage — His bringing you into the company of his Libertine Companions: The attempt of imposing upon you that Miss Partington for a bedfellow, very probably his own invention for the worst of purposes: His terrifying you at many different times: His obtruding himself upon you when you went out to church; no doubt to prevent your finding out what the people of the house were; The advantages he made of your Brother's foolish project with Singleton.

See, my dear, how naturally all this follows from the discovery made by Miss Lardner. See how the monster, whom I thought, and so often call'd, a fool, comes out to have been all the time one of the greatest villains in the world!

But if this be so, what [It would be asked by an indifferent person] has hitherto saved you? Glorious creature! — What, morally speaking, but your Watchfulness! What but That, and the Majesty of your Virtue; *the Native Dignity*, which, in a situation so very difficult (friendless, destitute, passing for a wife, cast into the company of creatures accustomed to betray and ruin innocent hearts) has hitherto enabled you to baffle, over-awe, and confound, such a dangerous Libertine as this; so habitually remorseless, as you have observed him to be; so very various in his temper; so inventive; so seconded, so supported, so instigated, too probably, as he has been! — That *Native Dignity*, that *Heroism* I will call it, which has, on all proper occasions, exerted itself in its full lustre, unmingled with that charming obligingness and condescending sweetness, which is evermore the *softener* of that dignity, when your mind is free and unapprehensive!

Let me stop to admire, and to bless my beloved friend, who, unhappily for herself, at an age so tender, unacquainted as she was with the world, and with the vile arts of Libertines, having been called upon to sustain the hardest and most shocking trials,
from

from persecuting Relations on one hand, and from a villainous Lover on the other, has been enabled to give such an illustrious example of fortitude and prudence, as never woman gave before her; and who, as I have heretofore observed (a), has made a far greater figure in adversity, than she possibly could have made, had all her shining qualities been exerted in their full force and power, by the continuance of that prosperous run of fortune which attended her for Eighteen years of life out of Nineteen.

But now, my dear, do I apprehend, that you are in greater danger than ever yet you have been in, if you are not married in a week; and yet stay in this abominable house. For were you out of it, I own, I should not be much afraid for you.

These are my thoughts, on the most deliberate consideration: That he is now convinced, that he has not been able to draw you off your guard: That therefore, if he can obtain no new advantage over you as he goes along, he is resolved to do you all the *poor justice* that it is in the power of such a wretch as he, to do you. He is the rather induced to this, as he sees, that all his own family have warmly engaged themselves in your cause; and that it is his *bigbest interest* to be just to you. Then the horrid wretch loves you (as well he may) above all women. I have no doubt of this; with *such* a Love as such a wretch is capable of: With *such* a Love as Herod loved his Mariamne.—He is now therefore, very probably, at last, in earnest.

I took time for enquiries of different natures; as I knew by the train you are in, that whatever his designs are, they cannot ripen either for good or evil, till something shall result from this new device of his about Tomlinson and your Uncle.

Device I have no doubt that it is, whatever this dark, this impenetrable spirit intends by it.

(a) See Vol. III. p. 277.

And yet I find it to be true, that Counsellor Williams (whom Mr. Hickman knows to be a man of eminence in his profession) has actually as good as finished the Settlements: That two Draughts of them have been made; one avowedly to be sent to one Captain Tomlinson, as the Clerk says:—And I find that a Licence has actually been more than once to endeavoured to be obtained, and that difficulties have hitherto been made, equally to Lovelace's vexation and disappointment. My Mother's Proctor, who is very intimate with the Proctor applied to by the wretch, has come at this information in confidence; and hints, that, as Mr. Lovelace is a man of high fortunes, these difficulties will probably be got over.

But here follow the causes of my apprehension of your danger; which I should not have had a thought of (since nothing *very* vile has yet been attempted) but on finding what a house you are in, and, on that discovery, laying together and ruminating on past occurrences.

You are obliged, from the present favourable appearances, to give him your company whenever he requests it.—You are under a necessity of forgetting, or seeming to forget, past disobligations; and to receive his addresses as those of a betrothed Lover.—You will incur the censure of prudery and affectation, even perhaps in your own apprehension, if you keep him at that distance which has hitherto been your security.—His sudden (and as suddenly recovered) illness, has given him an opportunity to find out, that you love him. [*Alas, my dear, I knew you loved him!*] He is, as you relate, every hour more and more an encroacher, upon it. He has seemed to change his nature, and is all love and gentleness. The wolf has put on the sheep's cloathing; yet more than once has shewn his teeth, and his hardly sheathed claws. The instance you have given of his freedom with your per-

person (a), which you could not but resent; and yet, as matters are circumstanced between you, could not but pass over, when Tomlinson's Letter called you into his company (b), shew the advantage he has now over you; and also, that if he can obtain greater, he will. — And for this very reason (as I apprehend) it is, that Tomlinson is introduced; that is to say, to give you the greater security, and to be a mediator, if mortal offence be given you, by any villainous attempt. — The day seems not now to be so much in your power as it ought to be, since That now partly depends on your Uncle, whose presence, at your own motion, he has wished on the occasion. — A wish, were all real, very unlikely, I think, to be granted.

And thus situated, should he offer greater freedoms, must you not forgive him?

I fear nothing (as I know who has said) that devil carnate or incarnate can fairly do against a Virtue so established (c). — But Surprizes, my dear, in such a house as that you are in, and in such circumstances as I have mentioned, I greatly fear! — The man, one, who has already triumphed over persons worthy of his alliance.

What then have you to do, but to fly this house, this infernal house! — O that your heart would let you fly the man!

If you should be disposed so to do, Mrs. Townsend shall be ready at your command. — But if you meet with no impediments, no new causes of doubt, I think your Reputation in the eye of the world, tho' not your Happiness, is concerned, that you should be his. — And yet I cannot bear, that these Libertines should be rewarded for their villainy with the best

(a) She means the freedom Mr. Lovelace took with her before the Fire-plot. See p. 134, 135. When Miss Howe wrote this Letter, she could not know of that.

(b) See p. 137—140.

(c) See Mrs. Norton's Letter, Vol. III. p. 284.

of the Sex, when the worst of it are too good for them.

But if you meet with the least ground for suspicion; if he would detain you at the odious house, or wish you to stay, now you know what the people are; fly him, whatever your prospects are, as well as them.

In one of your next Airings, if you have no other way, refuse to return with him. Name me for your intelligencer, that you are in a bad house; and if you think you cannot now break with him, seem rather to believe that he may not know it to be so; and that I do not believe he does: And yet this belief in us both must appear to be very gross.

But suppose you desire to go out of town for the air, this sultry weather, and insist upon it? You may plead your health for so doing. He dare not resist such a plea. Your Brother's foolish scheme, I am told, is certainly given up; so you need not be afraid on that account.

If you do not fly the house upon reading of this, or some way or other get out of it, I shall judge of his power over you, by the little you will have over either him or yourself.

One of my informants has made slight enquiries concerning Mrs. Fretchville. Did he ever name to you the Street or Square she lived in?—I don't remember that you, in any of yours, mentioned the place of her abode to me. Strange, very strange, This, I think! No such person or house can be found, near any of the new Streets or Squares, where the lights I had from your Letters led me to imagine her house might be. — Ask him, What Street the house is in, if he has not told you. And let me know. If he make a difficulty of that circumstance, it will amount to a detection.—And yet, I think, you have enough without this.

I shall send this long Letter by Collins, who changes his day to oblige me; and that he may try

(now

(now I know where you are) to get it into your own hands. If he cannot, he will leave it at Wilton's. As none of our Letters by that conveyance have miscarried when you have been in more *apparently* disagreeable situations than you are in at present, I hope that this will go safe, if Collins should be obliged to leave it there.

✧ I wrote a short Letter to you in my first agitations. It contained not above twenty lines, all full of fright, alarm, and execration. But being afraid, that my vehemence would too much affect you, I thought it better to wait a little, as well for the reasons already hinted at, as to be able to give you as many particulars as I could; and my thoughts upon all. And now, I think, taking to your aid other circumstances, as they *have* offered, or *may* offer, you will be sufficiently armed to resist all his machinations, be they what they will.

✧ One word more. Command me up, if I can be of the least service or pleasure to you. I value not Fame; I value not Censure; nor even Life itself, I verily think, as I do your Honour, and your Friendship—For, is not your Honour my Honour? And is not your Friendship the Pride of my Life?

May Heaven preserve you, my dearest creature, in Honour and Safety, is the prayer, the hourly prayer, of

Your over-faithful and affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

Thursday Morn. 5. I have written all night.

To Miss Howe.

My dearest Creature,

HOW you have shocked, confounded, surprised, astonished me, by your dreadful communication!—My heart is too weak to bear up against such a stroke as this!—When all hope was with me! When my prospects were so much mended!—But can there be

such villainy in men, as in this vile principal, and equally vile agent?

I am really ill—Very ill—Grief and Surprise, and, *now* I will say, Despair, have overcome me!—All, all, you have laid down as conjecture, appears to *me now* to be *more* than conjecture!

O that your Mother would have the goodness to permit me the presence of the only comforter that my afflicted, my half-broken heart, could be raised by! But I charge you, think not of coming up without her indulgent permission. I am too ill at present, my dear, to think of combating with this dreadful man; and of flying from this horrid house!—*My bad writing will shew you this.*—But my illness will be my present security, should he indeed have meditated villainy.—Forgive, O forgive me, my dearest friend, the trouble I have given you!—All must soon—But why add I grief to grief, and trouble to trouble?—But I charge you, my beloved creature, not to think of coming up without your Mother's leave, to the truly desolate, and broken-spirited

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

WELL, Jack!—And what thinkest thou of this last Letter? Miss Howe values not either *Fame* or *Censure*; and thinkest thou, that this Letter will not bring the little Fury up, tho' she could procure no other conveyance than her higgler's paniers, one for herself, the other for her maid? She knows where to come now. Many a little villain have I punished for knowing more than I would have her know; and that by adding to her knowlege and experience. What thinkest thou, Belford, if, by getting hither this virago, and giving *cause* for a lamentable Letter from her to the fair Fugitive, I should be able to recover *her*? Would she not visit that friend in *her* distress, thinkest thou, whose intended visit to her in *hers* brought her into the condition from which she herself had so perfidiously escaped?

Let

Let me enjoy the thought! Shall I send this Letter? — Thou seest I have left room, if I fail in the exact imitation of so charming a hand, to avoid too strict a scrutiny. Do they not both deserve it of me? Seest thou not how the raving girl threatens her Mother; Ought she not to be punished? And can I be a worse devil, or villain, or monster, than she calls me in the long Letter I inclose (and has called me in her former Letters) were I to punish them both as my vengeance urges me to punish them? And when I have executed That my vengeance, how charmingly satisfied may they both go down into the country, and keep house together, and have a much better reason than their Pride could give them, for living the Single Life they have both seemed so fond of?

I will set about transcribing it this moment, I think. I can resolve afterwards. Yet what has poor Hickman done to deserve this of me? — But gloriously would it punish the Mother (as well as Daughter) for all her sordid avarice; and for her undutifulness to honest Mr. Howe, whose heart she actually broke. I am on tip-toe, Jack, to enter upon this project. Is not one country as good to me as another, if I should be obliged to take another tour upon it?

BUT I will not venture. Hickman is a good man, they tell me. I love a good man. I hope one of these days to be a good man myself. Besides, I have heard within this week, something of this honest fellow that shews he has a Soul; when I thought, if he had one, that it lay a little of the deepest to emerge to notice, except on very extraordinary occasions; and that then it presently sunk again into its *Cellula adiposa*. — The man is a *plump man*. — Didst ever see him, Jack?

But the principal reason that with-holds me [For 'tis a tempting project!] is, for fear of being utterly blown up, if I should not be quick enough with my Letter, or if Miss Howe should deliberate on setting out, or try her Mother's consent first; in which time a
Letter

Letter from my frightened Beauty might reach her ; for I have no doubt, where-ever she has refuged, but her first work was to write to her vixen friend. I will therefore go on patiently ; and take my revenge upon the little Fury at my leisure.

But, in spite of my compassion for Hickman, whose better character is sometimes my envy, and who is one of those mortals that bring clumsiness into credit with the *Mothers*, to the disgrace of us clever fellows, and often to our disappointment, with the *Daughters* ; and who has been very busy in assisting these double-armed Beauties against me ; I swear by all the *Dii Majores*, as well as *Minores*, that I will have Miss Howe, if I cannot have her more exalted friend !—And then, if there be as much flaming Love between these girls as they pretend, what will my Charmer profit by her escape ?

And now, that I shall permit Miss Howe to reign a little longer, let me ask thee, If thou hast not, in the inclosed Letter, a fresh instance, that a great many of my difficulties with her Sister-toast are owing to this flighty girl !—'Tis true, that here was naturally a confounded sharp wintry air ; and, if a little cold water was thrown into the path, no wonder that it was instantly frozen ; and that a poor honest traveller found it next to impossible to keep his way ; one foot sliding back as fast as the other advanced, to the endangering of his limbs or neck. But yet I think it impossible, that she should have baffled me as she has done (novice as she is, and never before from under her Parents wings) had she not been armed by a virago, who was formerly very near shewing, that she could better advise than practise. But this, I believe, I have said more than once before.

I am loth to reproach *myself*, now the cruel creature has escaped me ; for what would that do, but add to my torment ? Since evils self-caused, and avoidable, admit not of palliation or comfort. And yet, if thou tellest me, that all *her* strength was owing to *my* weakness, and that I have been a cursed coward in this whole affair ;

affair; why then, Jack, I may blush, and be vexed; but, by my soul, I cannot contradict thee.

But this, Belford, I hope—that if I can turn the poison of the inclosed Letter into wholesome aliment; that is to say, if I can make use of it to my advantage; I shall have *thy* free consent to do it.

I am always careful to open Covers cautiously, and to preserve Seals entire. I will draw out from this cursed Letter an alphabet. Nor was Nick Rowe ever half so diligent to learn Spanish, at the Quixote recommendation of a certain Peer, as I will be to gain a mastery of this vixen's hand.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE, To MISS HOWE.

Thursday Evening, June 8.

AFTER my last, so full of other hopes, the contents of This will surprise you. O my dearest friend, the man has at last proved himself to be a villain!

It was with the utmost difficulty last night, that I preserved myself from the vilest dishonour. He extorted from me a promise of forgiveness; and that I would see him next day, as if nothing had happened: But if it were possible to escape from a wretch, who, as I have too much reason to believe, formed a plot to fire the house, to frighten me, almost naked, into his arms, how could I see him next day?

I have escaped,—Heaven be praised that I have!—And have now no other concern, than that I fly from the only hope that could have made such an husband tolerable to me; The Reconciliation with my friends, so agreeably undertaken by my Uncle.

All my present hope is, To find some reputable family, or person of my own Sex, who is obliged to go beyond-sea, or who lives abroad; I care not whither; but if I might chuse, in some one of our American colonies—Never to be heard of more by my relations, whom I have so grievously offended.

Nor

Nor let your generous heart be moved at what I write. If I can escape the dreadfulest part of my Father's malediction (for the temporary part is already in a manner fulfilled, which makes me tremble in apprehension of the other) I shall think the wreck of my worldly fortunes a happy composition.

Neither is there need of the renewal of your so often tendered goodness to me: For I have with me Rings and other valuables, that were sent me with my cloaths, which will turn into money to answer all I can want, till Providence shall be pleased to put me into some way to help myself, if, for my further punishment, my life is to be lengthened beyond my wishes.

Impute not this scheme, my beloved friend, either to dejection on one hand, or to that romantic turn on the other, which we have supposed generally to obtain with our Sex, from Fifteen to Twenty-two: For, be pleased to consider my unhappy situation, in the light in which it really must appear to every considerate person, who knows it. In the first place, the man, who has had the assurance to think me, and to endeavour to make me, his *property*, will hunt me from place to place, and search after me as a 'Stray: And he knows he may do so with impunity, for whom have I to protect me from him?

Then as to my Estate, the envied Estate, which has been the original cause of all my misfortunes, it shall never be mine upon litigated terms. What is there in being enabled to boast, that I am worth more than *I can use, or wish to use*? And if my power is circumscribed, I shall not have that to answer for, which I should have, if I did not use it as I ought: Which very few do. I shall have no husband, of whose interest I ought to be so regardful, as to prevent me doing *more* than justice to others, that I may not do *less* to him. If therefore my Father will be pleased (as I shall presume, in proper time, to propose to him) to pay two Annuities out of it, one to my dear Mrs. Norton, which may make her easy for the remainder of her life, as she is now growing
into

into years; the other of 50 *l. per annum*, to the same good woman, for the use of *My Poor*, as I have had the vanity to call a certain set of people, concerning whom she knows all my mind; that so as few as possible may suffer by the consequences of my error; God bless them, and give them heart's ease and content, with the rest!

Other reasons for my taking the step I have hinted at, are these:

This wicked man knows I have no friend in the world but you: Your neighbourhood therefore would be the first he would seek for me in, were you to think it possible for me to be concealed in it: And in this case You might be subjected to inconveniences greater even than those which you have already sustained on my account.

From my cousin Morden, were he to come, I could not hope protection; since, by his Letter to me, it is evident, that my Brother has engaged him in his party: Nor would I, by any means, subject so worthy a man to danger; as might be the case, from the violence of this ungovernable spirit,

These things considered, what better method can I take, than to go abroad to some one of the English Colonies; where nobody but yourself shall know any-thing of me; nor You, let me tell you, presently, nor till I am fixed, and (if it please God) in a course of living tolerably to my mind. For it is no small part of my concern, that my indiscretions have laid so heavy a tax upon You, my dear friend, to whom, once, I hoped to give more pleasure than pain.

I am at present at one Mrs. Moore's at Hamstead. My heart misgave me at coming to this village, because I had been here with him more than once: But the coach hither was so ready a conveniency, that I knew not what to do better. Then I shall stay here no longer than till I can receive your answer to this: In which you will be pleased to let me know, if I cannot be hid, according to your former contrivance {Happy, had I given

given into it at the time!] by Mrs. Townsend's assistance, till the heat of his search be over. The Deptford road, I imagine, will be the right direction to hear of a passage, and to get safely aboard.

O why was the great fiend of all unchained, and permitted to assume so specious a form, and yet allowed to conceal his feet and his talons, till with the one he was ready to trample upon my honour, and to strike the other into my heart!—And what had I done, that he should be let loose particularly upon me!

Forgive me this murmuring question, the effect of my impatience, my *guilty* impatience, I doubt: For, as I have escaped with my Honour, and nothing but my worldly prospects, and my pride, my ambition, and my vanity, have suffered in this wreck of my hopefuller fortunes, may I not still be more happy than I deserve to be? And is it not in my own power still, by the Divine favour, to secure the great stake of all? And who knows but that this very path into which my inconsideration has thrown me, strew'd as it is with briers and thorns, which tear in pieces my gaudier trappings, may not be the right path to lead me into the great road to my future happiness; which might have been endangered by evil communication?

And after all, Are there not still more deserving persons than I, who never failed in any capital point of duty, that have been more humbled than myself; and some too, by the errors of Parents and Relations, by the tricks and baseness of Guardians and Trustees, and in which their own rashness or folly had no part?

I will then endeavour to make the best of my present lot. And join with me, my best, my only friend, in praying, That my punishment may end here; and that my present afflictions may be sanctified to me.

This Letter will enable you to account for a line or two, which I sent to Wilson's, to be carried to you, only for a feint, to get his servant out of the way. He seemed to be left, as I thought, for a Spy upon me. But he returning too soon, I was forced to write a few
lines

lines for him to carry to his Master, to a tavern near Doctors-Commons, with the same view: And this happily answered my end.

I wrote early in the morning a bitter Letter to the wretch, which I left for him obvious enough; and I suppose he has it by this time. I kept no copy of it. I shall recollect the contents, and give you the particulars of all, at more leisure.

I am sure you will approve of my Escape—The rather, as the people of the house must be very vile: For they, and that Dorcas too, did hear me (I know they did) cry out for help: If the fire had been other than a villainous plot (altho' in the morning, to blind them, I pretended to think it otherwise) they would have been alarmed as much as I; and have run in, hearing me scream, to comfort me, supposing my terror was the fire; to relieve me, supposing it were any-thing else. But the vile Dorcas went away as soon as she saw the wretch throw his arms about me!—Bless me, my dear, I had only my slippers and an under-petticoat on. I was frightened out of my bed, by her cries of fire; and that I should be burnt to ashes in a moment—And she to go away, and never to return, nor any-body else! And yet I heard womens voices in the next room; indeed I did.—An evident contrivance of them all.—God be praised, I am out of their house!

My terror is not yet over: I can hardly think myself safe: Every well-dressed man I see from my windows, whether on horseback or on foot, I think to be him.

I know you will expedite an answer. A man and horse will be procured me to-morrow early, to carry This. To be sure, you cannot return an answer by the same man, because you must see Mrs. Townsend first: Nevertheless, I shall wait with impatience till you can; having no friend but you to apply to; and being such a stranger to this part of the world, that I know not which way to turn myself; whither to go; nor what to do—What a dreadful hand have I made of it!

Mrs. Moore, at whose house I am, is a widow, and

of good character: And of this, one of her neighbours, of whom I bought a handkerchief, purposely to make enquiry before I would venture, informed me.

I will not let my foot out of doors, till I have your direction: And I am the more secure, having dropt words to the people of the house where the coach set me down, as if I expected a chariot to meet me in my way to Hendon; a village a little distance from this. And when I left their house, I walked backward and forward upon the hill; at first, not knowing what to do; and afterwards, to be certain that I was not watched before I ventured to enquire after a lodging.

You will direct for me, my dear, by the name of Mrs. Harriot Lucas.

Had I not made my escape when I did, I was resolved to attempt it again and again. He was gone to the Commons for a Licence, as he wrote me word; for I refused to see him, notwithstanding the promise he extorted from me.

How hard, how next-to-impossible, my dear, to avoid many *lesser* deviations, when we are betrayed into a *capital* one!

For fear I should not get away at my first effort, I had apprised him, that I would not set eye upon him under a week, in order to gain myself time for it in different ways—And were I so to have been watched as to have made it necessary, I would, after such an instance of the connivance of the women of the house, have run out into the Street, and thrown myself into the next house I could have entered, or claimed protection from the first person I had met—*Women to desert the cause of a poor creature of their own Sex in such a Situation, what must they be!*—Then, such poor guilty sort of figures did they make in the morning after he was gone out—so earnest to get me up stairs, and to convince me, by the scorched window-boards, and burnt curtains and vallens, that the fire was real—that (although I seemed to believe all they would have me believe) I was more and more resolved to get out of their house at all adventures.

When

When I began, I thought to write but a few lines. But, be my subject what it will, I know not how to conclude, when I write to *you*. It was *always* so: It is not therefore owing peculiarly to that most interesting and unhappy Situation, which you will allow, however, to engross at present the whole mind of

Your unhappy, but ever-affectionate

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Friday Morning, past Two o'clock.

IO *Triumbe!* Io Clarissa, sing!—Once more, what a happy man thy friend!—A silly dear novice, to be heard to tell the coachman whither to carry her!—And to go to *Hampstead*, of all the villages about London!—The place where we had been together more than once!

Methinks I am sorry she managed no better!—I shall find the recovery of her too easy a task, I fear! Had she but known how much difficulty enhances the value of any-thing with me, and had she had the least notion of obliging me by it, she would never have stopt short at *Hampstead*, surely.

Well, but after all this exultation, thou wilt ask, ‘If I have already got back my Charmer?’—I have not: But knowing where she is, is almost the same thing as having her in my power. And it delights me to think how she will start and tremble when I first pop upon her! How she will look with conscious guilt, that will more than wipe off my guilt of Wednesday night, when she sees her injured Lover, and acknowledged Husband, from whom, the greatest of felonies, she would have stolen herself.

But thou wilt be impatient to know how I came by my lights. Read the inclosed here, and remember the instructions which from time to time, as I have told thee, I have given my fellow, in apprehension of such an elopement; and that will tell thee all, and what I may

reasonably expect from the rascal's diligence and management, if he wishes ever to see my face again.

I received it about half an hour ago, just as I was going to lie down in my cloaths: And it has made me so much alive, that, midnight as it is, I have sent for a Blunt's chariot, to attend me here by day-peep, with my usual coachman, if possible; and knowing not else what to do with myself, I sat down, and, in the joy of my heart, have not only written thus far, but have concluded upon the measures I shall take when admitted to her presence: For well am I aware of the difficulties I shall have to contend with from her perverseness.

Honoured Sir,—
THIS is to certify your Honner, as how I am here at Hamestet, wher I have found out my Lady to be in logins at one Mrs. Moore's, near upon Hamestet-Hethe. And I have so ordered matters, that her Ladyship cannot stir but I must have notice of her goings and comings. As I knowed I durst not look into your Honner's face, if I had not found out my Lady, tho' she was gone off the premis's in a quarter of an hour, as a man may say; so I knowed you would be glad at heart to know I had found her out: And so I send this Petur Partrick, who is to have 5 shillins, it being now near 12 of the clock at nite, for he would not stir without a hearty drinck too-besides: And I was willing all shulde be snug likeways at the logins before I sent.

I have munny of youre Honner's; but I thought as how if the man was payed by me beforend, he mought play trix; so left that to your Honner.

My Lady knows nothing of my being hereaway. But I thoute it best not to leve the plase, because she has tacken the logins but for a fue nites.

If your Honner come to the Upper Flax, I will be in site all the day about the Tapp-house or the Hethe; I have borrowed an other cote, instead of your Honner's liserie, and a blacke wigg; soe cannot be knoen by my Lady, iff as howe she shuld see me: And have made

as if I had the toothe-ake; so with my hancriffé at my mothe, the teth which your Honner was pleased to bett out with your honner's fyfte, and my dam'd wide mothe, as your Honner notifs it to be, cannot be knoen to be mine.

The tow inner Letters I had from my Lady, before she went off the prems's. One was to be left at Mr. Wilson's for Miss Howe. The next was to be for your Honner. But I knowed you was not at the plase directed; and being asfear'd of what fell out, so I kept them for your Honner, and so could not give um to you, until I seed you. Miss How's I only made belief to her Ladiship as I carred it, and sed as how there was nothing left for hur, as shee wished to knoe: So here they be bothe.

I am, may it plesé your Honner,

Your Honner's most dutiful,

and, wonce more, happy Sarvant,

WM. SUMMERS.

The two inner Letters, as Will. calls them, 'tis plain, were wrote for no other purpose, but to send him out of the way with them, and one of them to amuse me. That directed to Miss Howe is only this:

Thursday, June 8.

I Write this, my dear Miss Howe, only for a feint, and to see if it will go current. I shall write at large very soon, if not miserably prevented !!!

CL. H.

Now, Jack, will not *her feints* justify mine? Does she not invade my province, thinkest thou? And is it not now fairly come to *Who shall most deceive and cheat the other?* So, I thank my Stars, we are upon a par, at last, as to this point—Which is a great ease to my Conscience, thou must believe. And if what Hudibras tells us is true, the dear Fugitive has also abundance of pleasure to come.

*Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated, as to cheat.
As lookers-on find most delight,
Who least perceive the juggler's sleight;
And still the less they understand,
The more admire the sleight of hand.*

This is my dear juggler's Letter to me; the other inner Letter sent by Will.

Mr. Lovelace,

Thursday, June 8.

DO not give me cause to dread your return. If you would not that I should hate you for ever, send me half a line by the bearer, to assure me that you will not attempt to see me for a week to come. I cannot look you in the face without equal confusion and indignation. The obliging me in This is but a poor atonement for your last night's vile behaviour.

You may pass this time in a journey to Lord M's; and I cannot doubt, if the Ladies of your family are as favourable to me, as you have assured me they are, but that you will have interest enough to prevail with one of them, to oblige me with her company. After your baseness of last night, you will not wonder, that I insist upon this proof of your future honour.

If Captain Tomlinson comes mean time, I can hear what he has to say, and send you an account of it.

But in less than a Week, if you see me, it must be owing to a fresh act of violence, of which you know not the consequence.

Send me the requested line, if ever you expect to have the forgiveness confirmed, the promise of which you extorted from

The unhappy

CL. H.

Now, Belford, what canst thou say in behalf of this sweet rogue of a Lady? What *canst* thou say for her? 'Tis apparent, that she was fully determined upon an Elope-

Elopement, when she wrote it: And thus would she make me of party against myself, by drawing me in to give her a week's time to complete it: And, more wicked still, send me upon a fool's errand to bring up one of my cousins:—When we came, to have the satisfaction of finding her gone off, and me exposed for ever!—What punishment can be bad enough for such a little villain of a Lady!

But mind, moreover, how plausibly she accounts by this billet (supposing she should not find an opportunity of eloping before I returned) for the resolution of not seeing me for a week; and for the bread and butter expedient!—So childish, as we thought it!

The chariot is not come; and if it were, it is yet too soon for every thing but my impatience. And as I have already taken all my measures, and can think of nothing but my triumph, I will resume her violent Letter, in order to strengthen my resolutions against her. I was *before* in too gloomy a way to proceed with it: But now the subject is all alive to me, and my gayer fancy, like the Sun-beams, will irradiate it, and turn the solemn deep green into a brighter verdure.

When I have called upon my Charmer to explain some parts of her Letter, and to atone for others, I will send it, or a copy of it, to thee.

Suffice it at present to tell thee, in the first place, that *she is determined never to be my wife*—To be sure, there ought to be no compulsion in so material a case. Compulsion was her parents fault, which I have censured so severely, that I shall hardly be guilty of the same. I am therefore glad I know her mind as to this essential point.

I have *ruined* her, she says!—Now that's a fib, take it in her own way—If I had, she would not perhaps have run away from me.

She is *thrown upon the wide World*: Now I own, that Hamstead-Heath affords very pretty, and very *extensive* prospects; but 'tis not the *wide world* neither: And suppose *that* to be her grievance, I hope soon to restore her to a *narrower*.

I am the *enemy of her soul, as well as of her honour!*—Confoundedly severe! Nevertheless, another fib!—For I love her soul very well; but think no more of it in this case than of my own.

She is to be *thrown upon strangers!*—And is not that her own fault?—Much against my will, I am sure!

She is cast from a State of *Independency* into one of *Obligation*. She never was in a State of *Independency*; nor is it fit a woman should, of any Age, or in any State of Life. And as to the State of *Obligation*, there is no such thing as living without being beholden to somebody. Mutual obligation is the very essence and soul of the social and commercial life:—Why should *she* be exempt from it?—I am sure the person she raves at, desires not such an exemption;—has been long *dependent* upon her, and would rejoice to owe *further obligations* to her than he can boast of hitherto.

She talks of her *father's curse*—But have I not repaid him for it an hundred-fold in the same coin? But why must the faults of other people be laid at my door? Have I not enow of my own?

But the grey-eyed dawn begins to peep—Let me sum up all.

In short, then, the dear creature's Letter is a collection of invectives not very new to *me*; though the occasion for them, no doubt, is new to *her*. A little sprinkling of the romantic and contradictory runs thro' it. She loves, and she hates: She encourages me to pursue her, by telling me I safely may; and yet she begs I will not: She apprehends poverty and want, yet resolves to give away her Estate: To gratify whom?—Why, in short, those who have been the cause of her misfortunes. And finally, tho' she resolves never to be mine, yet she has some regrets at leaving me, because of the opening prospects of a Reconciliation with her friends.

But never did morning dawn so tardily as this!—Neither is the chariot yet come.



A GENTLEMAN to speak with me, Dorcas?—Who can want me thus early?

Captain Tomlinson, sayst thou! Surely he must have travelled all night!—Early riser as I am, how could he think to find me up *thus* early?

Let but the chariot come, and he shall accompany me in it to the bottom of the hill (tho' he return to town on foot; for the Captain is all obliging goodness) that I may hear all he has to say, and tell him all my mind, and lose no time.

Well, now am I satisfied that this rebellious flight will turn to my advantage, as all crushed Rebellions do to the advantage of a Sovereign in possession.

DEAR Captain, I rejoice to see you—Just in the nick of time—See! See!

*The rosy-finger'd morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes her tears;
The Sun arising, mortals cheers,
And drives the rising mists away,
In promise of a glorious day.*

Excuse me, Sir, that I salute you from my favourite Bard. He that rises with the Lark, will sing with the Lark. Strange news since I saw you, Captain!—Poor mistaken Lady!—But you have too much goodness, I know, to reveal to her Uncle Harlowe the errors of this capricious Beauty. It will all turn out for the best. You must accompany me part of the way. I know the delight you take in composing differences. But 'tis the task of the Prudent to heal the breaches made by the rashness and folly of the Imprudent.

AND now all around me so still, and so silent] the rattling of the chariot-wheels at a Street's distance do I hear!—And to this angel of a woman I fly!

Reward, O God of Love [The cause is thy own]; reward thou, as it deserves, my suffering perseverance!—Succeed my endeavours to bring back to thy obedience, this charming fugitive!—Make her acknowledge

her rashness; repent her insults; implore my forgiveness; beg to be re-instated in my favour, and that I will bury in oblivion the remembrance of her heinous offence against thee, and against me, thy faithful votary.

* * * * *

THE chariot at the door!—I come! I come—

I attend you, good Captain—

Indeed, Sir—

Pray, Sir—Civility is not Ceremony.

And now, dressed like a Bridegroom, my heart elated beyond that of the most desiring one (attended by a footman whom my Beloved never saw) I am already at Hamstead!

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;
Upper-Flask, Hamstead, Friday morn. 7 o'Clock. (June 9.)

I AM now here, and here have been this hour and half. What an industrious spirit have I!—Nobody can say, that I eat the Bread of idleness. I take true pains for all the pleasure I enjoy. I cannot but admire myself strangely; for, certainly, with this active soul, I should have made a very great figure in whatever station I had filled. But had I been a Prince!—To be sure I should have made a most *noble* Prince! I should have led up a military dance equal to that of the great Macedonian. I should have added kingdom to kingdom, and despoiled all my neighbour-sovereigns, in order to have obtained the name of *Robert the Great*. And I would have gone to war with the Great Turk, and the Persian, and Mogholl, for their Seraglios; for not one of those Eastern Monarchs should have had a pretty woman to bless himself with, till I had done with her.

And now I have so much leisure upon my hands, that, after having informed myself of all necessary particulars, I am set to my short-hand writing in order to keep

keep up with time as well as I can: For the subject is now become worthy of me; and it is yet too soon, I doubt, to pay my compliments to my Charmer, after all her fatigues for two or three days past: And, moreover, I have abundance of matters preparative to my future proceedings to recount, in order to connect and render all intelligible.

I parted with the Captain at the foot of the hill, trebly instructed; that is to say, as to the *Fact*, to the *Probable*, and to the *Possible*. If my Beloved and I can meet and make up without the mediation of this worthy gentleman, it will be so much the better. As little foreign aid as possible in my amorous conflicts has always been a rule with me; tho' here I have been obliged to call in so much. And who knows but it may be the better for the Lady the less she makes necessary? I cannot bear, that she should sit so indifferent to me as to be in earnest to part with me for ever upon so slight, or even upon any occasion. *If I find she is*—But no more threatenings till she is in my power—Thou knowest what I have vowed.

All Will's account, from the Lady's flight to his finding her again; all the accounts of the people of the house, the coachman's information to Will, and so forth, collected together, stand thus.

'The Hamstead Coach, when the dear Fugitive came to it, had but two passengers in it. But she made the fellow go off directly, paying for the vacant places.

'The two passengers directing the coachman to set them down at the Upper-Flask, she bid him set her down there also.

'They took leave of her [Very respectfully no doubt] and she went into the house, and asked, if she could not have a dish of Tea, and a room to herself for half an hour.

'They shewed her up to the very room where I now am. She sat at the very table I now write upon; and, I believe, the chair I sit in was hers.'

O Belford,

ford, if thou knowest what Love is, thou wilt be able to account for these *minutiae*.

She seemed spiritless and fatigued. The gentlewoman herself chose to attend so genteel and lovely a guest. She asked her, If she would have bread and butter to her tea?

No. She could not eat.

They had very good biscuits.

As she pleased.

The gentlewoman stepped out for some; and returning on a sudden, she observed the sweet Fugitive endeavouring to restrain a violent burst of grief which she had given way to in that little interval.

However, when the Tea came, she made the lady sit down with her, and asked her abundance of questions about the villages and roads in that neighbourhood.

The gentlewoman took notice to her, *that she seemed to be troubled in mind.*

Tender Spirits, she replied, could not part with dear friends without concern.

She meant *me*, no doubt.

She made no enquiry about a lodging, tho' by the sequel, thou'lt observe, that she seemed to intend to go no farther that night than Hamstead. But after she had drank two dishes, and put a Biscuit in her pocket—[Sweet soul, to serve for her supper perhaps] she laid down half-a-crown; and refusing change, sighing, took leave, saying, she would proceed towards Hendon; the distance to which had been one of her questions.

They offered to send to know, if a Hamstead Coach were not to go to Hendon that evening.

No matter, she said—Perhaps she might meet the chariot.

Another of her *feints*, I suppose; for how, nor with whom, could any-thing of this sort have been concerted since yesterday morning?

She had, as the people took notice to one another, some-

‘ something so uncommonly noble in her air, and in
 ‘ her person and behaviour, that they were sure she
 ‘ was of quality. And having no servant with her of
 ‘ either Sex, her eyes [Her fine eyes, the gentlewoman
 ‘ called them, stranger as she was, and a woman!] be-
 ‘ ing swelled and red, they were sure there was an
 ‘ Elopement in the case, either from parents or guar-
 ‘ dians; for they supposed her too young and too
 ‘ maidenly to be a married Lady: And were she mar-
 ‘ ried, no husband would let such a fine young creature
 ‘ be unattended and alone; nor give her cause for so
 ‘ much grief, as seemed to be settled in her countenance.
 ‘ Then, at times, she seemed to be so bewildered, they
 ‘ said, that they were afraid she had it in her head to
 ‘ make away with herself.

‘ All these things put together, excited their curi-
 ‘ osity; and they engaged a *peery* servant, as they
 ‘ called a footman who was drinking with Kit the host-
 ‘ ler at the taphouse, to watch all her motions. This
 ‘ fellow reported the following particulars, as they were
 ‘ re-reported to me.

‘ She indeed went towards Hendon, passing by the
 ‘ sign of the Castle on the Heath; then, stopping,
 ‘ looked about her, and down into the valley before
 ‘ her. Then, turning her face towards London, she
 ‘ seemed, by the motion of her handkerchief to her
 ‘ eyes, to weep; repenting [Who knows?] the rash step
 ‘ she had taken, and wishing herself back again.’

Better for her, if she do, Jack, once more I say!
 —Woe be to the girl who could think of marrying
 me, yet be able to run away from me, and renounce
 me for ever!

‘ Then, continuing on a few paces, she stopt again;
 ‘ and, as if disliking her road, again seeming to weep,
 ‘ directed her course back towards Hamstead.’

I am glad she wept so much, because no heart bursts
 (be the occasion for the sorrow what it will) which has
 that kindly relief. Hence I hardly ever am moved at
 the sight of these pellucid fugitives in a fine woman.

How

How often, in the past twelve hours, have I wished, that I could cry most confoundedly!

She then saw a Coach-and-four driving towards her empty. She crossed the path she was in, as if to meet it; and seemed to intend to speak to the coachman, had he stopt or spoke first. He as earnestly looked at her. Every one did so, who passed her (so the man who dogged her was the less suspected).—Happy rogue of a coachman, hadst thou known whose notice thou didst engage, and whom thou mightest have obliged!—It was the divine Clarissa Harlowe at whom thou gazedst!—Mine own Clarissa Harlowe!—But it was well for me that thou wert as undistinguishing as the beasts thou drovest; otherwise, what a wild-goose chase had I been led?

The Lady as well as the Coachman, in short, seemed to want resolution; the horses kept on [The fellow's head and eyes, no doubt, turned behind him] and the distance soon lengthened beyond recall. With a wistful eye she looked after him; sighed and wept again; as the servant, who then sily passed her, observed.

By this time she had reached the houses. She looked up at every one, as she passed; now-and-then breathing upon her bared hand, and applying it to her swelled eyes, to abate the redness, and dry the tears. At last, seeing a bill up for letting lodgings, she walked backwards and forwards half a dozen times, as if unable to determine what to do. And then went further into the town; and there the fellow, being spoken to by one of his familiars, lost her for a few minutes: But he soon saw her come out of a linen-draper's shop, attended with a servant-maid, having, as he believed, bought some little matters, and, as it proved, got that maid-servant to go with her to the house she is now at (a).

The fellow, after waiting about an hour, and not seeing her come out, returned, concluding that she had taken lodgings there.

And here, supposing my narrative of the dramatic kind, ends Act the First. And now begins,

ACT II.

SCENE, *Hamstead Heath continued.*

Enter my Rascal.

WILL, having got at all these particulars, by exchanging others as frankly against them, which I had formerly prepared him with both verbally and in writing; I found the people already of my party, and full of good wishes for my success, repeating to me all they told him.

But he had first acquainted me with the accounts he had given them of his Lady and me. It is necessary that I give thee the particulars of his tale—And I have a little time upon my hands; for the maid of the house, who had been out of an errand, tells us, that she saw Mrs. Moore [with whom must be my first business] go into the house of a young gentleman, within a few doors of her, who has a maiden Sister, Miss Rawlins by name, *so notify'd* for prudence, that none of her acquaintance undertake any thing of consequence, without consulting her.

Mean while my honest coachman is walking about Miss Rawlins's door, in order to bring me notice of Mrs. Moore's return to her own house. I hope her gossip's tale will be as soon told as mine. Which take as follows.

Will. told them, before I came, ' That his Lady
' was but lately married to one of the finest gentlemen
' in the world. But that, he being very gay and lively,
' she was *mortal* jealous of him; and in a fit of that
' sort, had eloped from him. For altho' she loved
' him dearly, and he doated upon her (as well he might,
' since, as they had seen, she was the finest creature
' *that ever the sun shone upon*) yet she was apt to be
' very wilful and fullen, if he might take the liberty
' to say so—but truth was truth;—and if she could
' not have her own way in every-thing, would be for
' leaving

‘ leaving him. That she had three or four times played
 ‘ his master such tricks; but with all the virtue and
 ‘ innocence in the world; running away to an intimate
 ‘ friend of hers, who, tho’ a young Lady of honour,
 ‘ was but too indulgent to her in this her *only* failing:
 ‘ for which reason his master had brought her to Lon-
 ‘ don-lodgings; their usual residence being in the
 ‘ country: And that, on his refusing to satisfy her
 ‘ about a Lady he had been seen with in St. James’s
 ‘ Park, she had, for the first time since she came to
 ‘ town, served his master thus: Whom he had left
 ‘ half-distracted on that account.’

And truly well he might, poor gentleman! cried the honest folks, pitying me before they saw me.

‘ He told them how he came by his intelligence of
 ‘ her; and made himself such an interest with them,
 ‘ that they helped him to a change of cloaths for him-
 ‘ self; and the landlord, at his request, privately en-
 ‘ quired, if the Lady actually remained at Mrs. Moore’s;
 ‘ and for how long she had taken the lodgings: Which
 ‘ he found only to be for a week certain: But she had
 ‘ said, that she believed she should hardly stay so long.
 ‘ And then it was that he wrote his Letter, and sent it
 ‘ by honest Peter Partrick, as thou hast heard.’

When I came, my person and dress having answered Will’s description, the people were ready to worship me. I now-and-then sighed, now-and-then put on a lighter air; which, however, I designed should shew more of vexation ill-disguised, than of real chearfulness: And they told Will, It was a thousand pities so fine a Lady should have such *skittish tricks*; adding, that she might expose herself to great dangers by them; for that there were Rakes every-where [*Lovelace’s in every corner, Jack!*] and many about that town, who would leave nothing unattempted to get into her company: And altho’ they might not prevail upon her, yet might they nevertheless hurt her reputation; and, in time, estrange the affections of so fine a gentleman from her.

Good

Good sensible people, these!—Hay, Jack!

Here, Landlord; one word with you.—My servant, I find, has acquainted you with the reason of my coming this way. An unhappy affair, Landlord! A very unhappy affair! But never was there a more virtuous woman.

So, Sir, she seems to be. A thousand pities her Ladyship has such ways—And to so good-humoured a gentleman as you seem to be, Sir.

Mother-spoilt, Landlord!—Mother-spoilt! that's the thing!—But, sighing, I must make the best of it. What I want *you* to do for me, is to lend me a great coat. I care not what it is. If my spouse should see me at a distance, she would make it very difficult for me to get at her speech. A great coat with a cape, if you have one. I must come upon her before she is aware.

I am afraid, Sir, I have none fit for such a gentleman as you.

O, any-thing will do!—The worse the better.

Exit Landlord. Re-enter with two great coats.

Ay, Landlord, This will be best; for I can button the cape over the lower part of my face. Don't I look devilishly down and concerned, Landlord?

I never saw a gentleman with a better-natured look. 'Tis pity you should have such trials, Sir.

I must be very unhappy, no doubt of it, Landlord. And yet I am a little pleased, you must needs think, that I have found her out before any great inconvenience has arisen to her. However, if I cannot break her of these freaks, she'll break my heart; for I do love her with all her failings.

The good woman, who was within hearing of all this, pitied me much.

Pray, your Honour, said she, if I may be so bold, was Madam ever a mamma?

No!—and I sighed—We have been but a little while married; and, as I may say to *you*, it is her own fault

fault that she is not in that way [Not a word of a lye in this, Jack]. But to tell you truth, Madam, she may be compared to the dog in the manger—

I understand you, Sir, (smirking)—She is but young, Sir. I have heard of one or two such skittish young Ladies in my time, Sir.—But when Madam is in that way, I dare say, as she loves you (and it would be strange if she did not!) all this will be over, and she may make the best of wives.

That's all my hope.

She is as fine a Lady as I ever beheld. I hope, Sir, you won't be too severe. She'll get over all these freaks, if once she be a mamma, I warrant.

I can't be severe to her; she knows that. The moment I see her, all resentment is over with me, if she give me but one kind look.

All this time, I was adjusting my horseman's coat, and Will. was putting in the ties of my wig (a), and buttoning the cape over my chin.

I asked the gentlewoman for a little powder. She brought me a powder-box, and I lightly shook the puff over my hat, and flapt one side of it, tho' the lace looked a little too gay for my covering; and flouching it over my eyes, Shall I be known, think you, Madam?

Your Honour is so expert, Sir!—I wish, if I may be so bold, your Lady has not some *cause* to be jealous. But it will be impossible, if you keep your laced cloaths covered, that any-body should know you in that dress to be the same gentleman—Except they find you out by your clocked stockens.

Well observ'd—Can't you, Landlord, lend or sell me a pair of stockens, that will draw over these? I can cut off the feet, if they won't go into my shoes.

He could let me have a pair of coarle, but clean, stirrup-stockens, if I pleased.

The best in the world for the purpose.

He fetch'd them. Will. drew them on; and my legs then made a good gouty appearance.

(a) The fashionable Wigs at that time.

The

The good woman, smiling, wished me success; and so did the landlord: And as thou knowest that I am not a bad mimic, I took a cane, which I borrowed of the landlord, and stooped in the shoulders to a quarter of a foot of less height, and stumped away cross to the Bowling-green, to practise a little the hobbling gait of a gouty man. The landlady whispered her husband, as Will. tells me, He's a good one, I warrant him—I dare say the fault lies not all of one side. While mine host replied, that I was so lively and so good-natured a gentleman, that he did not know who could be angry with me, do what I would. A sensible fellow!—I wish my Charmer were of the same opinion.

And now I am going to try, if I can't agree with goody Moore for lodgings and other conveniencies for my sick wife.

'Wife, Lovelace!' methinks thou interrogatest.

Yes, *wife*; for who knows what cautions the dear Fugitive may have given in apprehension of me?

'But has goody Moore any other lodgings to lett?'

Yes, yes; I have taken care of that; and find that she has just such conveniencies as I want. And I know that my wife will like them. For, altho' married, I can do every-thing I please; and that's a bold word, you know. But had she only a garret to let, I would have liked it; and been a poor author afraid of arrests, and made that my place of refuge; yet would have made shift to pay beforehand for what I had. I can suit myself to any condition, that's my comfort.

* * * *

THE widow Moore return'd! say you—Down, down, flutterer!—This impertinent heart is more troublesome to me than my conscience, I think.—I shall be obliged to hoarsen my voice, and roughen my character, to keep up with its puppily dancings.

But, let me see, Shall I be angry or pleased, when I am admitted to my Beloved's presence?

Angry, to be sure.—Has she not broken her word with me?—At a time too when I was meditating to do

her grateful justice?—And is not breach of word a dreadful crime in good folks? I have ever been for forming my judgment of the nature of things and actions, not so much from what they are in themselves, as from the character of the actors. Thus it would be as odd a thing in such as we to *keep* our words with a woman, as it would be wicked in her to *break* hers to us.

Seest thou not, that this unseasonable gravity is admitted to quell the palpitations of this unmanageable heart? But still it will go on with its boundings. I'll try as I ride in my chariot to *tranquillize*.

‘ Ride, Bob! so little a way?’

Yes, ride, Jack; for am I not lame? And will it not look well to have a lodger who keeps his chariot? What widow, what servant, asks questions of a man with an equipage?

My coachman, as well as my other servant, is under Will's tuition.

Never was there such a hideous rascal as he has made himself. The devil only and his *other* master can know him. They both have set their marks upon him. As to my Honour's mark, it will never be out of *his damn'd roide mothe*, as he calls it. For the dog will be hanged before he can lose the rest of his teeth by age.

I am gone.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq.

Hamstead, Friday Night, June 9.

NOW, Belford, for the Narrative of narratives. I will continue it, as I have opportunity; and that so dextrously, that if I break off twenty times, thou shalt not discern where I piece my thread.

Although grievously afflicted with the gout, I alighted out of my chariot (leaning very hard on my cane with one hand, and on my new servant's shoulder with the other) the same instant almost that he had knocked at the door, that I might be sure of admission into the house.

I took

I took care to button my great coat about me, and to cover with it even the pommel of my sword; it being a little too gay for my years. I knew not what occasion I might have for my sword. I stooped forward; blinked with my eyes to conceal their lustre [No vanity in saying that, Jack!]; my chin wrapt up for the tooth-ach; my flouched, laced hat, and so much of my wig as was visible, giving me, all together, the appearance of an antiquated beau.

My wife, I resolved beforehand, should have a complication of disorders.

The maid came to the door. I asked for her mistress. She shewed me into one of the parlours; and I sat down, with a gouty Oh!—

Enter Goody Moore.

Your servant, Madam—But you must excuse me; I cannot well stand.—I find by the bill at the door, that you have lodgings to lett [Mumbling my words as if, like my man Will, I had lost some of my fore-teeth]: Be pleased to inform me what they are; for I like your situation—And I will tell you my family—I have a wife, a good old woman—Older than myself, by the way, a pretty deal. She is in a bad state of health, and is advised into the Hamstead air. She will have two maid-servants and a footman. The coach or chariot (I shall not have them up both together) we can put up any-where, and the coachman will be with his horses.

When, Sir, shall you want to come in?

I will take them from this very day; and, if convenient, will bring my wife in the afternoon.

Perhaps, Sir, you would board, as well as lodge?

That as you please. It will save me the trouble of bringing my cook, if we do. And I suppose you have servants who know how to dress a couple of dishes. My wife must eat plain food, and I don't love kick-shaws.

We have a single Lady, who will be gone in two or

three days. She has one of the best apartments: That will then be at liberty.

You have one or two good ones mean time, I presume, Madam, just to receive my wife; for we have lost time—These damn'd physicians—Excuse me, Madam, I am not used to curse; but it is owing to the love I have for my wife—They have kept her in hand, till they are ashamed to take more fees, and now advise her to the air. I wish we had sent her hither at first, But we must now make the best of it.

Excuse me, Madam (for she looked hard at me) that I am muffled up thus in this warm weather. I am but too sensible, that I have left my chamber sooner than I ought, and perhaps shall have a return of my gout for it. I came out thus muffled up, with a dreadful pain in my jaws; an ague in them, I believe. But my poor dear will not be satisfied with any-body's care but mine. And, as I told you, we have lost time.

You shall see what accommodations I have, if you please, Sir. But I doubt you are too lame to walk up stairs.

I can make shift to hobble up now I have rested a little. I'll just look upon the apartment my wife is to have. Any-thing may do for the servants: And as you seem to be a good sort of gentlewoman, I shan't stand for a price, and will pay well besides for the trouble I shall give.

She led the way; and I, helping myself by the banisters, made shift to get up with less fatigue than I expected from ancles so weak. But oh! Jack, What was Sixtus the Vth's artful depression of his natural powers to mine, when, as the half-dead Montalto, he gaped for the pretendedly unsought Pontificate, and the moment he was chosen, leapt upon the prancing beast, which it was thought by the amazed conclave he was not able to mount without help of chairs and men? Never was there a more joyous heart and lighter heels than mine, joined together; yet both denied their functions; the one fluttering in secret, ready to burst its bars for relief-
ful

ful expression, the others obliged to an hobbling motion ; when, unrestrained, they would, in their master's imagination, have mounted him to the lunar world without the help of a ladder.

There were three rooms on a floor ; two of them handsome ; and the third, she said, still handsomer, but the Lady was in it.

I saw, I saw she was ! for as I hobbled up, crying out upon my weak ancles, in the hoarse mumbling voice I had assumed, I beheld a little piece of her as she just cast an eye (with the door a-jar, as they call it) to observe who was coming up ; and, seeing such an old clumsy fellow, great-coated in weather so warm, slouched, and muffled up, she withdrew, shutting the door without any emotion. But it was not so with me ; for thou canst not imagine how my heart danced to my mouth, at the very glimpse of her ; so that I was afraid the thump, thump, thumping villain, which had so lately thumped as much to no purpose, would have choked me.

I liked the lodgings well ; and the more as she said the third room was still handsomer. I must sit down, Madam [and chose the darkest part of the room] : Won't you take a seat yourself ?—No price shall part us—But I will leave the terms to you and my wife, if you please : And also whether for board or not. Only please to take This for earnest, putting a guinea into her hand.—And one thing I will say ; My poor wife loves money ; but is not an ill-natured woman. She was a great fortune to me : But, as the real Estate goes away at her death, I would fain preserve her for that reason, as well as for the Love I bear her as an honest man. But if she make too close a bargain with you, tell me ; and unknown to her, I will make it up. This is my constant way : She loves to have her pen'worths ; and I would not have her vexed or made uneasy on any account.

She said, I was a very considerate gentleman ; and, upon

upon the condition I had mentioned, she was content to leave the terms to my Lady.

But, Madam, cannot a-body just peep into the other apartment, that I may be more particular to my wife in the furniture of it?

The Lady desires to be private, Sir—But—And was going to ask her leave.

I caught hold of her hand—However, stay, stay, Madam: It mayn't be proper, if the Lady loves to be private. Don't let me intrude upon the Lady—

No intrusion, Sir, I dare say: The Lady is good-humoured. She will be so kind as to step down into the parlour, I dare say. As she stays so little a while, I am sure she will not wish to stand in my way.

No, Madam, that's true, if she be good-humoured, as you say—Has she been with you long, Madam?

She came but yesterday, Sir—

I believe I just now saw the glimpse of her. She seems to be an elderly Lady.

No, Sir; you're mistaken. She's a young Lady; and one of the handsomest I ever saw.

Cot so, I beg her pardon! Not but that I should have liked her the better, were she to stay longer, if she had been elderly. I have a strange taste, Madam, you'll say, but I really, for my wife's sake, love every elderly woman. Indeed I ever thought Age was to be revered, which made me (taking the fortune into the scale too, *that* I own) make my addresses to my present dear.

Very good of you, Sir, to respect Age: We all hope to live to be old.

Right, Madam.—But you say the Lady is beautiful. Now you must know, that tho' I chuse to converse with the elderly, yet I love to see a beautiful young woman, just as I love to see fine flowers in a garden. There's no casting an eye upon her, is there? without her notice? For in this dress, and thus muffled up about my jaws, I should not care to be seen any more than she, let her love privacy as much as she will.

I will

I will go ask if I may shew a gentleman the apartment, Sir; and, as you are a married gentleman, and not *over*-young, she'll perhaps make the less scruple.

Then, like me, she loves elderly folks best perhaps. But it may be she has suffered by young ones?

I fancy she has, Sir, or is afraid she shall. She desired to be very private; and if by description enquired after, to be denied.

Thou art true woman, goody Moore, thought I!

Good lack!—Good lack!—What may be her Story then, I pray?

She is pretty reserved in her Story; but, to tell you my thoughts, I believe *Love* is in the case: She is always in tears, and does not much care for company.

Nay, Madam, it becomes not me to dive into Ladies Secrets; I want not to pry into other peoples affairs. But, pray, how does she employ herself?—Yet she came but yesterday; so you can't tell.

Writing continually, Sir.

These women, Jack, when you ask them questions by way of information, don't care to be ignorant of any-thing.

Nay, excuse me, Madam, I am very far from being an inquisitive man. But if her case be difficult, and not merely *Love*, as she is a friend of yours, I would give her my advice.

Then you are a Lawyer, Sir—

Why, indeed, Madam, I was some time at the Bar; but I have long left practice; yet am much consulted by my friends in difficult points. In a pauper case I frequently *give* money; but never *take* any from the richest.

You are a very good gentleman, then, Sir.

Ay, Madam, we cannot live always here; and we ought to do what good we can—But I hate to appear officious. If the Lady stay any time, and think fit, upon better acquaintance, to let me into her case, it may be a happy day for her, if I find it a just one; for, you must know, that when I was at the Bar, I

never was such a sad fellow as to undertake, for the sake of a paltry fee, to make white black, and black white; for what would that have been, but to endeavour to establish iniquity by quirks, while I robbed the innocent?

You are an excellent gentleman, Sir: I wish [and then she sighed] I had had the happiness to know there was such a Lawyer in the world; and to have been acquainted with him.

Come, come, Mrs. Moore, I think your name is, it may not be too late—When you and I are better acquainted, I may help *you* perhaps.—But mention nothing of this to the Lady; for, as I said, I hate to appear officious.

This prohibition I knew, if goody Moore answered the specimen she had given of her womanhood, would make her take the first opportunity to tell, were it to be necessary to my purpose that she should.

I appeared, upon the whole, so indifferent about seeing the Room, or the Lady, that the good woman was the more eager I should see both. And the rather, as I, to stimulate her, declared, that there was more required in my eye to merit the character of a handsome woman, than most people thought necessary; and that I had never seen six truly lovely women in my life.

To be brief, she went in; and after a little while came out again. The Lady, Sir, is retired to her closet. So you may go in and look at the room.

Then how my heart began again to play its pug's tricks!

I hobbled in, and stumped about, and liked it very much; and was sure my wife would. I begged excuse for sitting down, and asked, Who was the Minister of the place? If he were a good preacher? Who preached at the Chapel? And if *he* were a good preacher, and good *liver* too, Madam—I must enquire after *That*: For I love, I must needs say, that the Clergy should practise what they preach.

Very right, Sir; but that is not so often the case, as were to be wished.

More's

More's the pity, Madam. But I have a great veneration for the Clergy in general. It is more a satire upon Human nature, than upon the Cloth, if we suppose those who have the *best* opportunities to be good, less perfect than other people. For my part, I don't love *professional* any more than *national* reflections.—But I keep the Lady in her closet. My gout makes me rude.

Then up from my seat stumped I—What do you call these window-curtains, Madam?

Stuff-damask, Sir.

It looks mighty well, truly. I like it better than silk. It is warmer to be sure, and much fitter for lodgings in the country; especially for people in years. The bed is in a pretty taste.

It is neat and clean, Sir: That's all we pretend to.

Ay, mighty well—Very well—A silk camblet, I think—Very well, truly!—I am sure my wife will like it. But we would not turn the Lady out of her lodging for the world. The other two apartments will do for us at the present.

Then stumping towards the closet, over the door of which hung a picture—What picture is that?—Oh! I see: A St. Cæcilia!

A common print, Sir—

Pretty well, pretty well! It is after an Italian master.—I would not for the world turn the Lady out of her apartment. We can make shift with the other two, repeated I, louder still: But yet mumblingly hoarse; for I had as great regard to uniformity in accent, as to my words.

O Belford! to be so near my angel, think what a painful constraint I was under!

I was resolved to fetch her out, if possible: And pretending to be going—You can't agree as to any *time*, Mrs. Moore, when we can have this third room, can you?—Not that [whispered I, loud enough to be heard in the next room; Not that] I would incommode the Lady: But I would tell my Wife *when*-abouts—And women,

women, you know, Mrs. Moore, love to have every thing before them of this nature.

Mrs. Moore, says my Charmer [And never did her voice sound so harmonious to me : Oh how my heart bounded again ! It even talked to me, in a manner ; for I thought I *heard*, as well as felt, its unruly flutters ; and every vein about me seemed a pulse : Mrs. Moore] you may acquaint the gentleman, that I shall stay here only for two or three days at most, till I receive an Answer to a Letter I have written into the country ; and rather than be your hindrance, I will take up with any apartment a pair of stairs higher.

Not for the world !—Not for the world, young Lady, cried I !—My Wife, well as I love her, should lie in a garret, rather than put such a considerate Lady as you seem to be, to the least inconveniency.

She opened not the door yet ; and I said, But since you have so much goodness, Madam, if I could but just look into the closet as I stand, I could tell my wife whether it is large enough to hold a cabinet she much values, and will have with her where-ever she goes.

Then my Charmer opened the door, and blazed upon me, as it were, in a flood of light, like what one might imagine would strike a man, who, born blind, had by some propitious power been blessed with his sight, all at once, in a meridian Sun.

Upon my soul, I never was so strangely affected before. I had much ado to forbear discovering myself that instant : But, hesitatingly, and in great disorder, I said, looking into the closet, and around it, There is room, I see, for my Wife's Cabinet ; and it has many jewels in it of high price ; but, upon my soul [for I could not forbear swearing, like a puppy :—Habit is a cursed thing, Jack—] Nothing so valuable as the Lady I see, can be brought into it.

She started, and looked at me with terror. The truth of the compliment, as far as I know, had taken dissimulation from my accent.

I saw it was impossible to conceal myself longer from

from her, any more than (from the violent impulses of my passion) to forbear manifesting myself. I unbuttoned therefore my cape, I pulled off my flapt slouched hat; I threw open my great coat, and, like the devil in Milton [an odd comparison tho'!]

*I started up in my own form divine,
Touch'd by the beam of her celestial eye,
More potent than Isburriel's spear!—*

Now, Belford, for a similitude—Now for a likeness to illustrate the surprising scene, and the effect it had upon my charmer, and the gentlewoman!—But nothing *was* like it, or equal to it. The plain fact can only describe it, and set it off—Thus then take it.

She no sooner saw who it was, than she gave three violent screams; and, before I could catch her in my arms (as I was about to do the moment I discovered myself) down she sunk at my feet, in a fit; which made me curse my indiscretion for so suddenly, and with so much emotion, revealing myself.

The gentlewoman, seeing so strange an alteration in my person, and features, and voice, and dress, cried out, Murder, help! Murder, help! by turns, for half a dozen times running. This alarmed the house, and up ran two servant-maids, and *my* servant after them. I cried out for water and hartshorn, and every one flew a different way, one of the maids as fast down as she came up; while the gentlewoman ran out of one room into another, and by turns up and down the apartment we were in, without meaning or end, wringing her foolish hands, and not knowing what she did.

Up then came running a gentleman and his sister, fetched, and brought in by the maid who had run down; and who having let in a cursed crabbed old wretch, hobbling with his gout, and mumbling with his hoarse broken-toothed voice, was metamorphosed all at once into a lively gay young fellow, with a clear accent, and all his teeth; and she would have it, that I was neither more nor less than the devil, and could
not

could not keep her eye from my foot; expecting, no doubt, every minute to see it discover itself to be cloven.

For my part, I was so intent upon restoring my angel, that I regarded nobody else. And at last, she slowly recovering motion, with bitter sighs and sobs (only the whites of her eyes however appearing for some moments) I called upon her in the tenderest accent, as I kneeled by her, my arm supporting her head; My Angel! My Charmer! My Clarissa! look upon me, my dearest Life!—I am not angry with you!—I will forgive you, my best Beloved!—

The gentleman and his sister knew not what to make of all this: And the less, when my Fair-one, recovering her sight, snatched another look at me; and then again groaned, and fainted away.

I threw up the closet-lash for air, and then left her to the care of the young gentlewoman, the same notable Miss Rawlins, whom I had heard of at the Flask; and to that of Mrs. Moore; who by this time had recovered herself; and then retiring to one corner of the room, I made my servant pull off my gouty stockings, brush my hat, and loop it up into the usual smart cock.

I then stepped to the closet to Mr. Rawlins, whom, in the general confusion, I had not much minded before.—Sir, said I, you have an uncommon scene before you. The Lady is my wife, and no gentleman's presence is necessary here but my own.

I beg pardon, Sir: *If* the Lady be your Wife, I have no business here. *But*, Sir, by her concern at seeing you—

Pray, Sir, none of your *if's*, and *but's*, I beseech you: Nor *your* concern about the *Lady's* concern. You are a very unqualified judge in this cause; and I beg of you, Sir, to oblige me with your absence. The Women only are proper to be present on this occasion, added I; and I think myself obliged to them for their care and kind assistance.

'Tis well he made not another word: For I found my choler begin to rise. I could not bear, that the
finest

finest neck, and arms, and foot, in the world, should be exposed to the eyes of any man living but mine.

I withdrew once more from the closet, finding her beginning to recover, lest the sight of me too soon, should throw her back again.

The first words she said, looking round her with great emotion, were, O hide me, hide me! Is he gone!—O hide me!—Is he gone!

Sir, said Miss Rawlins, coming to me with an air both peremptory and assured, This is some surprising case. The Lady cannot bear the sight of you. What you have done is best known to yourself. But another such fit will probably be her last. It would be but kind therefore for you to retire.

It behoved me to have so notable a person of my party; and the rather as I had disoblinded her impertinent Brother.

The dear creature, said I, may *well* be concerned to see me. If *you*, Madam, had a Husband who loved you as I love her, you would not, I am confident, fly from him, and expose yourself to hazards, as she does whenever she has not all her way—And yet with a mind not capable of intentional evil—But Mother-spoil! This is her fault, and All her fault: And the more inexcusable it is, as I am the man of her choice, and have reason to think she loves me above all the men in the world.

Here, Jack, was a Story to support to the Lady; face to face too [a]!

You

[a] And here, Belford, lest thou, thro' inattention, shouldst be surprised at my assurance, let me remind thee (and that, thus, by way of marginal observation, that I may not break in upon my Narrative), that this my intrepidity was but a consequence of the measures I had previously concerted (as I have from time to time acquainted thee) in apprehension of such an event as has fallen out. For had not the dear creature already passed for my Wife, before no less than four worthy gentlemen of family and fortune *? And before Mrs. Sinclair, and her household, and Miss Partington?—And had she not agreed to her Uncle's expedient, that she *should*

You *speaks* like a gentleman; you *look* like a gentleman, said Miss Rawlins—But, Sir, this is a strange case; the Lady seems to dread the sight of you.

No wonder, Madam; taking her a little on one side nearer to Mrs. Moore. I have three times already forgiven the dear creature.—But this *jealousy*!—There is a spice of *that* in it—and of *phrensy* too [whispered I, that it might have the face of a secret, and of consequence the more engage their attention]—But our Story is too long—

I then made a motion to go to my Beloved. But they desired that I would walk into the next room; and they would endeavour to prevail upon her to lie down.

I begged that they would not suffer her to talk; for that she was accustomed to Fits, and when in this way, would talk of any-thing that came uppermost: And

pass for such, from the time of Mr. Hickman's application to that Uncle †; and that the worthy Captain Tomlinson should be allowed to propagate that belief; as he had actually reported it to two families (*They possibly to more*); purposely that it might come to the ears of James Harlowe; and serve for a foundation for Uncle John to build his Reconciliation-scheme upon †† And canst thou think, that nothing was meant by all this contrivance? And that I am not still *further* prepared to support my Story?

Indeed, I little thought, at the time that I formed these precautionary Schemes, that she would ever have been able, *if willing*, to get out of my hands. All that I hoped I should have occasion to have recourse to them for, was only, in case I should have the courage to make the grand attempt, and should succeed in it, to bring the dear creature [and *this out of tenderness to her*; for what attention did I ever yet pay to the grief, the execrations, the tears of a woman I had triumphed over?] to bear me in her sight; to expostulate with me; to be pacified by my pleas, and by her own future hopes, founded upon the Reconciliatory-project, upon my reiterated vows, and upon the Captain's assurances—Since, in that case, to forgive me, to have gone on with me *for a week*, would have been to forgive me, to have gone on with me, *for ever*. And then had my eligible Life of Honour taken place; her trials would all have been then over; and she would have known nothing but gratitude, love, and joy, to the end of one of our lives. For never would I, never could I, have abandoned such an admirable creature as this. Thou knowest, I never was a sordid villain to any of her inferiors—Her *inferiors*, I may say—For, who is not her inferior?

† See p. 138. of this Volume. †† Ibid. p. 140.

the more she was suffered to run on, the worse she was; and if not kept quiet, would fall into ravings; which might possibly hold her a week.

They promised to keep her quiet; and I withdrew into the next room; ordering every one down but Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins.

She was full of exclamations. Unhappy creature! miserable! ruined! and undone! she called herself; wrung her hands, and begged they would assist her to escape from the terrible evils she should otherwise be made to suffer.

They preached patience and quietness to her; and would have had her to lie down; but she refused; sinking, however, into an easy chair; for she trembled so, she could not stand.

By this time, I hoped that she was enough recovered to bear a presence, that it behoved me to make her bear; and fearing she would throw out something in her exclamations, that would still more disconcert me, I went into the room again.

O there he is! said she, and threw her apron over her face.—I cannot see him!—I cannot look upon him! —Begone, begone! touch me not!—

For I took her struggling hand, beseeching her to be pacified; and assuring her, that I would make all up with her upon her own terms and wishes.

Base man! said the violent Lady, I have no wishes, but never to behold you more! Why must I be thus pursued and haunted? Have you not made me miserable enough already?—Despoiled of all succour and help, and of every friend, I am contented to be poor, low, and miserable, so I may be free from your persecutions.

Miss Rawlins stared at me [A confident slut this Miss Rawlins, thought I]: So did Mrs. Moore. I told you so! whisperingly said I, turning to the women; shaking my head with a face of great concern and pity; and then to my Charmer, My dear creature, how you rave! You will not easily recover from the effects of
this

this violence. Have patience, my Love. Be pacified; and we will coolly talk this matter over: For you expose yourself, as well as me: These Ladies will certainly think, you have fallen among robbers; and that I am the chief of them.

So you are! so you are! stamping, her face still covered [*She thought of Wednesday night, no doubt*]; and, sighing as if her heart were breaking, she put her hand to her forehead—I shall be quite distracted!

I will not, my dearest Love, uncover your face. You shall *not* look upon me, since I am so odious to you. But this is a violence I never thought you capable of.

And I would have pressed her hand, as I held it, with my lips; but she drew it from me with indignation.

Unhand me, Sir, said she. I will not be touched by you. Leave me to my fate. What right, what title, have you to persecute me thus?

What right, what title, my dear!—But this is not a time—I have a Letter from Captain Tomlinson—Here it is—offering it to her—

I will receive nothing from your hands—Tell me not of Captain Tomlinson—Tell me not of any-body—You have no *right* to invade me thus—Once more leave me to my fate—Have you not made me miserable enough?

I touched a delicate string, on purpose to set her in such a passion before the women, as might confirm the intimation I had given of a phrensical disorder.

What a turn is here!—Lately so happy!—Nothing wanting but a Reconciliation between you and your friends!—That Reconciliation in such a happy train—Shall so *slight*, so *accidental* an occasion be suffered to overturn all our happiness?

She started up with a trembling impatience, her apron falling from her indignant face—Now, said she, that thou *darest* to call the occasion *slight* and *accidental*, and that I am happily out of thy vile hands, and out of a house I have reason to believe *as vile*, traitor and wretch

wretch that thou art, I will venture to cast an eye upon thee—And O that it were in my power, in mercy to my Sex, to look thee first into shame and remorse, and then into death!

This violent Tragedy-speech, and the high manner in which she uttered it, had its desired effect. I looked upon the women, and upon her, by turns, with a pitying eye; and they shook their wise heads, and besought *me* to retire, and *her* to lie down to compose herself.

This hurricane, like other hurricanes, was presently allayed by a shower. She threw herself once more into her armed chair, and begged pardon of the women for her passionate excess; but not of me: Yet I was in hopes, that when compliments were stirring, I should have come in for a share.

Indeed, Ladies, said I [with assurance enough, thou'lt say] this violence is not natural to my Beloved's temper—Misapprehension—

Misapprehension, wretch!—And want I excuses from thee!

By what a scorn was every lovely feature agitated!

Then turning her face from me, I have not patience, O thou guileful betrayer, to look upon thee!—Begone, Begone! With a face so unblushing, how darest thou my presence?

I thought then, that the character of a Husband obliged me to be angry.

You may one day, Madam, repent this treatment:—By my Soul you may. You know I have not deserved it of you—You *know* I have not.

Do I know you have not?—Wretch! Do I know—

You do, Madam—And never did man of my figure and consideration [I thought it was proper to throw that in] meet with such treatment—

She lifted up her hands: Indignation kept her silent.

But all is of a piece with the charge you bring against me of *despoiling you of all succour and help*, of making you *poor* and *low*, and with other unprecedented language. I will only say, before these two gentlewomen,

that since it *must* be so, and since your former esteem for me is turned into so riveted an aversion, I will soon, *very* soon, make you entirely easy. I *will* be gone:—I *will* leave you to *your own fate*, as you call it; and may That be happy!—Only, that I may not appear to be a spoiler, a robber indeed, let me know whither I shall send your apparel, and every-thing that belongs to you, and I will send it.

Send it to this place; and assure me, that you will never molest me more; never more come near me; and that is all I ask of you.

I *will* do so, Madam, said I, with a dejected air. But did I ever think I should be so indifferent to you?—However, you must permit me to insist on your reading this Letter; and on your seeing Captain Tomlinson, and hearing what he has to say from your Uncle. He will be here by-and-by.

Don't trifle with me, said she, in an imperious tone. Do as you offer. I will not receive any Letter from your hands. If I see Captain Tomlinson, it shall be on his *own* account; not on *yours*. You tell me you will send me my apparel: If you would have me believe any-thing you say, let This be the Test of your Sincerity—Leave me *now*, and send my things.

The women stared. They did nothing but stare; and appeared to be more and more at a loss what to make of the matter between us.

I pretended to be going from her in a pet: But when I had got to the door, I turned back; and, as if I had recollected myself, One word more, my dearest creature!—Charming even in your anger!—O my fond soul! said I, turning half-round, and pulling out my handkerchief.

I believe, Jack, my eyes did glisten a little. I have no doubt but they did. The women pitied me. Honest souls! They shewed, that they had each of them a handkerchief as well as I. So, hast thou not observed (to give a familiar illustration) every man in a company of a dozen, or more, obligingly pull out his watch, when

when some one has asked, What's o'clock?—As each man of a like number, if one talks of his Beard, will fall to stroking his chin with his four fingers and thumb.

One word only, Madam, repeated I (as soon as my voice had recovered its tone): I have represented to Captain Tomlinson in the most favourable light the cause of our present misunderstanding. You know what your Uncle insists upon; and which you have acquiesced with. The Letter in my hand [and again I offered it to her] will acquaint you with what you have to apprehend from your Brother's active malice.

She was going to speak in a high accent, putting the Letter from her, with an open palm—Nay, hear me out, Madam—The Captain, you know, has reported our *marriage* to two different persons. It is come to your Brother's ears. My own relations have also heard of it. Letters were brought me from town this morning, from Lady Betty Lawrance and Miss Montague. Here they are [I pulled them out of my pocket, and offered them to her, with That of the Captain; but she held back her still open palm, that she might not receive them]. Reflect, Madam, I beseech you reflect, upon the fatal consequences which this your high resentment may be attended with.

Ever since I knew you, said she, I have been in a wilderness of doubt and error. I bless God that I am out of your hands. I will transact for myself what relates to myself. I dismiss all your solicitude for me. Am I not my own mistress!—Have you any title—

The women stared. [The devil stare ye, thought I, Can ye do nothing but stare?] It was high time to stop her here.

I raised my voice to drown hers—You used, my dearest creature, to have a tender and apprehensive heart—You never had so much reason for such a one as now.

Let me judge for myself, upon what I shall see, not upon what I shall hear—Do you think I shall ever—

I dreaded her going on—I *must* be heard, Madam, raising my voice still higher. You must let me read one paragraph or two of This Letter to you, if you will not read it yourself—

Begone from me, Man!—Begone from me with thy Letters! What pretence hast thou for tormenting me thus—What right—What title—

Dearest creature, what questions you ask! Questions that you can as well answer yourself—

I *can*, I *will*—And *thus* I answer them—

Still louder raised I my voice. She was overborne. Sweet Soul! It would be hard, thought I [and yet I was very angry with her] if such a spirit as thine cannot be brought to yield to such a one as mine!

I lowered my voice on her silence. All gentle, all *intreative*, my accent: My head bowed; one hand held out; the other on my honest heart:—For Heaven's sake, my dearest creature, resolve to see Captain Tomlinson with temper. He would have come along with me: But I was willing to try to soften your mind first on this fatal misapprehension; and This for the sake of your own wishes: For what is it otherwise to me whether your friends are or are not reconciled to us? *Do I want any favour from them?*—For your own mind's sake therefore, frustrate not Captain Tomlinson's negotiation. That worthy Gentleman will be here in the afternoon—Lady Betty will be in town with my Cousin Montague, in a day or two. They will be your visitors. I beseech you do not carry this misunderstanding so far, as that Lord M. and Lady Betty, and Lady Sarah, may know it [*How considerable this made me look to the women!*]. Lady Betty will not let you rest till you consent to accompany her to her own Seat—And to that Lady may you safely entrust your cause.

Again, upon my pausing a moment, she was going to break out. I liked not the turn of her countenance, nor the tone of her voice—“And thinkest thou, base wretch,” were the words she *did* utter. I again raised my voice and drowned hers—*Base wretch*, Madam!

dam!—You know that I have not deserved the violent names you have called me. Words so opprobrious! from a mind so gentle!—But this treatment is from *you*, Madam!—From *you*, whom I love more than my own Soul—By that Soul, I swear that I do—[The women looked upon each other. They seemed pleased with my Ardor. Women, whether Wives, Maids, or Widows, love Ardors. Even Miss Howe, thou knowest, speaks up for Ardors (a)]—Nevertheless, I must say, that you have carried matters too far for the occasion. I see you hate me—

She was just going to speak—If we are to *separate for ever*, in a strong and solemn voice, proceeded I, this Island shall not long be troubled with me. Mean time, only be pleased to give these Letters a perusal, and consider what is to be said to your Uncle's friend; and what he is to say to your Uncle.—Any-thing will I come into (renounce me if you will) that shall make for *your* peace, and for the Reconciliation *your heart was so lately set upon*. But I humbly conceive, that it is necessary, that you should come into better temper with me, were it but to give a favourable appearance to what *has passed*, and weight to any *future application* to your friends, in whatever way you shall think proper to make it.

I then put the Letters into her lap, and retired into the next apartment with a low bow, and a very solemn air.

I was soon followed by the two women. Mrs. Moore withdrew to give the fair Perverse time to read them: Miss Rawlins for the same reason; and because she was sent for home.

The widow besought her speedy return. I joined in the same request; and she was ready enough to promise to oblige us.

I excused myself to Mrs. Moore for the disguise I had appeared in at first, and for the Story I had invented. I told her, that I held myself obliged to satisfy her for

(a) See Vol. III, p. 292. 327.

the whole floor we were upon; and for an upper room for my servant; and that for a month certain.

She made many scruples, and begged she might not be urged on this head, till she had consulted Miss Rawlins.

I consented; but told her, that she had taken my Earnest; and I hoped there was no room for dispute.

Just then Miss Rawlins returned, with an air of eager curiosity; and having been told, what had passed between Mrs. Moore and me, she gave herself airs of office immediately: Which I humoured, plainly perceiving, that if I had *her* with me, I had the other.

She wished, if there were time for it, and if it were not quite impertinent in her to desire it, that I would give Mrs. Moore and her a brief History of an affair, which, as she said, bore the face of Novelty, Mystery, and Surprise: For sometimes it looked to her as if we were married; at other times, that point appeared doubtful; and yet the Lady did not absolutely deny it; but, upon the whole, thought herself highly injured.

I said, That ours was a very particular case: That were I to acquaint them with it, some part of it would hardly appear credible. But however, as they seemed to be persons of discretion, I would give them a brief account of the whole; and this in so plain and sincere a manner, that it should clear up to their satisfaction everything that had passed, or might hereafter pass between us.

They sat down by me, and threw every feature of their faces into attention. I was resolved to go as near the truth as possible, lest any-thing should drop from my Spouse to impeach my veracity; and yet keep in view what passed at the Flask.

It is necessary, altho' thou knowest my whole Story, and a good deal of my views, that thou shouldst be apprised of the substance of what I told them.

' I gave them, in as concise a manner as I was able, the history of our families, fortunes, alliances, antipathies; her Brother's, and mine, particularly. I
' averred

‘averred the truth of our private Marriage.’ The Captain’s Letter, which I will inclose, will give thee my reasons for that: And besides, the women might have proposed a Parson to me by way of compromise. ‘I told them the condition my Spouse had made me swear to; and which she held me to, in order, I said, to induce me the sooner to be reconciled to her Relations.’

‘I owned, that this restraint made me sometimes ready to fly out.’ And Mrs. Moore was so good as to declare, that *she did not much wonder at it.*

Thou art a very good sort of a woman, Mrs. Moore, thought I.

As Miss Howe has actually detected our mother; and might possibly find some way still to acquaint her friend with her discoveries; I thought it proper to prepossess them in favour of Mrs. Sinclair and her two Nieces.

I said, ‘They were Gentlewomen born; that they had not bad hearts; that indeed my Spouse did not love them; they having once jointly taken the liberty to blame her for her over-niceness with regard to me. People, I said, even *good* people, who knew themselves to be guilty of a fault they had no inclination to mend, were too often least patient, when told of it; as they could less bear than others, to be thought indifferently of.’

Too often the case, they owned.

‘Mrs. Sinclair’s house was a very handsome house, and fit to receive the first quality [True enough, Jack!]. Mrs. Sinclair was a woman very easy in her circumstances: A Widow-gentlewoman—as *you*, Mrs. Moore, are. Lets Lodgings—as *you*, Mrs. Moore, do. Once had better prospects—as *you*, Mrs. Moore, may have had: The Relict of Colonel Sinclair: You Mrs. Moore, might know Colonel Sinclair—He had lodgings at Hamstead.’

She had heard of the name.

‘O, he was related to the best families in Scotland:

‘ And his widow is not to be reflected upon, because she lets Lodgings, you know, Mrs. Moore ;—You know, Miss Rawlins.’

Very true, and, Very true : And they must needs say, it did not look quite so pretty in such a Lady as my Spouse, to be so censorious.

A foundation here, thought I, to procure these womens help to get back the Fugitive, or their connivance at least at my doing so ; as well as for anticipating any future information from Miss Howe.

I gave them a character of that Virago : And intimated, ‘ that for a head to contrive mischief, and a heart to execute it, she had hardly, her equal in her Sex.’

To *this* Miss Howe it was, Mrs. Moore said, she supposed, that my Spouse was so desirous to dispatch a man and horse, by day-dawn, with a Letter she wrote before she went to bed last night ; proposing to stay no longer than till she had received an Answer to it.

The very same, said I. I *knew* she would have immediate recourse to her. I should have been but too happy, could I have prevented such a Letter from passing, or so to have managed, as to have it given into Mrs. Howe’s hands, instead of her Daughter’s. Women who had lived some time in the world knew *better*, than to encourage such skittish pranks in young wives.

Let me just stop to tell thee, while it is in my head, that I have since given Will. his cue to find out where the man lives who is gone with the fair Fugitive’s Letter ; and, if possible, to see him on his return, before he sees her.

I told the women, ‘ I despaired that it would ever be better with us while Miss Howe had so strange an ascendancy over my Spouse, and remained herself *unmarried* ; and until the Reconciliation with her friends could be effected ; or a *still* happier event,—as I should think it, who am the last male of my family ; and which my foolish vow, and her rigour, had *hitherto*—

Here

Here I stopt, and looked modest, turning my diamond ring round my finger: While goody Moore looked mighty significant, calling it a very particular case; and the Maiden fanned away, and primm'd and purs'd, to shew, that what I said needed no farther explanation.

'I told them the occasion of our present difference: I avowed the reality of the Fire: But owned, that I would have made no scruple of breaking the unnatural oath she had bound me in (having an Husband's right on my side) when she was so accidentally frighted into my arms: And I blamed myself excessively, that I did not; since she thought fit to carry her resentment so high, and had the injustice to suppose the Fire to be a contrivance of mine.'

Nay, for that matter, Mrs. Moore said—as we were married, and *Madam* was so odd—Every Gentleman would not—And there stopt Mrs. Moore.

'To suppose I should have recourse to such a poor contrivance, said I, when I saw the dear creature every hour—' Was not this a bold put, Jack?

A most extraordinary case, truly! cried the Maiden; fanning, yet coming in with her *Well-buts*; and her sifting *Pray Sir's!* and her restraining *Enough Sir's!*—flying from the question to the question; her seat now-and-then uneasy, for fear my want of delicacy should hurt her abundant modesty; and yet it was difficult to satisfy her super-abundant-curiosity.

'My Beloved's jealousy [and jealousy of itself, to female minds, accounts for a thousand unaccountablenesses] and the imputation of her half-phrensy brought upon her by her Father's wicked curse, and by the previous persecutions she had undergone from all her family, were what I dwelt upon, in order to provide against what might happen.'

In short, 'I owned against myself most of the offences which I did not doubt but she would charge me with in their hearing: And as every cause has a black and a white side, I gave the worst parts of our Story the gentlest turn. And when I had done, acquainted
' them

‘ them with some of the contents of that Letter of Captain Tomlinson, which I had left with the Lady. I concluded with cautioning them to be guarded against the enquiries of James Harlowe, and of Captain Singleton, or of any Sailor-looking men.’

This thou wilt see from the Letter itself was necessary to be done. Here therefore thou mayest read it. And a charming Letter to my purpose wilt thou find it to be, if thou givest the least attention to its contents.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Dear Sir,

Wedn. June 7.

ALTHO’ I am obliged to be in town to-morrow, or next day at farthest, yet I would not dispense with writing to you, by *one of my servants* (whom I send up before me upon a particular occasion) in order to advertise you, *that it is probable you will hear from some of your own relations on your [supposed *] nuptials.* One of the persons (Mr. Lilburne by name) to whom I hinted my belief of your Marriage, happens to be acquainted with Mr. Spurrier, Lady Betty Lawrance’s Steward; and (not being under any restriction) mentioned it to Mr. Spurrier, and he to Lady Betty, as a thing certain: And this (tho’ I have not the honour to be personally known to her Ladyship) brought on an enquiry from her Ladyship to me by her gentleman; who coming to me in company with Mr. Lilburne, I had no way but to confirm the report. And I understand, that Lady Betty takes it amiss, that she was not acquainted with so desirable a piece of news from yourself.

Her Ladyship, it seems, has *business that calls her to town* [and you will possibly chuse to put her right. If you do, it will, I presume, *be in confidence*; that nothing may *perspire* from your *own* family to contradict what I have given out.]

* What is between hooks [] thou mayest suppose, Jack, I sunk upon the women, in the account I gave them of the contents of this Letter.

[I have

[I have ever been of opinion, *That truth ought to be strictly adhered to on all occasions*: And am concerned that I have (tho' with so good a view) departed from my old maxim. But my dear friend Mr. John Harlowe would have it so. Yet I never knew a departure of this kind a *single* departure. But, to make the best of it now, allow me, Sir, once more to beg the Lady, as soon as possible, to authenticate the report given out.] When both you and the Lady join in the acknowledgement of your marriage, it will be impertinent in any one to be inquisitive as to the *day or week*: [And, if as privately celebrated as you intend (while the gentlewomen with whom you lodge are properly instructed, as you say they are, and who actually believe you were married long ago) who shall be able to give a contradiction to my report?]

And yet it is very probable, that minute enquiries will be made; and this is what renders precaution necessary. For Mr. James Harlowe will not believe that you are married; and is sure, he says, that you both lived together when Mr. Hickman's application was made to Mr. John Harlowe: And if you lived together *any* time unmarried, he infers from *your* character, Mr. Lovelace, that it is not probable, that you would ever marry. And he leaves it to his two Uncles to decide, if you even *should be married*, whether there be not room to believe, that his Sister was *first dishonoured*; and if so, to judge of the title she will have to their favour, or to the forgiveness of any of her family. I believe, Sir, this part of my Letter had best be kept from the Lady.

Young Mr. Harlowe is *resolved to find this out*, and to come at his Sister's speech likewise; and for that purpose sets out *to-morrow*, as I am well informed, *with a large attendance armed*; and Mr. Solmes is to be of the party. And what makes him the more earnest to find it out, is this: Mr. John Harlowe has told the whole family, that he will alter and new-settle his will. Mr. Antony Harlowe is resolved to do the same by his; for, it seems, he has now given over all thoughts of changing his condition;

dition; *having lately been disappointed in a view he had of that sort with Mrs. Howe.* These two Brothers generally *act in concert*; and Mr. James Harlowe dreads (and let me tell you, that he has reason for it, on *my* Mr. Harlowe's account) that his younger Sister will be, at last, more benefited than he wishes for, by the alteration intended. He has already been endeavouring to sound his Uncle Harlowe on this subject; and wanted to know whether any *new application* had been made to him on his Sister's part. Mr. Harlowe avoided a direct answer, and expressed his wishes for a general Reconciliation, and his hopes that his Niece were married. This offended the furious young man, and he reminded his Uncle of Engagements they had all entered into at his Sister's going away, *not to be reconciled but by general consent.*

Mr. John Harlowe complains to me often, of the uncontrollableness of his Nephew; and says, that now, that the young man has not any-body of whose superior sense he stands in awe, he observes not decency in his behaviour to any of them. And this makes *my* Mr. Harlowe still more desirous than ever of bringing his younger Niece into favour again. I will not say all I might of this young man's extraordinary rapaciousness:—But one would think, *that these grasping men expect to live for ever!*

‘ I took the liberty but within these two hours, to
 ‘ propose to set on foot (and offered my cover) to a
 ‘ correspondence between *my friend, and his daughter-*
 ‘ *niece*, as he still sometimes fondly calls her. She was
 ‘ mistress of so much prudence, I said, that I was sure
 ‘ she could better direct every-thing to its desirable end,
 ‘ than any-body else could. But he said, he did not
 ‘ think himself entirely at liberty to take such a step *at*
 ‘ *present*; and that it was best that he should have it in
 ‘ his power to say, occasionally, that he had not any
 ‘ correspondence *with* her, or Letter *from* her.

‘ You will see, Sir, from all this, the necessity of
 ‘ keeping our treaty an *absolute Secret*; and if the Lady
 ‘ has

‘ has mentioned it to her *worthy friend* Miss Howe, I
‘ hope it is in confidence.

[And now, Sir, a few lines in answer to yours of Monday last.]

[Mr. Harlowe was very well pleased with your readiness to come into his proposal. But as to what you *both* desire, that he will be present at the ceremony, he said, that his Nephew watched all his steps so narrowly, that he thought it was not practicable (if he were inclinable) to oblige you: But that he consented with all his heart, that I should be the person whom he had stipulated should be privately present at the ceremony on his part.]

[However, I think, I have an *expedient* for this, if your Lady *continues* to be very desirous of her Uncle’s presence (except he should be more determined than his answer to me seemed to import); of which I shall acquaint you, and perhaps of what he says to it, *when I have the pleasure to see you in town*. But, indeed, I think you have *no time to lose*. Mr. Harlowe is impatient to hear, that you are actually one; and I hope I may carry him down word, when I leave you next, that *I saw the Ceremony performed*.]

[If any obstacle arises from the Lady (from *You* it cannot) I shall be tempted to *think a little hardly of her punctilio*.]

Mr. Harlowe hopes, Sir, that you will rather take pains to *avoid*, than to *meet*, this violent young man. He has the better opinion of you, let me tell you, Sir, from the account I gave him of your moderation and politeness; neither of which are qualities with his Nephew. *But we have all of us something to amend*.

You cannot imagine how dearly my friend still loves this excellent Niece of his—I will give you an instance of it, which affected me a good deal—‘ If once more, ‘ said he (the last time but one we were together) I can ‘ but see this sweet child gracing the upper-end of my ‘ table, as mistress of my house, in my *allotted month*; ‘ all the rest of the family present but as her guests; for
‘ so

‘so I formerly *would* have it; and had her *mother’s* consent for it—’ There he stopt; for he was forced to turn his reverend face from me. Tears ran down his cheeks. Fain would he have hid them: But he could not— ‘Yet—yet, said he—how—how—’ (Poor gentleman, he perfectly sobbed)—how shall I be able to bear the ‘first meeting!’

I bless God I am *no hard-hearted man*, Mr. Lovelace: My eyes shewed to my worthy friend, that he had no reason to be ashamed of his humanity before me.

I will put an end to this long epistle. Be pleased to make my compliments acceptable to the most excellent of women; as well as believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful Friend, and humble Servant,

ANTONY TOMLINSON.

During the conversation between me and the women, I had planted myself at the further end of the apartment we were in, over-against the door, which was open; and opposite to the Lady’s chamber-door, which was shut. I spoke so low, that it was impossible for her, at that distance, to hear what we said; and in this situation I could see if her door opened.

I told the women, that what I had mentioned to my Spouse of Lady Betty’s coming to town with her Niece Montague, and of their intention to visit my Beloved, whom they had never seen, nor she them, was real; and that I expected news of their arrival every hour. I then shewed them copies of the other two Letters, which I had left with *her*; the one from Lady Betty, the other from my Cousin Montague.—And here thou mayest read them if thou wilt.

Eternally reproaching, eternally upbraiding me, are my impertinent relations. But they are fond of occasions to find fault with me. Their Love, their Love, Jack, and their dependence on my known good humour, are their inducements.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Dear Nephew,

Wedn. Morn. June 7.

I Understand, that at length all our wishes are answered in your happy Marriage. But I think, we might as well have heard of it directly from you, as from the round-about way by which we have been made acquainted with it. Methinks, Sir, the *power* and the *will* we have to oblige you, should not expose us the more to your slights and negligence. My Brother had set his heart upon giving to you the Wife we have all so long wished you to have. But if you were actually married at the time you made him that request (*supposing, perhaps, that his gout would not let him attend you*) it is but like you *.—If your Lady had *her* reasons to wish it to be private while the differences between her family and self continue, you might nevertheless have communicated it to us with *that* restriction; and we should have forborn the public manifestations of our joy, upon an event we have so long desired.

The distant way we have come to know it, is by my Steward; who is acquainted with a friend of Captain Tomlinson, to whom that gentleman revealed it: And he, it seems, had it from yourself and Lady, with such circumstances as leave it not to be doubted.

I am, indeed, very much disobliged with you: So is Lady Sarah. But I shall have a very speedy opportunity to tell you so in person; being obliged to go to town on my old Chancery-affair. My Cousin Leeson, who is, it seems, removed to Albemarle-street, has notice of it. I shall be at *her* house, where I bespeak your attendance on Sunday night. I have written to my Cousin Charlotte for either her, or her Sister, to meet me at Reading, and accompany me to town. I shall stay but a few days; my business being matter of form only. On my return I shall pop upon Lord M. at M. Hall, to see in what way his last Fit has left him.

* I gave Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins room to think this reproach *just*, Jack.

Mean

Mean time, having told you my mind on your negligence, I cannot help congratulating you both upon the occasion—Your fair Lady particularly, upon her entrance into a family, which is prepared to admire and love her.

My principal intention of writing to you (dispensing with the necessary punctilio) is, that you may acquaint my dear new Niece, that I will not be denied the honour of her company down with me into Oxfordshire. I understand, that your proposed house and equipages cannot be soon ready. She shall be with me till they are. I insist upon it. This shall make all up. My house shall be her own. My servants and equipages hers.

Lady Sarah, who has not been out of her own house for months, will oblige me with her company for a week, in honour of a Niece so dearly beloved, as I am sure she will be of us all.

Being but in lodgings in town, neither You nor your Lady can require much preparation.

Some time on Monday I hope to attend the dear young Lady, to make her my compliments; and to receive *her* apology for *your* negligence: Which, and her going down with me, as I said before, shall be full satisfaction. Mean time, God bless *her* for her courage [Tell her I say so]: And bless you *both* in each other; and that will be happiness to us all—particularly, to

Your truly affectionate Aunt,

ELIZ. LAWRENCE.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Dear Cousin,

AT last, as we understand, there is some hope of you. Now does my good Lord run over his bead-roll of proverbs; of *Black Oxen, Wild Oats, Long Lanes*, and so forth.

Now, Cousin, say I, is your time come; and you will be no longer, I hope, an infidel either to the power or excellence of the Sex you have pretended hitherto so much to undervalue; nor a ridiculer or scoffer at an Institution

stitution which all Sober people reverence, and all Rakes, sooner or later, are brought to reverence, or, to wish they had.

I want to see how you become your silken fetters; Whether the charming yoke sits light upon your shoulders. If, with such a sweet Yoke-fellow it does not, my Lord, and my Sister, as well as I, think, that you will deserve a closer tie about your neck.

His Lordship is very much displeased, that you have not written him word of the Day, the Hour, the Manner, and every-thing. But I ask him, How he can *already* expect any mark of deference or politeness from you? He must stay, I tell him, till that sign of Reformation, among others, appear from the influence and example of your Lady: But that, if ever you will be good for any-thing, it will be quickly seen. And, O Cousin, what a vast, vast, journey have you to take from the dreary Land of Libertinism, thro' the bright Province of Reformation, into the serene Kingdom of Happiness!—You had need to lose no time. You have many a weary step to tread, before you can overtake those travellers, who set out for it from a less remote quarter. But you have a charming Pole-star to guide you; that's your advantage. I wish you joy of it: And as I have never yet expected any highly complaisant thing from you, *I make no scruple to begin first*; but it is purely, I must tell you, in respect to my new Cousin; whose accession into your family we most heartily congratulate and rejoice in.

I have a Letter from Lady Betty. She commands either my attendance or my Sister's at Reading, to proceed with her to town, to Cousin Leeson's. She puts Lord M. in hopes, that she shall certainly bring down with her our lovely new Relation; for she says, she will not be denied. His Lordship is the willinger to let *me* be the person, as I am in a manner wild to see her; my Sister having two years ago had that honour at Sir Robert Biddulph's. So get ready to accompany us in our return; except your Lady has objections strong enough

to satisfy us all. Lady Sarah longs to see her; and says, This accession to the family will supply to it the loss of her beloved daughter.

I shall soon, I hope, pay my compliments to the dear Lady in person: So have nothing to add, but that I am

Your old mad Playfellow and Cousin,

CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

The women having read the copies of these two Letters, I thought that I might then threaten and swagger—‘But very little heart have I, said I, to encourage such a visit from Lady Betty and Miss Montague to my Spouse. For after all, I am tired out with her strange ways. She is not what she was, and (as I told her in your hearing, Ladies) I will leave this plaguy island, tho’ the place of my birth, and tho’ the stake I have in it is very considerable; and go and reside in France or Italy, and never think of myself as a married man, *nor live like one.*’

O dear! said one.

That would be a sad thing! said the other.

Nay, Madam (turning to Mrs. Moore)—Indeed, Madam (to Miss Rawlins)—I am quite desperate. I can no longer bear such usage. I have had the good fortune to be favoured by the smiles of very fine Ladies, tho’ I say it [and I looked modest] both abroad and at home—[*Thou knowest this to be true, Jack.*] With regard to my Spouse here, I had but one hope left (for as to the Reconciliation with her friends, I scorn them all too much to value that, but for her sake); and that was, that if it pleased God to bless us with children, she might entirely recover her usual Serenity; and we might then be happy. But the Reconciliation her heart was so much set upon, is now, as I hinted before, entirely hopeless—Made so, by this rash step of hers, and by the rasher temper she is in; since (as you will believe) her Brother and Sister, when they come to know it, will make a fine handle of it against us both;—

affect-

affecting, as they do at present, to disbelieve our Marriage—and the dear creature herself too ready to countenance such a disbelief—as nothing *more than the Ceremony*—*as nothing more—hem!—as nothing more than the Ceremony*—

Here, as thou wilt perceive, I was bashful; for Miss Rawlins, by her preparatory primness, put me in mind, that it was *proper to be so*—

I turned half round; then facing the Fan-player, and the Matron—You *yourselves*, Ladies, knew not what to believe till *Now*, that I have told you our Story: And I do assure you, that I shall not give myself the same trouble to convince people I hate: People from whom I neither expect nor desire any favour; and who are determined *not* to be convinced. And what, pray, must be the issue, when her Uncle's friend comes, altho' he seems to be a *truly worthy man*? Is it not natural for him to say, 'To what purpose, Mr. Lovelace, should I endeavour to bring about a Reconciliation between Mrs. Lovelace and her friends, by means of her elder Uncle, when a good understanding is wanting between yourselves?'—A fair inference, Mrs. Moore!—A fair inference, Miss Rawlins!—And here is the unhappiness—Till she is reconciled to them, this cursed oath, in her notion, is binding.

The women seemed moved; for I spoke with great earnestness, tho' low—And besides, they love to have their Sex, and its favours, appear of importance to us. They shook their deep heads at each other, and looked sorrowful: And this moved my tender heart too.

'Tis an unheard-of case, Ladies—Had she not preferred me to all mankind—There I stopped—And that, resumed I, feeling for my handkerchief, is, what staggered Captain Tomlinson, when he heard of her flight; who, the last time he saw us together, saw the most affectionate couple on earth!—The most affectionate couple on earth!—in the accent-grievous, repeated I.

Out then I pulled my handkerchief, and putting it to my eyes, arose, and walked to the window—It makes

me weaker than a woman!—Did I not love her, as never man loved *his wife* [I have no doubt but I do, Jack]—

There again I stopt; and resuming—Charming creature, as you see she is, I wish I had never beheld her face!—Excuse me, Ladies; traversing the room. And having rubbed my eyes till I supposed them red, I turned to the women; and, pulling out my Letter-case, I will shew you one Letter—Here it is—Read it, Miss Rawlins, if you please—It will confirm to you, how much all my family are prepared to admire her. I am freely treated in it;—so I am in the two others: But after what I have told you, nothing need be a secret to you two.

She took it, with an air of eager curiosity, and looked at the seal, ostentatiously coronetted; and at the superscription, reading out, *To Robert Lovelace, Esq;*—Ay Madam—Ay, Miss—that's my name [giving myself an air, tho' I had told it to them before] I am not ashamed of it. My Wife's maiden name—*Unmarried* name, I should rather say,—fool that I am!—and I rubbed my cheek for vexation [Fool enough in conscience, Jack!] was Harlowe—Clarissa Harlowe—You heard me call her *My Clarissa*.—

I did—but thought it to be a feigned or Love name, said Miss Rawlins.

I wonder what is Miss Rawlins's Love-name, Jack. Most of the fair Romancers have in their early womanhood chosen Love-names. No parson ever gave more *real* names, than I have given *feignitious* ones. And to very good purpose: Many a sweet dear has answered me a Letter for the sake of owning a name which her godmother never gave her.

No—It was her real name, I said.

I bid her read out the whole Letter. If the spelling be not exact, Miss Rawlins, said I, you will excuse it; the writer is a Lord. But, perhaps, I may not shew it to my Spouse; for if those I have left with her have no effect upon her, neither will this: And I shall not care

to

to expose my Lord M. to her scorn. Indeed I begin to be quite careless of consequences.

Miss Rawlins, who could not but be pleased with this mark of my confidence, looked as if she pitied me.

And here thou mayest read the Letter, N^o. III.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq;

Cousin Lovelace,

M. Hall, Wedn. June 7.

I Think you might have found time to let us know of your nuptials being actually solemnized. I might have expected this piece of civility from you. But perhaps the Ceremony was performed at the very time that you asked me to be your Lady's Father—But I shall be angry if I proceed in my guesses—And *little said is soon amended.*

But I can tell you, that Lady Betty Lawrance, whatever Lady Sarah does, will not so soon forgive you, as I have done. *Women resent slights longer than men.* You that know so much of the Sex (I speak it not however to your praise) might have known *That*. But never was you before acquainted with a Lady of such an amiable character. I hope there will be but one Soul between you. I have before now said, that I will disinherit you, and settle all I can upon her, if you prove not a good Husband to her.

May this Marriage be crowned with a great many fine Boys (I desire no Girls) to build up again a family so antient! The first Boy shall take my surname by act of Parliament. That is in my Will.

Lady Betty and Niece Charlotte will be in town about business *before you know where you are.* They long to pay their compliments to your fair Bride. I suppose you will hardly be at the Lawn when they get to town, because Greme informs me, you have sent no orders there for your Lady's accommodation.

Pritchard has all things in readiness for signing. I will take no advantage of your Slights. Indeed I am too much used to them—More praise to my patience, than to your complaisance, however.

One reason for Lady Betty's going up, as I may tell you *under the rose*, is, to buy some suitable Presents for Lady Sarah and all of us to make on this agreeable occasion.

We would have blazed it away, could we have had timely notice, and thought it would have been agreeable to all round. *The like occasions don't happen every day.*

My most affectionate compliments and congratulations to my new Niece, conclude me, for the present, in violent pains, that with all your heroicalness would make you mad,

Your truly affectionate Uncle,

M.

This Letter clench'd the nail. Not but that, Miss Rawlins said, she saw I had been a wild gentleman; and, truly, she thought so, the moment she beheld me.

They began to intercede for my Spouse (so nicely had I turned the tables) and that I would not go abroad, and disappoint a Reconciliation so much wished for on one side, and such desirable prospects on the other in my own family.

Who knows, thought I to myself, but more may come of this plot, than I had even promised myself? What a happy man shall I be, if these women can be brought to join to carry my Marriage into consummation!

Ladies, you are exceeding good to us both. I should have some hopes, if my unhappily-nice Spouse could be brought to dispense with the unnatural oath she has laid me under. You see what my case is. Do you think I may not insist upon her absolving me from this abominable oath? Will you be so good, as to give your advice, that one apartment may serve for a Man and his Wife at the hour of retirement?—Modestly put, Belford! — And let me here observe, that few Rakes would find a language so decent, as to engage modest women to talk with him in, upon such subjects.

They

They both simpered, and looked upon one another.

These subjects always make women simmer, at least. No *need* but of the most delicate hints to *them*. A man who is gross in a woman's company, ought to be knocked down with a club: For, like so many musical instruments, touch but a single wire, and the dear Souls are sensible all over.

To be sure, Miss Rawlins learnedly said, playing with her Fan, a Casuist would give it, that the matrimonial vow ought to supersede any other obligation.

Mrs. Moore, for her part, was of opinion, that, if the Lady owned herself to be a Wife, she ought to behave *like* one.

Whatever be my luck, thought I, with this *all-eyed* Fair-one, any other woman in the world, from fifteen to five-and-twenty, would be mine upon my own terms before the morning.

And now, that I may be at hand to take all advantages, I will endeavour, said I to myself, to make sure of good quarters.

I am your lodger, Mrs. Moore, in virtue of the Earnest I have given you for these apartments, and for any one you can spare above for my servants: Indeed for *all* you have to spare—for who knows what my Spouse's Brother may attempt? I will pay you your own demand; and that for a month or two certain (Board included) as I shall or shall not be your hindrance. Take *that* as a pledge; or in part of payment—Offering her a thirty pound Bank Note.

She declined taking it; desiring she might consult the Lady first; adding, that she doubted not my Honour; and that she would not lett her apartments to any other person, whom she knew not something of, while I and the Lady were here.

The Lady, The Lady! from both the womens mouths continually (which still implied a doubt in their hearts): And not *Your Spouse*, and *Your Lady*, Sir.

I never met with such women, thought I:—So thoroughly convinced but this moment, yet already

doubting—I am afraid I have a couple of Sceptics to deal with.

I knew no reason, I said, for my Wife to object to my lodging in the same house with her here, any more than in town, at Mrs. Sinclair's. But were she to make such objection, I would not quit possession; since it was not unlikely, that the same freakish disorder which brought her to Hamstead, might carry her absolutely out of my knowledge.

They both seemed embarrassed; and looked upon one another; yet with such an air, as if they thought there was reason in what I said. And I declared myself her Boarder, as well as Lodger; and, dinner-time approaching, was not denied to be the former.

L E T T E R XXXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

I Thought it was now high time to turn my whole mind to my Beloved; who had had full leisure to weigh the contents of the Letters I had left with her.

I therefore requested Mrs. Moore to step in, and desire to know, whether she would be pleased to admit me to attend her in her apartment, on occasion of the Letters I had left with her; or whether she would favour me with her company in the Dining-room?

Mrs. Moore desired Miss Rawlins to accompany her in to the Lady. They tapped at her door, and were both admitted.

I cannot but stop here for one minute, to remark, tho' against myself, upon that Security which Innocence gives, that nevertheless had better have in it a greater mixture of the Serpent with the Dove. For here, heedless of all I could say behind her back, because she was satisfied with her own worthiness, she permitted me to go on with my own Story, without interruption, to persons as great strangers to her as to me; and who, as strangers to *both*, might be supposed to lean to the side most injured: And that, as I managed it, was to mine.

mine. A dear silly Soul, thought I, at the time, to depend upon the goodness of her own heart, when the heart cannot be seen into but by its actions; and she, to appearance, a Runaway, an Elover, from a tender, a most indulgent Husband!—To neglect to cultivate the opinion of individuals, when the whole world is governed by appearance!

Yet, what can be expected of an angel under Twenty?—She has a world of knowledge; knowledge *speculative*, as I may say; but no *Experience*! How should she?—Knowledge by theory only is a vague uncertain light: A Will o' the Wisp, which as often misleads the doubting mind, as puts it right.

There are many things in the world, could a moralizer say, that would afford inexpressible pleasure to a reflecting mind, were it not for the mixture they come to us with. To be graver still; I have seen Parents [Perhaps my own did so] who delighted in those very qualities in their children, while young, the natural consequences of which (too much indulged and encouraged) made them, as they grew up, the plague of their hearts.—To bring this home to my present purpose, I must tell thee, that I adore this charming creature for her vigilant prudence; but yet, I would not, methinks, wish her, by virtue of that prudence, which is, however, necessary to carry her above the *devices* of all the rest of the world, to be too wise for mine.

My Revenge, my *sworn* Revenge, is nevertheless (adore her as I will) uppermost in my heart.—Miss Howe says, that my Love is an *Herodian* Love (a): By my Soul, that Girl's a Witch!—I am half sorry to say, that I find a pleasure in playing the Tyrant over what I love. Call it an ungenerous pleasure, if thou wilt! Softer hearts than mine know it. The women to a woman know it, and *show* it too, whenever they are trusted with power. And why should it be thought strange, that I, who love them so dearly, and study them so much, should catch the infection of them?

(a) See p. 211.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

I Will now give thee the substance of the dialogue that passed between the two women and the Lady.

Wonder not, that a perverse Wife makes a listening Husband. The event, however, as thou wilt find, justified the old observation, *That listeners seldom bear good of themselves*. Conscious of their own demerits, if I may guess by myself [There's ingenuousness, Jack!] and fearful of censure, they seldom find themselves disappointed. There is something of sense, after all, in these proverbs, in these phrases, in this *wisdom of nations*.

Mrs. Moore was to be the messenger; but Miss Rawlins began the dialogue.

Your SPOUSE, Madam—[Devil!—Only to fish for a negative or affirmative declaration.]

Cl. My Spouse, Madam—

Miss R. Mr. Lovelace, Madam, averrs, that you are married to him; and begs admittance, or your company in the Dining-room, to talk upon the subject of the Letters he left with you.

Cl. He is a poor wicked wretch. Let me beg of you, Madam, to favour me with your company as often as possible while he is hereabouts, and I remain here.

Miss R. I shall with pleasure attend you, Madam. But, methinks, I could wish you would see the gentleman, and hear what he has to say, on the subject of the Letters.

Cl. My case is a hard, a very hard one—I am quite bewildered!—I know not what to do!—I have not a friend in the world, that can or will help me!—Yet had none but friends till I knew *that man*!

Miss R. The gentleman neither looks nor talks like a bad man.—Not a very bad man, as men go!

As men go!—Poor Miss Rawlins, thought I!—And dost thou know, *how men go*?

Cl. O

Cl. O Madam, you know him not!—He can put on the appearance of an angel of light; but has a black, a very black heart!—

Poor I!—

Miss R. I could not have thought it, truly!—But men are very deceitful now-a-days?

Now-a-days!—A fool!—Have not her history-books told her, that they were always so?

Mrs. Moore, sighing. I have found it so, I am sure, to my cost!—

Who knows but in her time, poor goody Moore may have met with a *Lovelace*, or a *Belford*, or some such vile fellow?—My little hare-um-scare-um Beauty knows not what strange histories every woman living, who has had the least independence of will, could tell her, were such to be as communicative as she is.—But here's the thing;—I have given her cause enough of offence; but not enough to make her hold her tongue.

Cl. As to the Letters he has left with me, I know not what to say to *them*:—But am resolv'd never to have any-thing to say to *him*.

Miss R. If, Madam, I may be allowed to say so, I think you carry matters very far.

Cl. Has he been making a bad cause a good one with you, Madam?—*That* he can do with those who know him not. Indeed I heard him talking, tho' not what he said, and am indifferent about it. But what account does he give of himself?

I was pleas'd to hear this. To arrest, to stop her passion, thought I, in the height of its career, is a charming presage.

Then the busy *Miss Rawlins* fished on, to find out from her either a *confirmation* or *disavowal* of my Story. Was Lord M. my Uncle?—Did I court her at first with the allowance of her friends, her Brother excepted? Had I a rencounter with that Brother? Was she so persecuted in favour of a very disagreeable man, one *Solmes*, as to induce her to throw herself into my protection?

None

None of these were denied. All the objections she *could* have made, were stified, or kept in, by the consideration (as she mentioned) that she should stay there but a little while; and that her Story was too long. But Miss Rawlins would not be thus easily answered.

Miss R. He says, Madam, that he could not prevail for Marriage, till he had consented, under a solemn oath, to separate Beds, while your family remained unreconciled.

Cl. O the wretch!—What can be still in his head, to endeavour to pass these Stories upon strangers?

So no direct denial, thought I!—Admirable!—All will do by-and-by!

Miss R. He has owned, that an accidental Fire had frightened you very much on Wednesday night—And that—And that—And that—an accidental Fire had frightened you—Very much frightened you—last Wednesday night!

Then, after a short pause—In short, He owned, That he had taken some innocent liberties, which might have led to a breach of the oath you had imposed upon him: And that This was the cause of your displeasure.

I would have been glad to see how my Charmer then looked.—To be sure she was at a loss in her own mind, to justify herself for resenting so highly an offence so trifling.—She hesitated—Did not presently speak—When she did, she wished, That she, Miss Rawlins, might never meet with any man who would take such innocent liberties with *her*.

—Miss Rawlins pushed further.

Your case, to be sure, Madam, is very particular. But if the hope of a Reconciliation with your own friends is made more distant by your leaving him, give me leave to say, That 'tis pity—'tis pity—[I suppose the maiden then prim'd, fann'd, and blush'd;—'tis pity] the oath cannot be dispensed with; especially as he owns, he has not been so strict a liver.—

I could have gone in, and kissed the girl.

Cl. You have heard *his* Story. Mine, as I told you before,

before, is too long, and too melancholy; my disorder on seeing the wretch is too great; and my time here is too short, for me to enter upon it. And if he has any end to serve by his own vindication, in which I shall not be a *personal* sufferer, let him make himself appear as white as an angel; with all my heart.

My Love for her, and the excellent character I gave her, were then pleaded.

Cl. Specious seducer! — Only tell me, if I cannot get away from him by some backway?

How my heart then went *pit-a-pat*! to speak in the female dialect.

Cl. Let me look out—[I heard the Sash lifted up] Whither does that path lead to? Is there no possibility of getting to a coach?—Surely, he must deal with some fiend, or how could he have found me out?—Cannot I steal to some neighbouring house, where I may be concealed till I can get quite away?—You are good people!—I have not been always among such!—O help me, help me, Ladies [with a voice of impatience] or I am ruined!

Then pausing, Is that the way to Hendon? [pointing, I suppose] — Is Hendon a private place? — The Hamstead coach, I am told, will carry passengers thither.

Mrs. Moore. I have an honest friend at Mill-hill [Devil fetch her, thought I!]; where, if such be your determination, Madam, and if you think yourself in danger, you may be safe, I believe.

Cl. Any-whither, if I can but escape from *this man*! — Whither does that path lead to; out yonder? — What is that town on the right-hand called?

Mrs. M. Highgate, Madam.

Miss R. On the side of the Heath is a little village called North-end. A kinswoman of mine lives there. But her house is small. I am not sure she could accommodate such a Lady.

Devil take *her* too, thought I! — I imagined, that I had made myself a better interest in these women. But the whole Sex love plotting — And plotters too, Jack.

Cl. A barn, an outhouse, a garret, will be a palace to me, if it will but afford me a refuge from *this man!*—

Her senses, thought I, are much livelier than *mine*. What a devil have I done, that she should be so *very* implacable!—I told thee, Belford, All I did: Was there any thing in it so *very* much amiss!—Such prospects of Family-reconciliation before her too!—To be sure she is a very *sensible* Lady!—

She then espied my new servant walking under the window, and asked, If he were not one of mine?—

Will. was on the look-out for old Grimes [So is the fellow called whom my Beloved has dispatched to Miss Howe]. And being told, that the man she saw *was* my servant; I see, said she, that there is no escaping, unless you, Madam [to Miss Rawlins, I suppose] can befriend me till I can get farther. I have no doubt that that fellow is planted about the house to watch my steps. But the wicked wretch his master has no *right* to controul me. He shall not hinder me from going whither I please. I will raise the town upon him, if he molests me. Dear Ladies, is there no back-door for me to get out at while you hold him in talk?

Miss R. Give me leave to ask you, Madam, Is there no room to hope for accommodation? Had you not better see him? He certainly loves you dearly: He is a fine gentleman: You may exasperate him, and make matters more unhappy for yourself.

Cl. O Mrs. Moore, O Miss Rawlins! you know not the man!—I wish not to see his face, nor to exchange another word with him as long as I live.

Mrs. Moore. I don't find, Miss Rawlins, that the gentleman has misrepresented any thing. You see, Madam [to my Clarissa] how respectful he is; not to come in till permitted. He certainly loves you dearly. Pray, Madam, let him talk to you, as he wishes to do, on the subject of the Letters.

Very kind of Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Moore, thought I, is a very good woman. I did not curse her then.

Miss

Miss Rawlins said something ; but so low, that I could not hear what it was. Thus it was answered.

Cl. I am greatly distressed ! I know not what to do ! —But, Mrs. Moore, be so good as to give his Letters to him—Here they are.—Be pleased to tell him, That I wish him and Lady Betty and Miss Montague a happy meeting. He never can want excuses to them for what has happened, any more than pretences to those he would delude. Tell him, That he has ruined me in the opinion of my own friends. I am for that reason the less solicitous how I appear to his.

Mrs. Moore then came to me ; and I, being afraid that something would pass mean time between the other two, which I should not like, took the Letters, and entered the room, and found them retired into the closet ; my Beloved whispering with an air of earnestness to Miss Rawlins, who was all attention.

Her back was towards me ; and Miss Rawlins, by pulling her sleeve, giving intimation of my being there, Can I have no retirement uninvaded, Sir, said she, with indignation, as if she were interrupted in some talk her heart was in ?—What business have you here, or with me ?—You have your Letters ; have you not ?

Lovel. I have, my dear ; and let me beg of you to consider what you are about. I every moment expect Captain Tomlinson here. Upon my Soul, I do. He has promised to keep from your Uncle what has happened : But what will he think if he find you hold in this strange humour ?

Cl. I will endeavour, Sir, to have patience with you for a moment or two, while I ask you a few questions before this Lady, and before Mrs. Moore [who just then came in] both of whom you have prejudiced in your favour by your specious Stories :—Will you say, Sir, that we are married together ? Lay your hand upon your heart, and answer me, Am I your wedded Wife ?

I am gone too far, thought I, to give up for such a push as this, home-one as it is.

My

My dearest Soul! how can you put such a question? Is it either for *your* honour or *my own*, that it should be doubted?—Surely, surely, Madam, you cannot have attended to the contents of Captain Tomlinson's Letter.

She complained often of want of spirits throughout our whole contention, and of weakness of person and mind, from the fits she had been thrown into: But little reason had *she* for this complaint, as I thought, who was able to hold me to it, as she did. I own that I was excessively concerned for her several times.

You and I! *Vilest of men*—

My name is Lovelace, Madam—

Therefore it is, that I call you the *vilest of men* [Was this pardonable, Jack?]*—You and I* know the truth, the *whole* truth—I want not to clear up my reputation with these gentlewomen:—That is already lost with every one I had most reason to value: But let me have this *new* specimen of what you are capable of—Say, wretch (Say, Lovelace, if thou hadst rather) Art thou really and truly my wedded Husband?—Say! answer without hesitation.

She trembled with impatient indignation; but had a wildness in her manner, which I took some advantage of, in order to parry this cursed thrust. And a cursed thrust it was; since, had I positively averred it, she never would have believed any-thing I said: And had I owned that I was not married, I had destroyed my own plot, as well with the women as with her; and could have no pretence for pursuing her, or hindering her from going whithersoever she pleased. Not that I was ashamed to averr it, had it been consistent with policy. I would not have thee think me such a milksop neither.

Lovel. My dearest Love, how wildly you talk! What would you *have* me answer? Is it necessary that I *should* answer? May I not re-appeal this to your own Breast, as well as to Captain Tomlinson's Treaty and Letter? You know yourself how matters stand between us.—And Captain Tomlinson—

Cl. O wretch! Is this an answer to my question? Say, Are we married, or are we not?

Lovel. What makes a Marriage, we all know. If it be the Union of two hearts, [There was a turn, Jack!] to my utmost grief, I must say we are *not*; since now I see you hate me. If it be the Completion of Marriage, to my confusion and regret, I must own we are *not*. But, my dear, will you be pleased to consider what answer half a dozen people whence you came, could give to your question? And do not now, in *the disorder of your mind*, and in the height of passion, bring into question before these gentlewomen a point you have acknowledged before those who know us better.

I would have whispered her about the Treaty with her Uncle, and about the contents of the Captain's Letter; but, retreating, and with a rejecting hand, Keep thy distance, *man*, cried the dear insolent—To thy own heart I appeal, since thou evadest me thus pitifully!—I own no Marriage with thee!—Bear witness, Ladies, I do not. And cease to torment me, cease to follow me.—Surely, surely, faulty as I have been, I have not deserved to be *thus* persecuted!—I resume, therefore, my former language: You have no right to pursue me: You *know* you have not: Begone, then; and leave me to make the best of my hard lot. O my dear cruel Father! said she, in a violent fit of grief [falling upon her knees, and clasping her uplifted hands together] thy heavy curse is completed upon thy devoted Daughter! I am *punished*, dreadfully punished, *by* *the* *very* *wretch* *in* *whom* *I* *had* *placed* *my* *wicked* *confidence*!

By my Soul, Belford, the little witch with her words, but more by her manner, moved *me*! Wonder not then, that her action, her grief, her tears, set the women into the like compassionate manifestations.

Had not I cursed task of it?

The two women withdrew to the further end of the room, and whispered, A strange case! There is no phrensy here—I just heard said.

The charming creature threw her handkerchief over her head and neck, continuing kneeling, her back to-

wards me, and her face hid upon a chair, and repeatedly sobbed with grief and passion.

I took this opportunity to step to the women, to keep them steady.

You see Ladies, [whispering] what an unhappy man I am! You see what a spirit this dear creature has!—All, all owing to her implacable Relations, and to her Father's Curse. — A curse upon them all; they have turned the head of the most charming woman in the world!

Ah! Sir, Sir, replied Miss Rawlins, whatever be the fault of her Relations, all is not as it should be between you and her. 'Tis plain she does not think herself married: 'Tis *plain* she does not: And if you have any value for the poor Lady, and would not totally deprive her of her senses, you had better withdraw, and leave to time and cooler consideration the event in your favour.

She will compel me to this at last, I fear, Miss Rawlins; I *fear* she will; and then we are both undone: For I cannot live without her; she knows it too well: And she has not a friend who will look upon her: This also she knows. Our Marriage, when her Uncle's friend comes, will be proved incontestably. But I am ashamed to think I have given her room to believe it no Marriage: That's what she harps upon!

Well, 'tis a strange case, a very strange one, said Miss Rawlins; and was going to say further, when the angry Beauty, coming towards the door, said, Mrs. Moore, I beg a word with you. And they both stepped into the Dining-room.

I saw her, just before, put a parcel into her pocket, and followed them out, for fear she should slip away; and stepping to the stairs, that she *might not go by me*, Will. cried I, aloud [tho' I knew he was not near]—Pray, child, to a maid, who answered, call either of my servants to me.

She then came up to me, with a wrathful countenance: Do you call your servant, Sir, to hinder me, between you, from going whither I please?

Don't,

Don't, my dearest life, misinterpret every-thing I do. Can you think me so mean and so unworthy as to employ a servant to constrain you?—I call him to send to the public houses, or inns in this town, to enquire after Captain Tomlinson, who may have alighted at some one of them, and be now, perhaps, needlessly adjusting his dress; and I would have him come, were he to be without cloaths, God forgive me! for I am stabbed to the heart by your cruelty.

Answer was returned, that neither of my servants was in the way.

Not in the way, said I!—Whither can the dogs be gone?

O Sir! with a scornful air; Not far, I'll warrant. One of them was under the window just now; according to order, I suppose, to watch my steps—But I will do what I please, and go whither I please; and that to your face.

God forbid, that I should hinder you in any-thing that you may do with safety to yourself!

Now I verily believe, that her design was, to slip out in pursuance of the closet-whispering between her and Miss Rawlins; perhaps to Miss Rawlins's house.

She then stepped back to Mrs. Moore, and gave her something, which proved to be a diamond ring, and desired her (not whisperingly, but with an air of defiance to me) that That might be a pledge for her, till she defrayed her demands; which she should soon find means to do; having no more money about her, than she might have occasion for before she came to an acquaintance's.

Mrs. Moore would have declined taking it; but she would not be denied; and then, wiping her eyes, she put on her gloves—Nobody has a right to stop me, said she!—*I will go!*—Whom should I be afraid of?—Her very question, charming creature! testifying her fear.

I beg pardon, Madam [turning to Mrs. Moore, and courtesying] for the trouble I have given you.—I beg pardon, Madam, to Miss Rawlins [courtesying likewise

to her]—You may both hear of me in a happier hour, if such a one falls to my lot—And God bless you both!—struggling with her tears till she sobbed—and away was tripping.

I stepped to the door: I put it to; and setting my back against it, took her struggling hand—My dearest life! My angel! said I, why will you thus distress me?—Is this the forgiveness which you so solemnly promised?—

Unhand me, Sir!—You have no business with me! You have no right over me! You *know* you have not.

But whither, whither, my dearest Love, would you go?—Think you not that I will follow you, were it to the world's end?—Whither would you go?

Well do you ask me, Whither I would go, who have been the occasion that I have not a friend left!—But God, who knows my innocence, and my upright intentions, will not wholly abandon me when I am out of your power—But while in it, I cannot expect a gleam of the Divine grace or favour to reach me.

How severe is this!—How shockingly severe!—Out of *your* presence, my angry Fair-one! I can neither hope for the one nor the other. As my Cousin Montague, in the Letter you have read, observes, You are my pole-star, and my guide; and if ever I am to be happy, either here or hereafter, it must be in and by you.

She would then have opened the door. But I respectfully opposing her, Begone, Man! Begone, Mr. Lovelace, said she: Stop not my way. If you would not that I should attempt the window, give me passage by the door; for, once more, you have *no right to detain me*.

Your resentments, my dearest life, I will own to be well grounded. I will acknowledge, that I have been all in fault. On my knee [and down I dropt] I ask your pardon. And can you refuse to ratify your own *promise*?—Look forward to the happy prospect before us. See you not my Lord M. and Lady Sarah longing to
bless

bless *you*, for blessing me, and their whole family? Can you take no pleasure in the promised visit of Lady Betty and my Cousin Montague? And in the protection *they* offer you, if you are dissatisfied with *mine*? Have you no wish to see your Uncle's friend? Stay only till Captain Tomlinson comes. Receive from him the news of your Uncle's compliance with the wishes of both.

She seemed altogether distressed; was ready to sink; and forced to lean against the wainscot, as I kneeled at her feet. A stream of tears at last burst from her less indignant eyes—Good heaven, said she, lifting up her lovely face, and clasped hands, what is at last to be my destiny!—Deliver me from this dangerous man; and direct me! I know not what I do; what I can do; nor what I ought to do!

The women, as I had owned our Marriage to be but half completed, heard nothing in this whole scene to contradict (not flagrantly to contradict) what I had asserted: They believed they saw in her returning temper, and staggered resolution, a Love for me, which her indignation had before suppressed; and they joined to persuade her to tarry till the Captain came, and to hear his proposals; representing the dangers to which she would be exposed; the fatigues she might endure; a Lady of her appearance, unguarded, unprotected. On the other hand, they dwelt upon my declared contrition, and on my promises; for the performance of which they offered to be bound. So much had my kneeling humility affected them.

Women, Jack, tacitly acknowledge the inferiority of their Sex, in the pride they take to behold a kneeling Lover at their feet.

She turned from me, and threw herself into a chair.

I arose, and approached her with reverence. My dearest creature, said I—and was proceeding—But, with a face glowing with conscious dignity, she interrupted me—Ungenerous, ungrateful Lovelace!—You know not the value of the heart you have insulted!

Nor can you conceive how much my soul despises your meanness. But meanness must ever be the portion of the man, who can act vilely!—

The women believing we were likely to be on better terms, retired. The dear Perverse opposed their going; but they saw I was desirous of their absence. And when they had withdrawn, I once more threw myself at her feet, and acknowledged my offences; implored her forgiveness for this one time, and promised the exactest circumspection for the future.

It was impossible for her, she said, to keep her *Memory* and *forgive* me. What hadst thou *seen* in the conduct of Clarissa Harlowe, that should encourage such an insult upon her, as thou didst dare to make? How meanly must thou think of *her*, that *thou* couldst presume to be so guilty, and expect *her* to be so weak, as to forgive thee?

I besought her to let me read over to her Captain Tomlinson's Letter. I was sure it was impossible she could have given it the requisite attention.

I *have* given it the requisite attention, said she; and the other Letters too. So that what I say, is upon deliberation. And what have I to fear from my Brother and Sister?—They can but *complete* the ruin of my Fortunes with my Father and Uncles. Let them, and welcome. You, Sir, I thank you, have lowered my Fortunes: But I bless God, that my Mind is not sunk with my Fortunes. It is, on the contrary, raised above Fortune, and above You; and for half a word, they shall have the Estate they have envied me for, and an acquittal from me of all expectations from my family that may make them uneasy.

I lifted up my hands and eyes in silent admiration of her.

My Brother, Sir, may think me ruined. To the praise of *your* character, he may think it impossible to be with *you*, and be innocent. You have but too well justified their harshest censures by every part of your conduct. But now, that I have escaped from you, and
that

that I am out of the reach of your mysterious devices, I will wrap myself up in mine own Innocence [and then the passionate Beauty folded her arms about herself] and leave to time, and to my future circumspection, the re-establishment of my character.—Leave me then, Sir—Pursue me not!—

Good Heaven! interrupting her—And all this, for what?—Had I *not* yielded to your entreaties (Forgive me, Madam), you could not have carried farther your resentments—

Wretch!—Was it not crime enough to give *occasion* for those *entreaties*? Wouldst thou make a merit to me, that thou didst not utterly ruin *her* whom thou oughtest to have protected?—Begone, man! turning from me, her face crimsoned over with passion—See me no more!—I cannot bear thee in my sight!—

Dearest, dearest creature!—

If I forgive thee, Lovelace—And there she stopped. To endeavour, proceeded she, to endeavour, by *premeditation*, by *low contrivance*, by *cries of Fire*—to terrify a poor creature who had consented to take a wretched chance with thee for life!

For Heaven's sake — offering to take her repulsing hand, as she was flying from me towards the closet—

What hast thou to do, to plead the sake of Heaven in thy favour, O darkest of human minds!

Then turning *from me*, wiping her eyes, and again turning *towards me*, but her sweet face half aside, What difficulties hast thou involved me in!—*Thou that badst a plain path before thee*, after thou hadst betrayed me into thy power—At once my mind takes in the whole of thy crooked behaviour; and if thou thinkest of Clarissa Harlowe as her proud heart tells her thou oughtest to think of her, thou wilt seek thy fortunes elsewhere. How often hast thou provoked me to tell thee, that my Soul is above thee?

For Heaven's sake, Madam, for a Soul's sake, which it is in your power to save from perdition, forgive me the past offence. I am the greatest villain on earth,

if it was a premeditated one. Yet I presume not to excuse myself. On your mercy I throw myself. I will not offer at any plea, but that of penitence. See but Captain Tomlinson. See but Lady Betty and my Cousin; let *them* plead for me; let *them* be guaranties for my honour.

If Captain Tomlinson come while I stay here, I may see *him*. But as for *you*, Sir—

Dearest creature! let me beg of you not to aggravate my offence to the Captain, when he comes. Let me beg of you—

What askest thou?—Is it not, that I shall be of party against myself?—That I shall palliate—

Do not charge me, Madam, interrupted I, with villainous premeditation! — Do not give such a construction to my offence, as may weaken your Uncle's opinion—as may strengthen your Brother's—

She flung from me to the further end of the room; [*She could go no further*].—And just then Mrs. Moore came up, and told her, that dinner was ready; and that she had prevailed upon Miss Rawlins to give her her company.

You must excuse me, Mrs. Moore, said she. Miss Rawlins I hope also will—But I cannot eat—I cannot go down. As for *you*, Sir, I suppose you will think it right to depart hence; at least till the gentleman comes whom you expect.

I respectfully withdrew into the next room, that Mrs. Moore might acquaint her (I durst not, myself) that I was her Lodger and Boarder, as (whisperingly) I desired she would: And meeting Miss Rawlins in the passage, Dearest Miss Rawlins, said I, stand my friend: Join with Mrs. Moore to pacify my Spouse, if she has any new flights upon my having taken lodgings, and intending to board here. I hope she will have more generosity than to think of hindering a gentlewoman from letting her lodgings.

I suppose Mrs. Moore (whom I left with my Fair-one) had apprised her of this before Miss Rawlins went in;

in; for I heard her say, while I with-held Miss Rawlins—‘No, indeed: He is much mistaken—Surely he does not think I will.’

They both expostulated with her, as I could gather from bits and scraps of what they said; for they spoke so low, that I could not hear any distinct sentence, but from the fair Perverse, whose anger made her louder. And to this purpose I heard her deliver herself in answer to different parts of their talk to her:—‘Good Mrs. Moore, dear Miss Rawlins, press me no further—
‘—I cannot sit down at table with him!’

They said something, as I suppose in my behalf—
‘O the insinuating wretch!—What defence have I against a man, who, go where I will, can turn every one, even of the virtuous of my Sex, in his favour?’

After something else said, which I heard not distinctly,—‘This is execrable cunning!—Were you to know his wicked heart, he is not without hope of engaging you two good persons to second him in the vilest of his machinations.’

How came she (thought I at the instant) by all this penetration? My devil surely does not play me booty. If I thought he did, I would marry, and live honest, to be even with him.

I suppose then, they urged the plea which I hinted to Miss Rawlins at going in, that she would not be Mrs. Moore’s hindrance; for thus she expressed herself—‘He will no doubt pay you your own price. You need not question his liberality. But one house cannot hold us. Why, if it would, did I fly from him, to seek refuge among strangers?’

Then, in answer to somewhat else they pleaded—
‘Tis a mistake, Madam; I am *not* reconciled to him. I will believe nothing he says. Has he not given you a flagrant specimen of what a man he is, and of what he is capable, by the disguises you saw him in? My Story is too long, and my Stay here will be but short; or I could convince you, that my resentments against him are but too well founded.’

I sup-

I suppose then, that they pleaded for *her* leave, for *my* dining with them: For she said; 'I have nothing to say to that—It is your own house, Mrs. Moore—' It is your own table—You may admit whom you please to it—Only leave me at my liberty to chuse my company.'

Then in answer, as I suppose, to their offer of sending her up a plate—'A bit of bread, if you please, and a glass of water: That's all I can swallow at present. I am really very much discomposed. Saw you not how bad I was?—Indignation only could have supported my spirits!'

'I have no objection to his dining with you, Madam;' added she, in reply, I suppose, to a farther question of the same nature—'But I will not stay a night in the house, where he lodges.'

I presume Miss Rawlins had told her, that she would not stay dinner—for she said, 'Let me not deprive Mrs. Moore of your company, Miss Rawlins. You will not be displeased with his talk. He can have no design upon you.'

Then I suppose they pleaded what I might say behind her back, to make my own Story good;—'I care not what he says, or what he thinks of *me*. Repentance and Amendment are all the harm I wish him, whatever becomes of me!'

By her accent, she wept when she spoke these last words.

They came out both of them wiping their eyes; and would have persuaded me to relinquish the lodgings; and to depart till her Uncle's friend came. But I knew better. I did not care to trust the devil, well as she and Miss Howe suppose me to be acquainted with him, for finding her out again, if once more she escaped me.

What I am most afraid of, is, that she will throw herself among her own relations; and if she does, I am confident they will not be able to withstand her affecting eloquence. But yet, as thou'lt see, the Captain's Letter to me is admirably calculated to obviate my apprehensions

prehensions on this score; particularly in that passage, where it is said, that her Uncle thinks not himself at liberty to correspond directly with her, or to receive applications from her—*But thro' Captain Tomlinson*, as is strongly implied (a).

I must own (notwithstanding the Revenge I have so solemnly vowed) that I would very fain have made for her a merit with myself *in her returning favour*, and have owed as little as possible to the mediation of Capt. Tomlinson. My pride was concerned in this: And this was one of my reasons for not bringing him with me. Another was; That, if I were obliged to have recourse to his assistance, I should be better able (by visiting her without him) to direct him what to say or to do, as I should find out the turn of her humour.

I was, however, glad at my heart, that Mrs. Moore came up so seasonably with notice, that dinner was ready. The fair Fugitive was all in Alt. She had the game in her own hands; and by giving me so good an excuse for withdrawing, I had time to strengthen myself; the Captain had time to come; and the Lady to cool. Shakespeare advises well,

*Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its force;
But give it way awhile, and let it waste.
The rising deluge is not stopt with dams;
Those it o'erbears, and drowns the hope of harvest.
But, wisely manag'd, its divided strength
Is sluic'd in chanel, and securely drain'd:
And when its force is spent, and unsupply'd,
The residue with mounds may be restrain'd,
And dry-shod we may pass the naked ford.*

I went down with the women to dinner. Mrs. Moore sent her fair Boarder up a plate; but she only eat a little bit of bread, and drank a glass of water. I doubted not but she would keep her word, when it was once gone out. Is she not an Harlowe?—She seems to be enuring herself to hardships, which at the worst

(a) See p. 268.

she can never know; since, tho' she should ultimately refuse to be obliged to me, or (to express myself more suitably to my own heart) to *oblige me*, every one who sees her must befriend her.

But let me ask thee, Belford, Art thou not solicitous for me in relation to the contents of the Letter which the angry Beauty has written and dispatched away by man and horse; and for what may be Miss Howe's answer to it? Art thou not ready to enquire, Whether it be not likely that Miss Howe, when she knows of her saucy friend's flight, will be concerned about her Letter, which she must know could not be at Wilson's till after that flight; and so, probably, would fall into my hands?—

All these things, as thou'lt see in the sequel, are provided for with as much contrivance as human foresight can admit.

I have already told thee, that Will. is upon the lookout for old Grimes.—Old Grimes is it seems a gossiping, sottish rascal; and if Will. can but light of him, I'll answer for the consequence: For has not Will. been my servant upwards of Seven years?

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Mr. LOVELACE. In Continuation.

WE had at dinner, besides Miss Rawlins, a young Widow-niece of Mrs. Moore, who is come to stay a month with her Aunt—*Bevis* her name; very forward, very lively, and a great admirer of *me*, I assure you;—hanging smirkingly upon all I said; and prepared to approve of every word before I spoke: And who, by the time we had half-dined (by the help of what she had collected before) was as much acquainted with our Story, as either of the other two.

As it behoved me to prepare them in my favour against whatever might come from Miss Howe, I improved upon the hint I had thrown out above-stairs against that mischief-making Lady. I represented her

to

to be an arrogant creature, revengeful, artful, enterprising, and one who, had she been a Man, would have sworn and cursed, and committed Rapes, and played the devil, as far as I knew [*I have no doubt of it, Jack*]: But who, nevertheless, by advantage of a Female Education, and Pride and Insolence, I believed was *personally* virtuous.

Mrs. Bevis allowed, that there was a *vast deal* in Education—and in *Pride* too, she said. While Miss Rawlins came with a prudish God forbid, that Virtue should be owing to Education only! However, I declared, that Miss Howe was a subtle contriver of mischief; one who had always been *my* Enemy: Her motives I knew not: But, despising the man whom her Mother was desirous she should have, one Hickman; altho' I did not directly averr, that she would rather have had me; yet they all immediately imagined, that *that* was the ground of her animosity to me, and of her Envy to my Beloved; and it was pity, they said, that so fine a young Lady did not see thro' such a pretended friend.

And yet nobody (added I) has more reason than she to know by *experience* the force of a hatred founded in Envy; as I hinted to *you* above, Mrs. Moore, and to *you*, Miss Rawlins, in the case of her Sister Arabella.

I had compliments made to my person and talents on this occasion; which gave me a singular opportunity of displaying my modesty, by disclaiming the merit of them, with a *No, indeed!*—*I should be very vain, Ladies, if I thought so.* While thus abasing myself, and exalting Miss Howe, I got their opinion both for modesty and generosity; and had all the graces which I disclaimed thrown in upon me besides.

In short, they even oppressed that modesty, which (to speak modestly of myself) their praises *created*, by disbelieving all I said against myself.

And, truly, I must needs say, they have almost persuaded even me myself, that Miss Howe is actually in love with me. I have often been willing to hope this.

And

And who knows but she may? The Captain and I have agreed, that it shall be so insinuated *occasionally*—And what's thy opinion, Jack? She certainly hates Hickman: And girls who are *disengaged* seldom *bate*, tho' they may not *love*: And if she had rather have *another*, why not that *other* ME? For am I not a smart Fellow, and a Rake? And do not your sprightly Ladies love your smart Fellows, and your Rakes? And where is the wonder, that the man who could engage the affections of Miss Harlowe, should engage those of a Lady (with her *(a)* *Alas's*) who would be honoured in being deemed her Second?

Nor accuse thou me of *SINGULAR* vanity in this presumption, Belford. Wert thou to know the secret vanity that lurks in the hearts of those who *disguise* or *cloak it best*, thou wouldst find great reason to acquit, at least, to allow for, *me*: Since it is generally the *conscious over-fulness of conceit*, that makes the hypocrite most upon his guard to conceal it.—Yet with these fellows, proudly-humble as they are, it will break out sometimes in spite of their cloaks, tho' but in self-denying, compliment-begging Self-degradation.

But now I have undervalued myself, in apologizing to thee on this occasion, let me use another argument in favour of my observation, that the Ladies generally prefer a Rake to a Sober man; and of my presumption upon it, that Miss Howe is in love with me: It is this:—Common fame says, That Hickman is a very virtuous, a very innocent fellow—a *male-virgin*, I warrant!—An odd dog I always thought him.—Now women, Jack, like not Novices. *Two maidenheads meeting together in wedlock, the first child must be a fool*, is their common aphorism. They are pleased with a Love of the Sex that is founded in the *knowledge of it*. Reason good; Novices expect more than they can possibly find in the commerce with them. The man who knows them, yet has *Ardors* for them, to borrow a word from

(a) See p. 212. where Miss Howe says, *Alas, my dear, I knew you loved him!*

Miss Howe (*a*), tho' those Ardors are generally owing more to the *devil* within him, than to the witch *without* him, is the man who makes them the highest and most grateful compliment. He knows *what to expect*, and *with what to be satisfied*.

Then the merit of a woman, in some cases, must be *Ignorance*, whether *real* or *pretended*. The Man, in *these* cases, must be an *Adept*. Will it then be wondered at, that a woman prefers a Libertine to a Novice? — While she expects in the one the confidence *she* wants, she considers the other and herself as two parallel lines; which, tho' they run side by side, can never meet.

Yet in this the Sex is generally mistaken too; for these sheepish fellows are sly. I myself was modest once; and this, as I have elsewhere hinted to thee (*b*), has better enabled me to judge of both Sexes.

But to proceed with my narrative:

Having thus prepared every one against any Letter should come from Miss Howe, and against my Beloved's messenger returns, I thought it proper to conclude that subject with a hint, that my Spouse could not bear to have any-thing said *that reflected upon Miss Howe*; and, with a deep sigh, added, that I had been made very unhappy more than once by the ill-will of Ladies whom I had never offended.

The widow Bevis believed, that might very easily be.

These hints within-doors, joined with others to Will. both without and within [For I intend he shall fall in love with widow Moore's maid, and have saved one hundred pounds in my service, at least] will be great helps, as things may happen.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE. *In Continuation.*

WE had hardly dined, when my coachman, who kept a look-out for Captain Tomlinson, as Will. did for old Grimes, conducted hither that worthy gentle-

(*a*) Vol. III. p. 292. 327.

(*b*) Vol. II. p. 372.

man, attended by one servant, *both* on horseback. He alighted. I went out to meet him at the door.

Thou knowest his solemn appearance, and unblushing freedom; and yet canst not imagine what a dignity the rascal assumed, nor how respectful to him I was.

I led him into the parlour, and presented him to the women, and them to him. I thought it highly imported me (as they might still have some diffidences about our Marriage, from my Fair-one's home-pushed questions on that head) to convince them entirely of the truth of all I had asserted. And how could I do this better, than by dialoguing a little with him before them?

Dear Captain, I thought you long; for I have had a terrible conflict with my Spouse.

Capt. I am sorry that I am later than my intention—My account with my Banker—[There's a dog, Jack!] took me up longer time to adjust than I had foreseen [all the time pulling down and stroking his ruffles]: For there was a small difference between us—only twenty pounds, indeed, which I had taken no account of.

The rascal has not seen twenty pounds of his own these ten years.

Then had we between us the characters of the Harlowe family: I railing against them all; the Captain taking his dear friend Mr. John Harlowe's part; with a *Not so fast!—Not so fast, young gentleman!*—and the like free assumptions.

He accounted for *their* animosity by *my* defiance: No good family, having such a charming daughter, would care to be *defied*, instead of *courted*: He *must* speak his mind: Never was a double-tongued man.—He appealed to the Ladies, if he were not right.

He got them of his side: *The* correction I had given the Brother, he told me, *must* have aggravated matters.

How valiant this made me look to the women!—The Sex love us mettled fellows at their hearts.

Be that as it would, I should never love any of the family but my Spouse; and, wanting nothing from them, I would not, but for *her* sake, have gone so far as I *had* gone towards a Reconciliation.

This was very good of me; Mrs. Moore said.

Very good indeed; Miss Rawlins.

Good!—It is *more* than good; it is very generous, said the widow.

Capt. Why, so it is, I must needs say: For I am sensible, that Mr. Lovelace has been rudely treated by them all—More rudely, than it could have been imagined a man of his *quality* and *spirit* would have put up with. But then, Sir [turning to me] I think you are amply rewarded in such a Lady; and that you ought to forgive the Father for the Daughter's sake.

Mrs. Moore. Indeed so I think.

Miss R. So must every one think, who has seen the Lady.

Widow B. A fine Lady, to be sure! But she has a violent spirit; and some very odd humours too, by what I have heard. The value of good husbands is not known till they are lost!

Her conscience then drew a sigh from her.

Lovel. Nobody must reflect upon my angel.—An angel she is.—Some little blemishes, indeed, as to her over-hasty spirit, and as to her unforgiving temper. But this she has from the Harlowes; instigated too by *that* Miss Howe.—But her innumerable excellencies are all her own.

Capt. Ay, talk of spirit, There's a spirit, now you have named Miss Howe! [And so I led him to confirm all I had said of that vixen.] Yet she was to be pitied too; looking with meaning at me.

As I have already hinted, I had before agreed with him to impute secret Love *occasionally* to Miss Howe, as the best means to invalidate all that might come from her in my disfavour.

Capt. Mr. Lovelace, but that I know your modesty, or you could give a reason—

Lovel. looking down, and very modest—I can't think so, Captain—But let us call another cause.

Every woman present could look me in the face, so bashful was I.

Capt. Well, but, as to our *present* situation—Only it mayn't be proper—looking upon me, and round upon the women.

Lovel. O Captain, you may say any-thing before this company—Only, Andrew [to my new servant, who attended us at table] do you withdraw: This good girl [looking at the maid-servant] will help us to all we want.

Away went Andrew: He wanted not his cue; and the maid seemed pleased at my Honour's preference of her.

Capt. As to our *present* situation, I say, Mr. Lovelace—Why, Sir, we shall be all *untwisted*, let me tell you, if my friend Mr. John Harlowe were to know what *that* is. He would as much question the truth of your being married, as the rest of the family do.

Here the women perked up their ears; and were all silent attention.

Capt. *I asked you before for particulars, Mr. Lovelace: But you declined giving them.*—Indeed it may not be *proper* for me to be acquainted with them.—But I must own, that it is past my comprehension, that a wife can resent any-thing a husband can do (that is not a breach of the peace) so far as to think herself justified for *eloping* from him.

Lovel. Captain Tomlinson—Sir—I do assure you, that I shall be offended—I shall be extremely concerned—if I hear that word *Eloping* mentioned again—

Capt. Your Nicety, and your Love, Sir, may make you take offence—But it is my way to call every-thing by its proper name, let who will be offended—Thou canst not imagine, Belford, how brave, and how independent, the rascal looked.

Capt. When, *young Gentleman*, you shall think proper to give us particulars, we will find a word for this

this rash act in so admirable a Lady, that shall please you better—You see, Sir, that, being the Representative of my dear friend Mr. John Harlowe, I speak as freely as I suppose *he* would do, if present. But you blush, Sir—I beg your pardon, Mr. Lovelace: It becomes not a modest man to pry into those Secrets, which a modest man cannot reveal.

I did not blush, Jack; but denied not the compliment, and looked down: The women seemed delighted with my modesty: But the widow Bevis was more inclined to laugh at me, than praise me for it.

Capt. Whatever be the cause of this step (I will not again, Sir, call it *Elopement*, since that harsh word wounds your tenderness) I cannot but express my surprise upon it, when I recollect the affectionate behaviour, which I was witness to between you, when I attended you last. *Over-love*, Sir, I think you once mentioned—but *Over-love* [smiling] give me leave to say, Sir, is an odd cause of quarrel—Few Ladies—

Lovel. Dear Captain! And I tried to blush.

The women also tried; and, being more used to it, succeeded better.—Mrs. Bevis indeed has a red-hot countenance, and always blushes.

Miss R. It signifies nothing to mince the matter: But the Lady above as good as denies her Marriage. You know, Sir, that she does; turning to me.

Capt. Denies her Marriage! Heavens! how then have I imposed upon my dear friend Mr. John Harlowe!

Lovel. Poor dear! — But let not her *Veracity* be called in question. She would not be guilty of a wilful untruth for the world.

Then I had all their praises again.

Lovel. Dear creature!—she thinks She has reason for her denial. You know, Mrs. Moore; you know, Miss Rawlins; what I owned to you above, as to my vow—

I looked down, and, as once before, turned round my diamond ring.

Mrs. Moore looked awry ; and with a leer at Miss Rawlins, as to her partner in the hinted-at reference.

Miss Rawlins looked down as well as I ; her eye-lids half-closed, as if mumbling a Pater-noster, meditating her Snuff-box, the distance between her nose and chin lengthened by a close-shut mouth.

She put me in mind of the pious Mrs. Fetherstone at Oxford, whom I pointed out to thee once, among other grotesque figures, at St. Mary's church, whither we went to take a view of her two Sisters : Her eyes shut, not daring to trust her heart with them open ; and but just half-rearing the lids, to see who the next-comer was ; and falling them again, when her curiosity was satisfied.

The widow Bevis gazed, as if on the hunt for a secret.

The Captain looked archly, as if half in possession of one.

Mrs. Moore at last broke the bashful silence. Mrs. Lovelace's behaviour, she said, could be no otherwise so well accounted for, as by the ill-offices of *that* Miss Howe ; and by the severity of her relations ; which might but too probably have affected her head a little at times : Adding, that it was very generous in me to give way to the storm when it was up, rather than to exasperate at such a time.

But let me tell you, Sirs, said the widow Bevis, that is not what one husband in a thousand would have done.

I desired, that *no part of this conversation might be hinted to my Spouse* ; and looked still more bashfully. Her great fault, I must own, was over-delicacy.

The Captain leered round him ; and said, He believed he could guess from the hints I had given him in town (of my *over-love*) and from what had now passed, that we had not consummated our Marriage.

O Jack ! how sheepishly then looked, or endeavoured to look, thy friend ! how primly Goody Moore ! how affectedly Miss Rawlins !—while the honest widow Bevis gazed

gazed around her fearless ; and tho' only simpering with her mouth, her eyes laughed out-right, and seemed to challenge a laugh from every eye in the company.

He observed, that I was a phoenix of a man, if so ; and he could not but hope, that all matters would be happily accommodated in a day or two ; and that then he should have the pleasure to averr to her Uncle, that he was present, as he might say, on our wedding-day.

The women seemed all to join in the same hope.

Ah, Captain ! Ah, Ladies !—how happy should I be, if I could bring my dear Spouse to be of the same mind !

It would be a very happy conclusion of a very knotty affair, said widow Bevis ; and I see not why we may not make this very night a merry one.

The Captain superciliously smiled at me. He saw plainly enough, he said, that we had been at *childrens play* hitherto. A man of my character, who could give way to such a caprice as This, must have a prodigious value for his Lady. But one thing he would venture to tell me ; and that was This — That, however desirous young skittish Ladies might be to have their way in this particular, it was a very bad setting-out for the man ; as it gave his Bride a very high proof of the power she had over him : And he would engage, that no woman, *thus* humoured, ever valued the man the more for it ; but very much the contrary—And there were *reasons to be given why she should not*.

Well, well, Captain, no more of this subject before the Ladies.—*One* feels [shrugging my shoulders, in a bashful *try-to-blush* manner] that *one* is *so* ridiculous—I have been punished enough for my tender folly.

Miss Rawlins had taken her Fan, and would needs hide her face behind it—I suppose because her blush was not quite ready.

Mrs. Moore hemmed, and looked down, and by that, gave hers over.

While the jolly widow, laughing out, praised the

Captain as one of Hudibras's metaphysicians, repeating,

*He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.*

This made Miss Rawlins blush indeed:—Fie, fie, Mrs. Bevis! cried she, unwilling I suppose, to be thought absolutely ignorant.

Upon the whole, I began to think, that I had not made a bad exchange of our professing Mother, for the unprofessing Mrs. Moore. And indeed the Women and I, and my Beloved too, all mean the same thing: We only differ about the manner of coming at the proposed end.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Mr. LOVELACE. In Continuation.

IT was now high time to acquaint my Spouse, that Captain Tomlinson was come. And the rather, as she maid told us, that the Lady had asked her, If such a gentleman [describing him] was not in the parlour?

Mrs. Moore went up, and requested, in my name, that she would give us audience.

But she returned, reporting my Beloved's desire, that Captain Tomlinson would excuse her for the present. She was very ill. Her spirits were too weak to enter into conversation with him; and she must lie down.

I was vexed, and at first extremely disconcerted. The Captain was vexed too. And my concern, thou mayest believe, was the greater on *his account*.

—She had been very much fatigued, I own. Her Fits in the morning must have disordered her: And she had carried her resentment so high, that it was the less wonder she should find herself low, when her raised spirits had subsided. *Very low*, I may say; if sinkings are proportioned to risings; for she had been lifted up above the standard of a common mortal.

The Captain, however, sent up in his own name,
that

that if he could be admitted to drink one dish of Tea with her, he should take it for a favour; and would go to town, and dispatch some necessary business, in order, if possible, to leave his morning free to attend her.

But she pleaded a violent head-ach; and Mrs. Moore confirmed the plea to be just.

I would have had the Captain lodge there that night, as well in compliment to him, as introductory to my intention of entering myself upon my new-taken apartment: But his hours were of too much importance to him to stay the evening.

It was indeed very inconvenient for him, he said, to return in the morning; but he was willing to do all in his power to heal this breach, and that as well for the sakes of me and my Lady, as for that of his dear friend Mr. John Harlowe; who must not know how far this misunderstanding had gone. He would therefore only drink one dish of Tea with the Ladies and me.

And accordingly, after he had done so, and I had had a little private conversation with him, he hurried away.

His fellow had given him, in the interim, a high character to Mrs. Moore's servants: And this reported by the Widow Bevis (who, being no proud woman, is *bail fellow, well met*, as the saying is, with all her Aunt's servants) he was a *fine gentleman*, a *discreet gentleman*, a man of *sense* and *breeding*, with them all: And it was pity, that, with such great business upon his hands, he should be obliged to come again.

My life for yours, audibly whispered the Widow Bevis, There is *humour* as well as *head-ach* in Somebody's declining to see this worthy gentleman.—Ah, Lord! how happy might some people be if they would!

No perfect happiness in this world, said I, very gravely, and with a sigh; for the widow must know that I heard her. If we have not *real* unhappiness, we can make it, even from the overflowings of our good fortune.

Very true, and, Very true, the two widows. A charming observation! Mrs. Bevis. Miss Rawlins

smiled *her* assent to it; and I thought she called me in her heart, Charming man! For she professes to be a great admirer of moral observations.

I had hardly taken leave of the Captain, and sat down again with the women, when Will. came; and calling me out, 'Sir, Sir,' said he, grinning with a familiarity in his looks as if what he had to say intitled him to take liberties; 'I have got the fellow down!—I have got 'old Grimes—Hah, hah, hah, hah,—He is at the 'Lower-Flask—Almost in the condition of *David's* 'Sow, and please your Honour—[The dog himself not 'much better] Here is his Letter—from—from Miss 'Howe—Ha, ha, ha, ha,' laughed the varlet; holding it fast, as if to make conditions with me, and to excite my praises, as well as my impatience.

I could have knocked him down; but he would have have his *say* out—'Old Grimes knows not that I have 'the Letter—I must get back to him before he misses 'it—I only made a pretence to go out for a few minutes—But—but'—and then the dog laughed again—'He *must* stay—Old Grimes *must* stay—till I go back 'to pay the reckoning.'

D—n the prater!—Grinning rascal!—The Letter—The Letter!—

He gathered in his *wide mothe*, as he calls it, and gave me the Letter; but with a *strut*, rather than a *bow*; and then sidled off like one of Widow Sorlings's dung-hill cocks, exulting after a great feat performed. And all the time that I was holding up the billet to the light, to try to get at its contents without breaking the seal [for, dispatched in a hurry, it had no cover] there stood he, laughing, shrugging, playing off his legs; now stroking his shining chin; now turning his hat upon his thumb; then leering in my face, flourishing with his head—O Christ! now-and-then cried the rascal—

What joy has this dog in mischief!—More than I can have in the completion of my most favourite purposes!—These fellows are ever happier than their masters.

I was once thinking to rumple up this billet till I had
broken

broken the Seal. *Young families* [Miss Howe's is not an antient one] love ostentatious Sealings: And it might have been supposed to have been squeezed in pieces, in old Grimes's breeches pocket. But I was glad to be *saved* the guilt as well as suspicion of having a hand in so dirty a trick; for thus much of the contents (enough for my purpose) I was enabled to scratch out in character, without it; the folds depriving me only of a few connecting words; which I have supplied between hooks.

My Miss Harlowe, thou knowest, had *before* changed her name to *Miss* Lætitia Beaumont. Another *alias* to it, now, Jack; for this billet was directed to her by the name of *Mrs.* Harriot Lucas. I have learned her to be half a rogue, thou seest.

'I Congratulate you, my dear, with all my heart
'and soul, upon [your escape] from the villain.
'[I long] for the particulars of all. [My Mother] is
'out: But, expecting her return every minute, I dis-
'patched [your] messenger instantly. [I will endeavour
'to come at] Mrs. Townsend without loss of time;
'and will write at large in a day or two, if in that time
'I can see her. [Mean time I] am excessively uneasy
'for a Letter I sent you yesterday by Collins, [who must
'have left it at] Wilson's after you got away. [It is
'of very] great importance. [I hope the] villain has
'it not. I would not for the world [that he should.]
'Immediately send for it, if by so doing, the place you
'are at [will not be] discovered. If he has it, let me
'know it by some way [out of] hand. If not, you
'need not send.

June 9.

Ever, Ever Yours,

A. H.

O Jack, what heart's-ease does this *interception* give me!—I sent the rascal back with the Letter to old Grimes, and charged him to drink no deeper. He owned, that he was *half seas over*, as he phrased it.

Dog! said I, are you not to court one of Mrs. Moore's maids to night?—

Cry

Cry your mercy, Sir!—I will be sober.—I had forgot that—But old Grimes is plaguy tough—I thought I should never have got him down.

Away, villain!—Let old Grimes come; and on horseback, too, to the door—

He shall, and please your Honour, if I can get him on the saddle, and if he can sit—

And charge him not to have alighted, nor to have seen *any* body—

Enough, Sir! familiarly nodding his head, to shew he took me. And away went the villain—Into the parlour, to the women, I.

In a quarter of an hour came old Grimes on horseback, waving to his saddle-bow, now on this side, now on that; his head, at others, joining to that of his more sober beast.

It looked very well to the women, that I made no effort to speak to old Grimes (tho' I wished *before them*, that I knew the contents of what he brought); but, on the contrary, desired that they would instantly let my Spouse know, that her messenger was returned.

Down she flew, violently as she had the head-ach!

O how I prayed for an opportunity to be revenged of her for the ingrateful trouble she had given to her Uncle's friend!

She took the Letter from old Grimes with her own hands, and retired to an inner parlour to read it.

She presently came out again to the fellow, who had much ado to sit his horse—Here is your money, friend. I thought you long. But what shall I do to get somebody to go to town immediately for me? I see you cannot.

Old Grimes took his money; let fall his hat in d'offing it; had it given him; and rode away; his eyes lings-glass, and set in his head, as I saw tho' the window; and in a manner speechless; all his language hiccoughs. My dog need not to have gone so deep with this *tough* old Grimes. But the rascal was in his kingdom with him.

The

Let. 39. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 315

The Lady applied to Mrs. Moore: She mattered not the price. Could a man and horse be engaged for her?—Only to go for a Letter left for her, at one Mr. Wilson's in Pall-mall.

A poor neighbour was hired. A horse procured for him. He had his directions.

In vain did I endeavour to engage my Beloved, when she was below. Her head-ach, I suppose, returned. She, like the rest of her Sex, can be ill or well when she pleases.

I see her drift, thought I: It is to have all her lights from Miss Howe before she resolves; and to take her measures accordingly.

Up she went, expressing great impatience about the Letter she had sent for; and desired Mrs. Moore to let her know if I offered to send any of my servants to town—To get at the Letter, I suppose, was her fear: But she might have been quite easy on that head; and yet perhaps would not, had she known, that the worthy Captain Tomlinson (who will be in town before her messenger) will leave there the important Letter: Which I hope will help to pacify her, and to reconcile her to me.

O Jack! Jack! thinkest thou that I will take all this roguish pains, and be so often called villain, for nothing?

But yet, is it not taking pains to come at the finest creature in the world, not for a *transitory moment* only, but for one of our lives?—The struggle only, Whether I am to have her in *my own way*, or in *hers*?

But now I know thou wilt be frightened out of thy wits for me—What, Lovelace! wouldst thou let her have a Letter that will inevitably blow thee up; and blow up the Mother, and all her Nymphs!—yet not intend to reform, not intend to marry?

Patience, puppy! Canst thou not trust thy master?

LET-

LETTER XL.

Mr. LOVELACE. *In Continuation.*

IWent up to my new-taken apartment, and fell to writing in character, as usual. I thought I had made good my quarters. But the cruel creature, understanding that I intended to take up my lodgings there, declared with so much violence against it, that I was obliged to submit, and to accept of another lodging, about twelve doors off, which Mrs. Moore recommended. And all the advantage I could obtain, was, that Will. unknown to my Spouse, and for fear of a freak, should lie in the house.

Mrs. Moore, indeed, was unwilling to disoblige *either* of us. But Miss Rawlins was of opinion, that nothing more ought to be allowed me: And yet Mrs. Moore owned, that the refusal was a strange piece of tyranny to an Husband, if I *were* an Husband.

I had a good mind to make Miss Rawlins smart for it. Come and see Miss Rawlins, Jack—If thou likest her, I'll get her for thee with a *wet finger*, as the saying is!

The Widow Bevis indeed stickled hard for me [An innocent or injured man will have friends every-where]. She said, That to *bear much* with some wives, was to be obliged to bear more: And I reflected, with a sigh, *that tame spirits must always be imposed upon*. And then, in my heart, I renewed my vows of Revenge upon this haughty and perverse Beauty.

The second fellow came back from town about nine o'clock, with Miss Howe's Letter of Wednesday last. Collins, *it seems*, when he left it, had desired, that it might be safely and speedily delivered into Miss Lætitia Beaumont's own hands. But Wilson, understanding that neither she nor I were in town [*He could not know of our difference, thou must think*] resolved to take care of it till our return, in order to give it into one of our own hands; and now delivered it to her messenger.

This

This was told *her*. Wilson, I doubt not, is in her favour upon it.

She took the Letter with great eagerness, opened it in a hurry [I am glad she did: Yet, I believe, all was right] before Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. Bevis [Miss Rawlins was gone home]; and said, She would not for the world, that I should have had that Letter, for the sake of her dear friend the writer; who had written to her very uneasily about it.

Her *dear friend*! repeated Mrs. Bevis, when she told me this:—Such mischief-makers are always deemed *dear friends* till they are found out!

The widow says, that I am the finest gentleman she ever beheld.

I have found a warm kiss now-and-then very kindly taken.

I might be a very wicked fellow, Jack, if I were to do all the mischief in my power. But I am evermore for quitting a too-easy prey to *reptile Rakes*. What but difficulty (tho' the Lady is an Angel) engages me to so much perseverance here? And *here, Conquer or die*, is now the determination!

* * * *

I HAVE just now parted with this honest widow. She called upon me at my new lodgings. I told her, that I saw I must be further obliged to her in the course of this difficult affair. She must allow me to make her a handsome present when all was happily over. But I desired, that she would take no notice of what should pass between us, *not even to her Aunt*; for that she, as I saw, was in the power of Miss Rawlins: And Miss Rawlins being a maiden gentlewoman, knew not the *right* and the *fit* in matrimonial matters, as she, my dear widow, did.

Very true: How *should* she? said Mrs. Bevis, proud of knowing—nothing! But, for her part, she desired no present. It was enough if she could contribute to reconcile Man and Wife, and disappoint mischief-makers: She doubted not, that such an envious creature as Miss

Howe

Howe was glad that Mrs. Lovelace had eloped—Jealously and Love *was* Old Nick!

See, Belford, how charmingly things work between me and my new acquaintance the widow!—Who knows, but that she may, after a little farther intimacy (tho' I am banished the house on nights) contrive a midnight visit for me to my Spouse, when all is still and fast asleep?

Where can a woman be safe, who has once entered the Lifts with a contriving and intrepid Lover?

But as to this *Letter*, methinks thou sayest of Miss Howe?

I knew thou wouldest be uneasy for me! But did not I tell thee, that I had provided for every-thing? That I always took care to keep Seals entire, and to preserve Covers (a)? Was it not easy then, thinkest thou, to contrive a shorter Letter out of a longer; and to copy the very words?

I can tell thee, it was so well ordered, that, not being suspected to have been in my hands, it was not easy to find me out. Had it been my Beloved's hand, there would have been no imitating it, for such a length. Her delicate and even mind is seen in the very cut of her Letters. Miss Howe's hand is no bad one; but is not so equal and regular. That little devil's natural impatience hurrying on her fingers, gave, I suppose, from the beginning, her hand-writing, as well as the rest of her, its fits and starts, and those peculiarities, which, like strong muscular lines in a face, neither the pen, nor the pencil, can miss.

Hast thou a mind to see what it was I *permitted* Miss Howe to write to her lovely friend? Why then read it here, as extracted from hers of Wednesday last, with a few additions of my own. The additions underseored.

My dearest Friend,
YOU will perhaps think, that I have been too long silent. But I had begun two Letters at different times since my last, and written a great deal each time;

(a) See p. 219.

and

and with spirit enough, I assure you, incensed as I was against the abominable wretch you are with, particularly on reading yours of the 21st of the past month.

The FIRST I intended to keep open till I could give you some account of my proceedings with Mrs. Townsend. It was some days before I saw her: And this intervenient space giving me time to reperuse what I had written, I thought it proper to lay that aside, and to write in a style a little less fervent; for you would have blamed me, I knew, for the freedom of some of my expressions [Execrations if you please.] And when I had gone a good way in the SECOND, the change in your prospects, on his communicating to you Miss Montague's Letter, and his better behaviour, occasioning a change in your mind, I laid that aside also: And in this uncertainty thought I would wait to see the issue of affairs between you before I wrote again; believing that all would soon be decided one way or other.—

Here I was forced to break off. I am too little my own mistress.—My Mother (*b*) is always up and down; and watching as if I were writing to a Fellow. What need I [she asks me] lock myself in (*c*), if I am only reading past correspondencies? For that is my pretence, when she comes poking in with her face sharpened to an edge, as I may say, by a curiosity, that gives her more pain than pleasure.—The Lord forgive me; but I believe I shall huff her next time she comes in.

Do you forgive me too, my dear. My Mother ought; because she says, I am my Father's girl; and because I am sure I am hers.

Upon my life, my dear, I am sometimes of opinion, that this vile man was capable of meaning you dishonour. When I look back upon his past conduct, I cannot help thinking so: What a villain, if so!—But now I hope, and verily believe, that he has laid aside such thoughts. My reasons for both opinions I will give you.

(*b*) See p. 201.

(*c*) p. 202.

For the first; to wit, that he had it once in his head to take you at advantage if he could; I consider (d), that Pride, Revenge, and a delight to tread in unbeaten paths, are principal ingredients in the character of this finished Libertine. He hates all your family, yourself excepted—Yet is a Savage in Love. His Pride, and the credit which a few plausible qualities sprinkled among his odious ones, have given him, have secured him too good a reception from our eye-judging, our undistinguishing, our self-flattering, our too-confiding Sex, to make assiduity and obsequiousness, and a conquest of his unruly passions, any part of his study.

He has some reason for his animosity to all the men, and to one woman, of your family. He has always shewn you and his own family too, that he prefers his Pride to his Interest. He is a declared Marriage-hater; a notorious Intriguer; full of his inventions, and glorying in them. As his vanity had made him imagine, that no woman could be proof against his Love, no wonder that he struggled like a Lion held in toils (e), against a passion that he thought not returned (f). Hence, perhaps, it is not difficult to believe, that it became possible for such a wretch as this to give way to his old prejudices against Marriage; and to that Revenge which had always been a first passion with him (g).

And hence may we account for his delays; his teasing ways; his bringing you to bear with his lodging in the same house; his making you pass to the people of it as his Wife; his bringing you into the company of his Libertine Companions; the attempt of imposing upon you that Miss Partington for a bedfellow, &c.

My reasons for the contrary opinion; to wit, that he is now resolved to do you all the justice in his power to do you; are these: That he sees that all his own family (b) have warmly engaged themselves in your cause: That the horrid wretch loves you; with such a Love, however, as Herod loved his Mariamne: That, on enquiry,

(d) See p. 207.

(e) p. 209.

(f) Ibid.

(g) Ibid.

(b) p. 211.

I find it to be true, that Counsellor Williams (whom Mr. Hickman knows to be a man of eminence in his profession) has actually as good as finished the Settlements: That two draughts of them have been made; one avowedly to be sent to *this very* Captain Tomlinson: And I find, that a Licence has actually been more than once endeavoured to be obtained, and that difficulties have hitherto been made equally to Lovelace's vexation and disappointment. My Mother's Proctor, who is very intimate with the Proctor applied to by the wretch, has come at this information, in confidence; and hints, that as Mr. Lovelace is a man of high fortunes, these difficulties will probably be got over.

I had once resolved to make strict enquiry about Tomlinson; and still, if you will, your Uncle's favourite House-keeper may be sounded, at distance.

I know that the matter is so laid (i), that Mrs. Hodges is supposed to know nothing of the treaty set on foot by means of Capt. Tomlinson. But your Uncle is an old man (k); and old men imagine themselves to be under obligation to their paramours, if younger than themselves, and seldom keep any-thing from their knowledge.—Yet, methinks, there can be no need; since Tomlinson, as you describe him, is so good a man, and so much of a gentleman; the end to be answered by his being an impostor so much more than necessary, if Lovelace has villainy in his head.—And thus what he communicated to you of Mr. Hickman's application to your Uncle, and of Mrs. Norton's to your Mother (some of which particulars I am satisfied his vile agent Joseph Le- man could not reveal to his viler employer); his pushing on the Marriage-day, in the name of your Uncle; which it could not answer any wicked purpose for him to do; and what he writes of your Uncle's proposal, to have it thought that you were married from the time that you had lived in one house together; and that to be made to agree with the time of Mr. Hickman's visit to your Uncle; the insisting on a trusty person's being present

(i) See p. 205.

(k) p. 206.

at the Ceremony, at that Uncle's nomination—These things make me assured that he now at last means honourably.

But if any unexpected delays should happen on his side, acquaint me, my dear, with the very Street where Mrs. Sinclair lives; and where Mrs. Fretchville's house is situated (which I cannot find that you have ever mentioned in your former Letters—which is a little odd); and I will make strict enquiries of them, and of Tomlinson too; and I will (if your heart will let you take my advice) soon procure you a refuge from him with Mrs. Townsend.

But why do I now, when you seem to be in so good a train, puzzle and perplex you with my retrospections? And yet they may be of use to you, if any delay happen on his part.

But that I think cannot well be. What you have therefore now to do, is, so to behave to this proud-spirited wretch, as may banish from his mind all remembrance of past disobligations (*l*), and to receive his addresses, as those of a betrothed Lover. You will incur the censure of Prudery and Affectation, if you keep him at that distance, which you have hitherto kept him at. His sudden (and as suddenly recovered) illness has given him an opportunity to find out that you love him [Alas, my dear, I knew you loved him!] He has seemed to change his nature, and is all love and gentleness. And no more quarrels now, I beseech you.

I am very angry with him, nevertheless, for the freedoms which he took with your person (*m*); and I think some guard is necessary, as he is certainly an encroacher. But indeed all men are so; and you are such a charming creature, and have kept him at such a distance!—But no more of this subject. Only, my dear, be not over-nice, now you are so near the State. You see what difficulties you laid yourself under, when Tomlinson's Letter called you again into the wretch's company.

If you meet with no impediments, no new causes of doubt (*n*), your Reputation in the eye of the world is

(*l*) See p. 212. (*m*) P. 134, 135. (*n*) P 213.

concerned, that you should be his, *and, as your Uncle rightly judges, be thought to have been his, before now.* And yet, *let me tell you*, I can hardly bear to think, that these Libertines should be rewarded for their villainy with the best of the Sex, when the worst of it are too good for them.

I shall send this long Letter by Collins (*o*), who changes his day to oblige me. As none of our Letters by Wilson's conveyance have miscarried, when you have been in more apparently disagreeable situations than you are in at present, I *have no doubt* that This will go safe.

Miss Lardner (*p*) (whom you have seen at her cousin Biddulph's) saw you at St. James's Church on Sunday was fortnight. She kept you in her eye during the whole time; but could not once obtain the notice of yours, tho' she courtesied to you twice. She thought to pay her compliments to you when the Service was over; for she doubted not but you were married—and for an odd reason—Because you came to church by yourself.—Every eye, as usual where-ever you are, she said, was upon you; and this seeming to give you hurry, and you being nearer the door than she, you slid out before she could go to you. But she ordered her servant to follow you till you were housed. This servant saw you step into a chair which waited for you; and you ordered the men to carry you to the place where they took you up. She describes the house as a very genteel house, and fit to receive people of fashion: *And what makes me mention this, is, that perhaps you will have a visit from her; or message, at least.*

So that you have Mr. Doleman's testimony to the credit of the house and people you are with; and he is a man of fortune, and some reputation; formerly a Rake indeed; but married to a woman of family; and, having had a palsy-blow, one would think, a penitent (*q*). You have also Mr. Mennell's at least passive testimony; Mr. Tomlinson's; and now, lastly, Miss Lardner's; so that there will be the less need for enquiry: But you know my

(*o*) See p. 214. (*p*) p. 204. (*q*) p. 202.

busy and inquisitive temper, as well as my affection for you, and my concern for your honour. But all doubt will soon be lost in certainty.

Nevertheless I must add, that I would have you command me up, if I can be of the least service or pleasure to you (r). I value not Fame; I value not Censure; nor even Life itself, I verily think, as I do your Honour, and your Friendship.—For is not your Honour my Honour? And is not your Friendship the Pride of my Life?

May Heaven preserve you, my dearest creature, in Honour and Safety, is the prayer, the hourly prayer, of

Your ever-faithful and affectionate

Thursday Morn. 5. ANNA HOWE.

I have written all night. Excuse indifferent writing.

My crow-quills are worn to the stumps, and I must get a new supply.

These Ladies always write with crow-quills, Jack.

*If thou art capable of taking in all my providences, in this Letter, thou wilt admire my sagacity and contrivance almost as much as I do myself. Thou seest, that Miss Lardner, Mrs. Sinclair, Tomlinson, Mrs. Fretchville, Mennell, are all mentioned in it. My first liberties with her person also. [Modesty, modesty, Belford, I doubt, is more confined to Time, Place, and Occasion, even by the most delicate minds, than those minds would have it believed to be]. And why all these taken notice of by me from the genuine Letter, but for fear some future Letter from the Vixen should escape my hands, in which she might refer to these names? And if none of them were to have been found in this that is to pass for hers, I might be routed *horse and foot*, as Lord M. would phrase it in a like case.*

*Devilish hard (and yet I may thank myself) to be put to all this plague and trouble!—And for *what*, dost thou ask?—O Jack, for a triumph of more value to me *beforehand* than an Imperial Crown!—Don't ask me the value of it a *month hence*. But what indeed is an Imperial Crown itself, when a man is used to it?*

(r) See p. 215.

Miss Howe might well be anxious about the Letter she wrote. Her sweet friend, from what I have let pass of hers, has reason to rejoice in the thought, that it fell not into my hands.

And now must all my contrivances be set at work, to intercept the expected Letter from Miss Howe; which is, as I suppose, to direct her to a place of safety, and out of my knowlege. Mrs. Townsend is, no doubt, in this case, to smuggle her off. I hope the *villain*, as I am so frequently called between these two girls, will be able to manage this point.

But what, perhaps, thou askest, if the Lady should take it into her head, by the connivance of Miss Rawlins, to quit this house privately in the night?

I have thought of this, Jack. Does not Will. lie in the house? And is not the Widow Bevis my fast friend?

LETTER XLI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Saturday, 6 o' clock, June 10.

THE Lady gave Will's Sweetheart a Letter last night to be carried to the Post-house as this morning, directed for Miss Howe, under cover to Hickman. I dare say neither Cover nor Letter will be seen to have been opened. The contents but eight lines—To own—
 ' The receipt of her double-dated Letter in safety; and
 ' referring to a longer Letter, which she intends to write,
 ' when she shall have a quieter heart, and less trembling
 ' fingers. But mentions something to have happened
 ' [My detecting her, she means] which has given her
 ' very great flutters, confusions, and apprehensions:
 ' But which she will await the issue of [Some hopes for
 ' me hence, Jack!] before she gives her fresh perturbation or concern on her account.—She tells her how
 ' impatient she shall be for her next, &c.'

Now, Belford, I thought it would be but kind in me to save Miss Howe's concern on these alarming hints;

Since the curiosity of such a spirit must have been prodigiously excited by them. Having therefore so good a copy to imitate, I wrote; and, taking out that of my Beloved, put under the same cover the following short billet; inscriptive and conclusive parts of it in her own words.

Hamstead, Tuesday-Evening.

My ever-dear Miss Howe,

A Few lines only, till calmer spirits and quieter fingers be granted me, and till I can get over the shock which your intelligence has given me—To acquaint you—that your kind long Letter of Wednesday, and, as I may say, of Thursday morning, is come safe to my hands. On receipt of yours by my messenger to you, I sent for it from Wilson's. There, thank Heaven! it lay. May that Heaven reward you for all your past, and for all your *intended* goodness to

Your for-ever obliged

CL. HARLOWE.

I took great pains in writing this. It cannot, I hope, be suspected. Her hand is so *very* delicate. Yet hers is written less beautifully than she usually writes: And I hope Miss Howe will allow somewhat for *burry of spirits*, and *unsteady fingers*.

My consideration for Miss Howe's *ease of mind* extended still farther than to the instance I have mentioned.

That this billet might be with her as soon as possible (and before it could have reached Hickman by the post) I dispatched it away by a servant of Mowbray's. Miss Howe, had there been any failure or delay, might, as thou wilt think, have communicated her anxieties to her fugitive friend; and she *to me*, perhaps in a way I should not have been pleased with.

Once more wilt thou wonderingly question—All this pains for a single girl?

Yes, Jack!—But is not this girl a CLARISSA?—And who knows, but kind Fortune, as a reward for my perseverance, may toss me in her charming friend? Less likely

likely things have come to pass, Belford. And to be sure I shall have her, if I resolve upon it.

L E T T E R XLII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Eight o' clock, Sat. Morn. June 10.

I Am come back from Mrs. Moore's, whither I went in order to attend my Charmer's commands. But no admittance—A very bad night.

Doubtless she must be as much concerned, that she has carried her resentments so very far, as I have reason to be, that I made such a poor use of the opportunity I had on Wednesday night.

But now, Jack, for a brief review of my present situation; and a slight hint or two of my precautions.

I have seen the women this morning, and find them half-right, half-doubting.

Miss Rawlins's Brother tells her, that she *lives* at Mrs. Moore's.

Mrs. Moore can do nothing without Miss Rawlins.

People who keep lodgings at public places expect to get by every one who comes into their purlieus. Tho' not permitted to lodge there myself, I have engaged all the rooms she has to spare, to the very garrets; and *that*, as I have told thee before, for a month certain, and at her own price, board included; my Spouse's and all; But she must not at present know it. So I hope I have Mrs. Moore fast *by the interest*.

This, devil-like, is suiting temptations to inclinations.

I have always observed, and, I believe, I have hinted as much formerly (*a*), that all dealers, tho' but for pins, may be taken in by customers for pins, sooner than by a direct bribe of ten times the value; especially if pretenders to conscience: For the offer of a bribe would not only give room for suspicion; but would startle and alarm their scrupulousness; while a high price paid for what you buy, is but submitting to be cheated in the

(a) Vol. III. p. 16.

method the person makes a profession to get by. Have I not said, that human nature is a rogue (*a*)?—And do not I know that it is?

To give a higher instance, How many proud Senators in the year 1720. were induced, by presents or subscriptions of South Sea Stock, to contribute to a scheme big with national ruin; who yet would have spurned the man who should have presumed to offer them even twice the sum certain, that they had a chance to gain by the Stock?—But to return to my *review*, and to my *precautions*.

Miss Rawlins fluctuates as she hears the Lady's Story, or as she hears mine. Somewhat of an Infidel, I doubt, is this Miss Rawlins. I have not yet considered *her* foible. The next time I see her, I will take particular notice of all the moles and freckles in her mind; and then *infer* and *apply*.

The Widow Bevis, as I have told thee, is all my own.

My man Will. lies in the house. My other new fellow attends upon *me*; and cannot therefore be quite stupid.

Already is Will. over head and ears in love with one of Mrs. Moore's maids. He was struck with her the moment he set his eyes upon her. A raw country wench too. But all women, from the Countess to the Cook-maid, are put into high good humour with themselves when a man is taken with them at first sight. Be they ever so *plain* [No woman can be *ugly*, Jack!] they'll find twenty good reasons, besides the great one (for *Sake's sake*) by the help of the glass without (and perhaps in spite of it) and conceit within, to justify the honest fellow's *caption*.

"The Rogue has saved 150*l.* in my Service"—More by 50 than I bid him save. No doubt he thinks he *might* have done so; tho' I believe not worth a groat. "The best of masters I—Passionate, indeed: but soon "appeased."

The wench is extremely kind to him already. The other maid is also very civil to him. He has a husband for *her* in his eye. She cannot but say, that Mr. Andrew, my *other* servant [The girl is for fixing the *person*] is a very well-spoken civil young man.

"We common folks have our joys, and please your Honour, says honest Joseph Leman, like as our betters have (*a*)."

And true says honest Joseph—Did I prefer ease to difficulty, I should envy these low-born sinners some of their joys.

But if Will. had *not* made amorous pretensions to the wenches, we all know, that Servants, united in one *common compare-note cause*, are intimate the moment they see one another—Great genealogists too; they know immediately the whole kin and kin's kin of each other, tho' dispersed over the three kingdoms, as well as the genealogies and kin's kin of those whom they serve.

But my precautions end not here.

O Jack, with such an invention, what occasion had I to carry my Beloved to Mrs. Sinclair's?

My Spouse may have *further* occasion for the messengers whom she dispatched, one to Miss Howe, the other to Wilton's. With one of these Will. is already well-acquainted, as thou hast heard—To mingle Liquor is to mingle Souls with these fellows—With the other messenger he will soon be acquainted, if he be not *already*.

The Captain's servant has *his* uses and instructions assigned him. I have hinted at some of them already (*b*). He also serves a most humane and considerate master. I love to make every-body respected to my power.

The post, general and peny, will be strictly watched likewise.

Miss Howe's Collins is remembered to be described. Miss Howe's and Hickman's Liveries also.

James Harlowe and Singleton are warned against. I am to be acquainted with any enquiry that shall happen

(*a*) Vol. III. p. 86.

(*b*) p. 311. of this Volume.

to be made after my Spouse, whether by her married or maiden name, before *she* shall be told of it—And this that I may have it in my power to *prevent mischief*.

I have ordered Mowbray and Tourville (and Belton, if his health permit) to take their quarters at Hamstead for a week, with their fellows to attend them. I spare thee for the present, because of thy private concerns. But hold thyself in chearful readiness however, as a mark of thy *allegiance*.

As to my Spouse herself, has she not reason to be pleased with me for having permitted her to receive Miss Howe's Letter from Wilson's? A plain case, either that I am no deep plotter, or that I have no further views than to make my peace with her for an offence so slight and so *accidental*.

Miss Howe says, tho' prefaced with an *Alas!* that her charming friend loves me: She must therefore yearn after this Reconciliation—Prospects so fair—If she used me with less rigour, and more politeness; if she shewed me any *compassion*; seemed inclinable to spare me, and to make the most favourable constructions; I cannot but say, that it would be impossible not to shew *her* some. But to be insulted and defied by a rebel in one's power, what prince can bear that?

But I return to the scene of action. I must keep the women steady. I had no opportunity to talk to my worthy Mrs. Bevis in private.

Tomlinson, a dog, not come yet!

L E T T E R XLIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

From my Apartments at Mrs. Moore's.

MISS Rawlins at her Brother's; Mrs. Moore engaged in household matters; Widow Bevis dressing; I have nothing to do but write. This cursed Tomlinson not yet arrived!—Nothing to be done without him.

I think he shall complain in pretty high language of the

the treatment he met with yesterday. 'What are our
'affairs to him? He can have no view but to serve us,
'Cruel, to send back to town, *un-audienced*, unseen, a
'man of his business and importance. He never stirs a
'foot, but something of consequence depends upon his
'movements. A confounded thing to trifle thus hu-
'mourfomely with such a gentleman's moments!—
'These women think, that all the business of the world
'must stand still for their *figaries* [A good female word,
'Jack!]: The greatest triflers in the creation, to fancy
'themselves the most important beings in it—*Marry*
'*come up!* as I have heard Goody Sorlings say to her
'servants, when she has rated at them, with mingled
'anger and disdain.'

After all, methinks I want these *testifications* [Thou
seest how women, and womens words, fill my mind] to
be over, *happily* over, that I may sit down quietly, and
reflect upon the dangers I have passed thro', and the
troubles I have undergone. I have a *reflecting* mind,
as thou knowest; but the very word *reflecting* implies
All got over.

What bryars and thorns does the wretch rush into
(a scratched face and tattered garments the unavoidable
consequence) who will needs be for striking out a new
path thro' overgrown Underwood; quitting *that* beaten
out for him by those who have travelled the same road
before him!

A visit from the Widow Bevis, in my own apart-
ment. She tells me, that my Spouse had thoughts last
night, after I was gone to my lodgings, of removing
from Mrs. Moore's.

I almost wish she had attempted to do so.

Miss Rawlins, it seems, who was applied to upon it,
dissuaded her from it.

Mrs. Moore also, tho' she did not own that Will. lay
in the house (or rather sat up in it, courting) set before
her the difficulties, which, in her opinion, she would
have to get clear off, without my knowledge; assuring
her,

her, that she could be no-where more safe than with her, till she had fixed whither to go. And the Lady herself recollected, that if she went, she might miss the expected Letter from her dear friend Miss Howe; which, as she owned, was to direct her future steps.

She must also surely have some curiosity to know what her Uncle's friend had to say to her from her Uncle, contemptuously as she yesterday treated a man of his importance. Nor could she, I should think, be absolutely determined to put herself out of the way of receiving the visits of two of the principal Ladies of my family, and to break entirely with me in the face of them all.— Besides, whither could she have gone?—Moreover, Miss Howe's Letter coming (after her elopement) so safely to her hands, must surely put her into a more confiding temper with me, and with every one else, tho' she would not immediately own it.

But these good folks have so *little* charity!—Are such *severe* censurers!—Yet who is *absolutely perfect*?—It were to be wished, however, that *they* would be so modest as to doubt themselves sometimes: Then would they allow for others, as others (excellent as they imagine themselves to be) must for them.

Saturday, One o'clock.

TOMLINSON at last is come. Forced to ride five miles about (tho' I shall impute his delay to great and important business) to avoid the sight of two or three impertinent rascals, who, little thinking whose affairs he was employed in, wanted to obtrude themselves upon him. I think I will make this fellow easy, if he behave to my liking in this affair.

I sent up the moment he came.

She desired to be excused receiving his visit till Four this afternoon.

Intolerable!—No consideration!—None at all in this Sex, when their cursed humours are in the way!—Pay-day, pay-hour, rather, will come!—O that it were to be the next!

The

The Captain is in a pet. Who can blame him? Even the women think a man of his consequence, and generously coming to serve *us*, hardly used. Would to heaven she had attempted to get off last night: The women not my enemies, who knows but the Husband's exerted authority might have met with such connivance, as might have concluded either in carrying her back to her former lodgings, or in consummation at Mrs. Moore's, in spite of exclamations, fits, and the rest of the female obsecrations?

My Beloved has not appeared to any-body this day, except to Mrs. Moore. Is, it seems, extremely low: Unfit for the interesting conversation that is to be held in the afternoon. Longs to hear from her dear friend Miss Howe—Yet cannot expect a Letter for a day or two. Has a bad opinion of all mankind.—No wonder!—Excellent creature as she is! with such a *Father*, such *Uncles*, such a *Brother*, as she has!

How does she look?

Better than could be expected from yesterday's fatigue, and last night's ill rest.

These tender doves know not, till put to it, what they can bear; especially when engaged in Love-affairs; and their attention wholly engrossed. But the Sex love busy scenes. Still-life is their aversion. A woman will *create* a storm, rather than be without one. So as they can preside in the whirlwind, and direct it, they are happy.—But my Beloved's misfortune is, that she must live in tumults; yet neither raise them herself, nor be able to controul them.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sat. Night, June 10.

WHAT will be the issue of all my plots and contrivances, devil take me if I am able to divine. But I will not, as Lord M. would say, *forestall my own market*.

At

At Four, the appointed hour, I sent up, to desire admittance in the Captain's name and my own.

She would wait upon the *Captain* presently [Not upon *me*!]; and in the parlour, if it were not engaged.

The dining-room being *mine*, perhaps that was the reason of her naming the parlour—Mighty nice again, if so!—No good sign for me, thought I, this stiff punctilio.

In the parlour, with me and the Captain, were Mrs. Moore, Miss Rawlins, and Mrs. Bevis.

The women said, they would withdraw, when the Lady came down.

Lovel. Not, except she chuses you should, Ladies.—People who are so much above-board as I am, need not make secrets of any of their affairs. Besides, you three Ladies are now acquainted with all our concerns.

Capt. I have some things to say to your Lady, that perhaps she would not herself chuse that any-body should hear; not even *you*, Mr. Lovelace, as you and her family are not upon such a good foot of understanding as were to be wished.

Lovel. Well, well, Captain, I must submit. Give us a sign to withdraw; and we will withdraw.

It was better that the exclusion of the women should come from him, than from me.

Capt. I will bow, and wave my hand, thus—when I wish to be alone with the Lady. Her Uncle dotes upon her. I hope, Mr. Lovelace, you will not make a Reconciliation more difficult, for the earnestness which my dear friend shews to bring it to bear: But indeed I must tell you, *as I told you more than once before*, that I am afraid you have made lighter of the occasion of this misunderstanding to me, than it ought to have been made.

Lovel. I hope, Captain Tomlinson, you do not question my veracity!

Capt. I beg your pardon, Mr. Lovelace—But those things which we men may think lightly of, may not be light to a woman of delicacy.—And then, if you *have* bound yourself by a vow, you ought—

Miss Rawlins bridling, her lips closed (but her mouth stretched to a smile of approbation, the longer for not buttoning) tacitly shewed herself pleased with the Captain for his delicacy.

Mrs. Moore *could* speak—*Very true*, however, was all she said, with a motion of her head that expressed the bow-approbatory.

For my part, said the jolly widow, staring with eyes as big as eggs, I know what I know—But Man and Wife are Man and Wife; or they are *not* Man and Wife.—I have no notion of standing upon such niceties.

But here she comes! cried one, hearing her chamber-door open—Here she comes! another, hearing it shut after her—And down dropt the angel among us.

We all stood up, bowing and courtesying; and could not help it. For she entered with such an air as commanded all our reverence. Yet the Captain looked plaguy grave.

Cl. Pray keep your seats, Ladies—Pray do not go [For they made offers to withdraw; yet Miss Rawlins would have burst, had she been suffered to retire]. Before this time you have heard all my Story, I make no doubt—Pray keep your seats—At least all Mr. Lovelace's.

A very saucy and whimsical beginning, thought I.

Capt. Tomlinson, your servant, addressing herself to him with inimitable dignity. I hope you did not take amiss my declining your visit yesterday. I was really incapable of talking upon any subject that required attention.

Capt. I am glad I see you better now, Madam. I hope I do.

Cl. Indeed I am not well. I would not have excused myself from attending you some hours ago, but in hopes I should have been better. I beg your pardon, Sir, for the trouble I have given you; and shall the rather expect it, as *this day will*, I hope, *conclude it all*.

Thus set! thus determined! thought I—Yet to have
Sept

Sept upon it!—But, as what she said was capable of a good, as well as a bad construction, I would not put an unfavourable one upon it.

Lovel. The Captain was sorry, my dear, he did not offer his attendance the moment he arrived yesterday. He was afraid that you took it amiss that he did not.

Cl. Perhaps I thought that my *Uncle's* friend might have wished to see me as soon as he came [How we stared!]
—But, Sir [to me] it might be *convenient* to you to detain him.

The devil, thought I!—So there really was resentment, as well as head-ach, as my good friend Mrs. Bevis observed, in her refusing to see the honest gentleman.

Capt. You *would* detain me, Mr. Lovelace—I was for paying my respects to the Lady the moment I came—

Cl. Well, Sir, [interrupting him] to wave this; for I would not be thought captious—If you have not suffered inconvenience, in being obliged to come again, I shall be easy.

Capt. [half-disconcerted] A *little* inconvenience, I can't say but I have suffered. I have, indeed, too many affairs upon my hands. But the desire I have to serve you and Mr. Lovelace, as well as to oblige my dear friend your Uncle Harlowe, make great inconveniences but small ones.

Cl. You are very obliging, Sir.—Here is a great alteration since you parted with us last.

Capt. A great one indeed, Madam! I was very much surpris'd at it, on Thursday evening, when Mr. Lovelace conducted me to your lodgings, where we hoped to find you.

Cl. Have you any-thing to say to me, Sir, from my Uncle himself, that requires my *private* ear? Don't go, Ladies [for the women stood up, and offered to withdraw]
—If Mr. Lovelace stays, I am sure *you* may.

I frowned. I bit my lip. I looked at the women; and shook my head.

Capt. I have nothing to offer, but what Mr. Lovelace

lace is a party to, and may hear, except one private word or two, which may be postponed to the last.

Cl. Pray, Ladies, keep your seats.—Things are altered, Sir, since I saw you. You can mention nothing that relates to *me* now, to which *that gentleman* can be a party.

Capt. You surprise me, Madam! I am sorry to hear this!—Sorry for your *Uncle's* sake!—Sorry for *your* sake!—Sorry for Mr. *Lovelace's* sake!—And yet I am sure he must have given greater occasion than he has mentioned to me, or—

Lovel. Indeed, Captain, Indeed, Ladies, I have told you great part of my Story!—And what I told you of my offence was the truth:—What I concealed of my Story was only what I apprehended would, if known, cause this dear creature to be thought more censorious than charitable.

Cl. Well, well, Sir, say what you please. Make me as black as you please. Make yourself as white as you can. I am not now in your power: That consideration will comfort me for all.

Capt. God forbid that I should offer to plead in behalf of a crime, that a woman of virtue and honour cannot forgive. But surely, surely, Madam, this is going too far.

Cl. Do not blame me, Captain Tomlinson. I have a good opinion of you, as my *Uncle's* friend. But if you are Mr. *Lovelace's* friend, that is another thing; for my interests and Mr. *Lovelace's* must now be forever separated.

Capt. One word with you, Madam, if you please—offering to retire.

Cl. You may say all that you please to say before these gentlewomen. Mr. *Lovelace* may have Secrets. I have none. You seem to think me faulty: I should be glad, that all the world knew my heart. Let my enemies sit in judgment upon my actions: Fairly scanned, I fear not the result. Let them even ask me my

most secret thoughts, and, whether they make for me, or against me, I will reveal them.

Capt. Noble Lady! who can say as you say?

The women held up their hands and eyes; each as if she had said, Not I.

No disorder here, said Miss Rawlins! But (judging by her own heart) a confounded deal of improbability, I believe she thought.

Finely *said*, to be sure, said the widow Bevis, shrugging her shoulders.

Mrs. Moore sighed.

Jack Belford, thought I, knows all mine: And in this I am more ingenuous than any of the three, and a fit match for this paragon.

Cl. How Mr. Lovelace has found me out here, I cannot tell. But such mean devices, such artful, such worse than Waltham disguises put on, to obtrude himself into my company; such bold, such shocking untruths—

Capt. The favour of but one word, Madam, in private—

Cl. In order to support a right which he has not over me!—O Sir, O Capt. Tomlinson!—I think I have reason to say, that the man (There he stands!) is capable of any villainy!—

The women looked upon one another, and upon me, by turns, to see how I bore it. I had such dartings in my head at the instant, that I thought I should have gone distracted. My brain seemed on fire. What would I have given to have had her alone with me!—I traversed the room; my clenched fist to my forehead. O that I had any-body here, thought I, that Hercules-like, when flaming in the tortures of Deianira's poison'd shirt, I could tear in pieces?

Capt. Dear Lady! see you not how the poor gentleman—Lord, how have I imposed upon your Uncle, at this rate! How happy, did I tell him, I saw you! How happy I was sure you would be in each other!

Cl. O Sir, you don't know how many premeditated offences

offences I *had forgiven* when I saw you last, before I could appear to you, what I hoped then I might for the future be!—But now you may tell my Uncle, if you please, that I cannot hope for his mediation. Tell him, that my guilt, in giving this man an opportunity to spirit me away from my *tried*, my *experienced*, my *natural* friends (harshly as they treated me), stares me every day more and more in the face; and still the more, as my fate seems to be drawing to a crisis, according to the malediction of my offended Father!

And then she burst into tears, which even affected that dog, who, brought to abet me, was himself all *Belforded* over.

The women, so used to cry without grief, as they are to laugh without reason, by mere force of example [Confound their promptitudes!] must needs pull out *their* handkerchiefs. The less wonder, however, as I myself, between confusion, surprize, and concern, could hardly stand it.

What's a tender heart good for!—Who can be happy that has a *feeling* heart?—And yet thou'lt say, that he who has it not, must be a tyger, and no man.

Capt. Let me beg the favour of one word with you, Madam, in private; and that on my *own* account.

The women hereupon offered to retire. She insisted, that if *they* went, I should not stay.

Capt. Sir, bowing to me, shall I beg—

I hope, thought I, that I may trust this solemn dog, instructed as he is. She does not doubt him. I'll stay out no longer than to give her time to spend her first fire.

I then passively withdrew, with the women—But with such a bow to my goddess, that it won for me every heart but that I wanted *most* to win; for the haughty maid bent not her knee in return.

The conversation between the Captain and the Lady, when we were retired, was to the following effect: They both talked loud enough for me to hear them. The Lady from anger, the Captain with design; and thou mayst be sure there was no listener but myself.

What I was imperfect in was supplied afterwards; for I had my vellum-leaved book to note all down. If she had known this, perhaps she would have been more sparing of her invectives—and but *perhaps* neither.

He told her, that as her Brother was absolutely resolved to see her; and as he himself, in compliance with her Uncle's expedient, had reported her Marriage; and as that report had reached the ears of Lord M., Lady Betty, and the rest of my relations; and as he had been obliged, in consequence of his *first* report, to vouch it; and as her Brother might find out where she was, and apply to the women here, for a confirmation or refutation of the Marriage; he had thought himself obliged to countenance the report before the women: That this had embarrassed him not a little, as he would not for the world that she should have cause to think him capable of prevarication, contrivance, or double-dealing: And that this made him desirous of a private conversation with her.

It was true, she said, she *bad* given her consent to such an expedient, believing it was her *Uncle's*; and little thinking, that it would lead to so many errors. Yet she might have known, that one error is frequently the parent of many. Mr. Lovelace had made her sensible of the truth of that observation, on more occasions than one; and it was an observation that he the Captain had made, in one of the Letters that was shewn her yesterday (*a*).

He hoped, that she had no mistrust of *him*: That she had no doubts of *his honour*. If, Madam, you suspect me—If you think me capable—What a man—The Lord be merciful to me!—What a man must you think me!

I hope, Sir, there cannot be a man in the world who could deserve to be suspected in such a case as this. I do *not* suspect you. If it were possible there could be *one* such man, I am sure, Capt. Tomlinson, a Father of children, a Man in Years, of Sense and Experience, cannot be that man.

He told me, that just then, he thought he felt a sudden flash from her eye, an *Eye-beam* as he called it, dart thro' his shivering reins; and he could not help trembling.

The dog's Conscience, Jack! Nothing else!—I have felt half a dozen such flashes, such eye-beams, in as many different conversations with this soul-piercing Beauty.

Her Uncle, she must own, was not accustomed to think of such expedients: But she had reconciled this to herself, as the case was unhappily uncommon; and by the regard he had for her honour.

This set the puppy's heart at ease, and gave him more courage.

She asked him, If he thought Lady Betty and Miss Montague intended her a visit?

He had no doubt but they did.

And does he imagine, said she, that I could be brought to countenance to them the report you have given out?

[*I had hoped to bring her to this, Jack, or she had not seen their Letters.* But I had told the Captain, that I believe I must give up this expectation.]

No. He believed, that I had not such a thought. He was pretty sure, that I intended, when I saw *them*, to tell them (as in confidence) the naked truth.

He then told her, that her Uncle had already made some steps towards a general Reconciliation. The moment, Madam, that he knows you are really married, he will enter into conference with your *Father* upon it; having actually expressed to your *Mother*, his desire to be reconciled to you.

And what, Sir, said my Mother? What said my dear Mother?

With great emotion she asked this question; holding out her sweet face as the Captain described her, with the most earnest attention, as if she would shorten the way which his words were to have to her heart.

Your Mother, Madam, burst into tears upon it:

And your Uncle was so penetrated by *her* tenderness, that he could not proceed with the subject. But he intends to enter upon it with her in form, as soon as he hears that the Ceremony is over.

By the tone of her voice she wept. The dear creature, thought I, begins to relent!—And I grudged the dog his eloquence. I could hardly bear the thought, that any man breathing should have the power which I had lost, of persuading this high-souled woman, tho' in my own favour. And, wouldst thou think it? this reflection gave me more uneasiness at the moment, than I felt from her reproaches, violent as they were; or than I had pleasure in her supposed relenting. For there is Beauty in every-thing she says and does: Beauty in her passion: Beauty in her tears!—Had the Captain been a young fellow, and of rank and fortune, *his* throat would have been in danger; and I should have thought very hardly of *her*.

O Capt. Tomlinson, said she, you know not what I have suffered by this man's strange ways. He had, as I was not ashamed to tell him yesterday, a *plain path before him*. He at first betrayed me into his power: But when I *was* in it—There she stopt. Then resuming—O Sir, you know not what a strange man he has been!—An unpolite, a rough-manner'd man!—In disgrace of his Birth, and Education, and Knowledge, an unpolite man!—And so acting, as if his worldly and personal advantages set him above those graces which distinguish a gentleman.

The first woman that ever said or that ever thought so of me, that's my comfort, thought I!—But this (spoken to her *Uncle's friend* behind my back) helps to heap up thy already too-full measure, dearest!—It is down in my vellum-book.

Cl. When I look back on his whole behaviour to a poor young creature (for I am but a *very* young creature!) I cannot acquit him either of great folly, or of deep design.—And, last Wednesday—There she stopt; and I suppose turned away her face.

I wonder

I wonder she was not ashamed to hint at what she thought so shameful; and that to a *man*, and *alone* with him.

Capt. Far be it from me, Madam, to offer to enter too closely into so tender a subject. Mr. Lovelace owns, that you have reason to be displeased with him. But he so solemnly clears himself to me, of *premeditated* offence—

Cl. He cannot clear himself, Mr. Tomlinson. The people of the house must be very vile, as well as he. I am convinced, that there was a wicked confederacy— But no more upon such a subject.

Capt. Only one word more, Madam—He tells me, that you promised to pardon him. He tells me—

He knew, interrupted she, that he deserved not pardon, or he had not extorted that promise from me. Nor had I given it to him, but to shield myself from the vilest outrage—

Capt. I could wish, Madam, inexcusable as his behaviour has been, since he has *something* to plead in the reliance he made upon your *promise*; that, for the sake of appearances to the world, and to avoid the mischiefs that may follow if you absolutely break with him, you could prevail upon your naturally generous mind, to lay an obligation upon him by your forgiveness.

She was silent.

Capt. Your Father and Mother, Madam, deplore a Daughter lost to them, whom your generosity to Mr. Lovelace may restore: Do not put it to the possible chance, that they may have cause to deplore a double loss; the losing of a *Son*, as well as a *Daughter*, who, by his own violence, which you may perhaps prevent, may be for ever lost to them, and to the whole family.

She paused. She wept. She owned, that she felt the force of this argument.

I will be the making of this fellow, thought I!

Capt. Permit me, Madam, to tell you, that I do not think it would be difficult to prevail upon your Uncle, if you insist upon it, to come up privately to

town, and to give you with his own hand to Mr. Lovelace—Except, indeed, your present misunderstanding were to come to his ears.—Besides, Madam, your Brother, it is likely, may at this very time be in town; and he is resolved to find you out—

Cl. Why, Sir, should I be so much afraid of my *Brother*? My Brother has injured *me*, not I *him*. Will my Brother offer to me, what Mr. Lovelace has offered!—Wicked, ungrateful man! to insult a friendless, unprotected creature, made friendless by himself!--I cannot, cannot think of him in the light I once thought of him. What, Sir, to put myself into the power of a wretch, who has acted by me with so much vile premeditation? Who shall pity, who shall excuse me, if I do, were I to suffer ever so much from him?—No, Sir.—Let Mr. Lovelace leave me—Let my Brother find me. I am not such a poor creature, as to be afraid to face the Brother who has injured me.

Capt. Were you and your Brother to meet only to confer together, to expostulate, to clear up difficulties, it were another thing. But what, Madam, can you think will be the issue of an interview (Mr. Solmes with him) when he finds you *unmarried*, and resolved never to have Mr. Lovelace; supposing Mr. Lovelace were *not* to interfere; which cannot be imagined?

Cl. Well, Sir, I can only say, I am a very unhappy creature!—I must resign to the will of Providence, and be patient under evils, which *that* will not permit me to shun. But I have taken my measures. Mr. Lovelace can never make *me* happy, nor I *him*. I wait here only for a Letter from Miss Howe. That must determine me—

Determine you as to Mr. Lovelace, Madam? interrupted the Captain.

Cl. I am already determined as to him.

Capt. If it be not in his favour, I have done. I cannot use stronger arguments than I have used, and it would be impertinent to repeat them. If you cannot forgive his offence, I am sure it must have been much greater

greater than he has owed to me. If you are absolutely determined, be pleased to let me know what I shall say to your Uncle? You was pleased to tell me, *that this day would put an end to what you called my trouble*: I should not have thought it any, could I have been an humble means of reconciling persons of worth and honour to each other.

Here I entered with a solemn air.

Lovel. Mr. Tomlinson, I have heard a great part of what has passed between you and this unforgiving (however otherwise excellent) Lady. I am cut to the heart to find the dear creature so determined. I could not have believed it possible, with such prospects, that I had so little a share in her esteem. Nevertheless I must do myself justice with regard to the offence I was so unhappy as to give, since I find you are ready to think it much greater than it really was.

Cl. I hear not, Sir, your recapitulations. I am, and ought to be, the sole judge of insults offered to my person. I enter not into discussion with you, nor hear you on the shocking subject. And was going.

I put myself between her and the door—You *may* hear all I have to say, Madam. My *fault* is not of such a nature, but that you *may*. I will be a just accuser of myself; and will not wound your ears.

I then protested that the Fire was a real Fire [So it was]. I disclaimed [less truly indeed] premeditation. I owned that I was hurried on by the violence of a youthful passion, and by a sudden impulse, which few other persons, in the like situation, would have been able to check: That I withdrew, at her command and entreaty, on the promise of *pardon*, without having offered the least indecency, or any freedom, that would not have been forgiven by persons of delicacy, surprised in an attitude so charming—Her terror, on the alarm of fire, calling for a soothing behaviour, and personal tenderness, she being ready to fall into fits: My hoped-for happy Day so near, that I might be presumed to be looked upon as a betrothed Lover—And that this
excuse

excuse might be pleaded *even for the women of the house*, that they, thinking us actually married, might suppose themselves to be the less concerned to interfere on so tender an occasion—There, Jack, was a bold insinuation in behalf of the women!

High indignation filled her disdainful eye, Eye-beam after Eye-beam flashing at me. Every feature of her sweet face had Soul in it. Yet she spoke not. Perhaps, Jack, she had a thought, that this *plea for the women* accounted for my contrivance to have her pass to them as married, when I *first carried her thither*.

Capt. Indeed, Sir, I must say, that you did not well to add to the apprehensions of a Lady so much terrified before.

The dear creature offered to go by me. I set my back against the door, and besought her to stay a few moments. I had not said thus much, my dearest creature, but for *your* sake, as well as for *my own*, that Captain Tomlinson should not think I had been viler than I was. Nor will I say one word more on the subject, after I have appealed to your own heart, whether it was not necessary, that I should *say so much*; and to the Captain, whether otherwise he would not have gone away with a much worse opinion of me, if he had judged of my offence by the violence of your resentment.

Capt. Indeed I *should*. I *own* I should. And I am very glad, Mr. Lovelace, that you are able to defend yourself thus far.

Cl. That cause must be well tried, where the offender takes his seat upon the same bench with the judge.—I submit not mine to men—Nor, give me leave to say, to You, Captain Tomlinson, tho' I am willing to have a good opinion of you. Had not the man been assured that he had influenced you in his favour, he would not have brought you up to Hamstead.

Capt. That I am *influenced*, as you call it, Madam, is for the sake of your Uncle, and for your own sake, more (I will say to Mr. Lovelace's face) than for his. What can I have in view, but Peace and Reconciliation?

I have, from the *first*, blamed, and I now, *again*, blame, Mr. Lovelace, for adding distress to distress, and terror to terror; the Lady, as you acknowledge, Sir [*looking valiantly*] ready *before* to fall into fits.

Lovel. Let me own to you, Captain Tomlinson, that I have been a very faulty, a very foolish man; and, if this dear creature *ever* honoured me with her Love, an *ingrateful* one. But I have had too much reason to doubt it. And this is now a flagrant proof that she never had the value for me which my proud heart wished for; that, with such prospects before us; a Day so near; Settlements approved and drawn; her Uncle mediating a general Reconciliation, which, for *her* sake, not *my own*, I was desirous to give in to; she can, for an offence so *really* slight, on an occasion so *truly* accidental, renounce me for ever; and, with me, all hopes of that Reconciliation in the way her Uncle had put it in, and she had acquiesced with; and risque all consequences, *fatal ones* as they may too possibly be.—By my Soul, Captain Tomlinson, the dear creature must have hated me all the time she was intending to honour me with her hand. And now she must resolve to abandon me, as far as I know, with a preference in her heart of the most odious of men—in favour of *that Solmes*, who, as you tell me, accompanies her Brother: And with what hopes, with what view, accompanies him?—How can I bear to think of this?—

Cl. It is fit, Sir, that you should judge of my regard for you, by your own conscious demerits. Yet you know, or you would not have dared to behave to me as sometimes you did, that you had *more of it* than you deserved.

She walked from us; and then returning, Captain Tomlinson, said she, I will own to you, that I was not *capable* of resolving to give my *hand*, and—*nothing but my hand*. Have I not given a flagrant proof of this to the once most indulgent of parents? which has brought me into a distress, which this man has heightened, when he ought, in gratitude and honour, to have

have endeavoured to render it supportable. I had even a *byas*, Sir, in his favour, I scruple not to own it. Long (much too long!) bore I with his unaccountable ways, attributing his errors to *unmeaning gaiety*, and to a want of knowing what *true delicacy*, and *true generosity*, required from a heart susceptible of grateful impressions to one involved by his means in unhappy circumstances. It is now *wickedness* in him (a wickedness which discredits all his *professions*) to say, that his last cruel and ingrateful insult was not a *premeditated* one.—But what need I say more of this insult, when it was of such a nature, that it has changed that *byas* in his favour, and made me chuse to forego all the inviting prospects he talks of, and to run all hazards, to free myself from his power?

O my dearest creature! how happy for us both, had I been able to *discover that byas*, as you condescend to call it, thro' such reserves as man never encountered with!—

He *did* discover it, Captain Tomlinson. He brought me, *more than once, to own it*; the more needlessly brought me to own it, as I dare say his own *Vanity* gave him *no cause to doubt it*; and as I had no other motive in not being *forward* to own it, than my too just apprehensions of his *want of generosity*. In a word, Captain Tomlinson (and now, that I am determined upon my measures, I the less scruple to say it) I should have despised myself, had I found myself capable of Affectation or Tyranny to the man I intended to marry. I have always blamed the dearest friend I have in the world for a fault of this nature. In a word—

Lovel. And had my angel really and indeed the favour for me she is pleased to own?—Dearest creature, forgive me. Restore me to your good opinion. Surely I have not sinned beyond forgiveness. You say, that I extorted from you the promise you made me. But I could not have presumed to make that promise the condition of my obedience, had I not thought there *was room to expect* forgiveness. Permit, I beseech you,
the

the prospects to take place, that were opening so agreeably before us. I will go to town, and bring the Licence. All difficulties to the obtaining of it are surmounted. Captain Tomlinson shall be witness to the Deeds. He will be present at the Ceremony on the part of your Uncle. Indeed he gave me hope, that your Uncle himself—

Capt. I *did*, Mr. Lovelace: And I will tell you my grounds for the hope I gave. I proposed to my dear friend (Your Uncle, Madam) that he should give out, that he would take a turn with me to my little Farm-house, as I call it, near Northampton, for a week or so.—Poor gentleman! he has of late been very little abroad! Too visibly indeed declining!—Change of Air, it might be given out, was good for him.—But I see, Madam, that this is too *tender* a subject—

The dear creature wept. She knew how to apply as meant the Captain's hint to the *occasion* of her Uncle's declining state of health.

Capt. We might indeed, I told him, set out in that road, but turn short to town in *my* chariot; and he might see the Ceremony performed with his own eyes, and be the desired Father, as well as the beloved Uncle.

She turned from us, and wiped her eyes.

Capt. And, really, there seem now to be but two objections to this; as Mr. Harlowe discouraged not the proposal—The one, the unhappy misunderstanding between you; which I would not by any means he should know; since then he might be apt to give weight to Mr. James Harlowe's unjust surmizes.—The other, that it would necessarily occasion some delay to the Ceremony; which certainly may be performed in a day or two—If—

And then he reverently bowed to my goddesses.—Charming fellow!—But often did I curse my stars, for making me so much obliged to his adroitness.

She was going to speak; but, not liking the turn of her countenance (altho', as I thought, its severity and indignation seemed a little abated) I said, and had like

to have blown myself up by it—One expedient I have just thought of—

Cl. None of your *Expedients*, Mr. Lovelace!--I abhor your *Expedients*, your *Inventions*—I have had too many of them.

Lovel. See, Capt. Tomlinson!--See, Sir—O how we expose ourselves to you!--Little did you think, I dare say, that we have lived in such a continued misunderstanding together!--But you will make the best of it all. We may yet be happy. O that I could have been assured, that this dear creature loved *me* with the hundredth part of the Love I have for *her*!--Our diffidences have been mutual. I presume to say, that she has too much punctilio: I am afraid, that I have too little. Hence our difficulties. But I have a Heart, Capt. Tomlinson, a Heart, that bids me hope for her Love, because it is resolved to deserve it as much as man *can* deserve it.

Capt. I am indeed surpris'd at what I have seen and heard. I defend not Mr. Lovelace, Madam, in the offence he has given you—As a Father of Daughters myself, I *cannot* defend him; tho' his fault seems to be lighter than I had apprehended—But in my conscience, Madam, I think you carry your resentment too high.

Cl. Too high, Sir!--Too high, to the man that might have been happy if he would!--Too high to the man that has held *my soul in suspense* an hundred times, since (by artifice and deceit) he obtained a power over me!--Say, Lovelace, thyself say, Art thou not the *very* Lovelace, who by insulting *me*, hast wronged thy *own hopes*?—The wretch that appeared in vile disguises, personating an old lame creature, seeking for lodgings for thy sick wife?—Telling the gentlewomen here, Stories all of thine own invention; and asserting to them an husband's right over me, which thou hast not?—And is it [turning to the Captain] to be expected, that I should give credit to the protestations of *such a man*?

Lovel. Treat me, dearest creature, as you please, I will bear it: And yet your scorn and your violence have

have fixed daggers in my heart—But was it possible, without those disguises, to come at your speech?—And could I lose you, if study, if invention, would put it in my power to arrest your anger, and give me hope to engage you to confirm to me the *promised pardon*? The address I made to you before the women, as if the Marriage-ceremony had passed, was in consequence of what your Uncle *bad advised*, and what *you bad acquiesced with*; and the rather made, as your Brother, and Singleton, and Solmes, were resolved to find out whether what was reported of your Marriage were true or not, that they might take their measures accordingly; and in hopes to prevent that mischief, which I have been but *too* studious to prevent, since this tameness has but invited insolence from your Brother and his Confederates.

Cl. O thou strange wretch, how thou talkest!—But, Captain Tomlinson, give me leave to say, that, were I inclined to enter farther upon this subject, I would appeal to Miss Rawlins's judgment (Whom else have I to appeal to?) She seems to be a person of prudence and honour; but not to any *Man's* judgment, whether I carry my resentment beyond fit bounds, when I resolve—

Capt. Forgive, Madam, the interruption—But I think there can be no reason for this. You ought, as you said, to be the *sole judge* of indignities offered you. The gentlewomen here are strangers to you. You will perhaps stay but a little while among them. If you lay the State of your case before any of them, and your Brother come to enquire of them, your Uncle's intended mediation will be discovered, and rendered abortive—I shall appear in a light that I never appeared in, in my life—for these women may not think themselves obliged to keep the secret.

Charming fellow!

Cl. O what difficulties has one fatal step involved me in!—But there is no necessity for such an appeal to anybody. I am resolved on my measures.

Capt. Absolutely resolved, Madam?

Cl. I am.

Capt. What shall I say to your Uncle Harlowe, Madam?—Poor gentleman! how will he be surpris'd!—You see, Mr. Lovelace—You see, Sir—turning to me, with a flourishing hand—But you may *thank yourself*—and admirably stalked he from us.

True, by my Soul, thought I. I traversed the room, and bit my unperfuasive lips, now upper, now under, for vexation.

He made a profound reverence to her—And went to the window, where lay his Hat and Whip; and, taking them up, opened the door. Child, said he, to somebody he saw, pray, order my servant to bring my horse to the door—

Lovel. You won't go, Sir—I hope you won't!—I am the unhappiest man in the world!—You won't go—Yet, alas!—But you won't go, Sir!—There may be yet hopes that Lady Betty may have some weight—

Capt. Dear Mr. Lovelace; and may not my worthy friend, an affectionate Uncle, hope for *some* influence upon his *Daughter-niece*?—But I beg pardon—A Letter will always find me disposed to serve the Lady, and that as well for her sake, as for the sake of my dear friend.

She had thrown herself into a chair; her eyes cast down: She was motionless, as in a profound study.

The Captain bowed to her again: But met with no return to his bow. *Mr. Lovelace*, said he (with an air of equality and independence) *I am Yours*.

Still the dear unaccountable sat as immoveable as a statue; stirring neither hand, foot, head, nor eye—I never before saw any one in so profound a resverie, in so waking a dream.

He passed by her to go out at the door she sat near, tho' the passage by the other door was his direct way; and bowed again. She moved not. I will not disturb the Lady in her meditations, Sir.—Adieu, Mr. Lovelace—*No farther, I beseech you*.

She

She started, sighing—Are you going, Sir?

Capt. I am, Madam. I could have been glad to do you service: But I see it is not in my power.

She stood up, holding out one hand, with inimitable dignity and sweetness—I am sorry you are going, Sir!—I can't help it—I have no friend to advise with—Mr. Lovelace has the art (or good-fortune, perhaps I should call it) to make himself many.—Well, Sir—If you will go, I can't help it.

Capt. I will *not* go, Madam; his eyes twinkling. [Again seized with a fit of humanity!]. I will *not* go, if my longer stay can do you either service or pleasure. What, Sir (turning to me) what, Mr. Lovelace, was your Expedient?—Perhaps something may be offered, Madam—

She sighed, and was silent.

REVENGE, invoked I to myself, keep thy throne in my heart—If the usurper LOVE once more drive thee from it, thou wilt never regain possession!

Lovel. What I had thought of, what I had intended to propose, [and I sighed] was this, That the dear creature, if she will not forgive me, as she promised, will suspend the displeasure she has conceived against me, till Lady Betty arrives.—That Lady may be the mediatrix between us. This dear creature may put herself into *her* protection, and accompany her down to her Seat in Oxfordshire. It is one of her Ladyship's purposes to prevail on her supposed new Niece to go down with her. It may pass to every one but to Lady Betty, and to you, *Capt. Tomlinson*, and to your friend Mr. Harlowe (as he desires) that we have been some time married: And her being with my relations, will amount to a proof to James Harlowe, that we *are*; and our Nuptials may be privately, and at this beloved Creature's pleasure, solemnized; and your report, Captain, authenticated.

Capt. Upon my honour, Madam, clapping his hand upon his breast, a charming Expedient!—This will answer every end.

She mused—She was greatly perplexed—At last, God direct me, said she! I know not what to do—A young unfriended creature, whom have I to advise with?—Let me retire, if I *can* retire.

She withdrew with slow and trembling feet, and went up to her chamber.

For Heaven's sake, said the penetrated varlet, [his hands lifted up]; For Heaven's sake, take compassion upon this admirable woman!—I cannot proceed—I cannot proceed—She deserves all things—

Softly!—damn the fellow!—The women are coming in.

He sobbed up his grief—turn'd about—hemm'd up a more *manly* accent—Wipe thy cursed eyes—He did. The Sunshine took place on one cheek, and spread slowly to the other, and the fellow had his whole face again.

The women all three came in, led by that ever-curious Miss Rawlins. I told them, that the Lady was gone up to consider of every-thing: That we had hopes of her. And such a representation we made of all that had passed, as brought either tacit or declared blame upon the fair Perverse for hardness of heart and over-delicacy.

The widow Bevis, in particular, put out one lip, tossed up her head, wrinkled her forehead, and made such motions with her now-lifted-up, now cast-down eyes, as shewed, that she thought there was a great deal of perverseness and affectation in the Lady. Now-and-then she changed her censuring looks to looks of pity of me—But (as she said) She loved not to aggravate!—A poor business, *God help's!* shrugging up her shoulders, to make such a rout about! And then her eyes laughed heartily—Indulgence was a good thing! Love was a good thing!—But too much was too much!

Miss Rawlins, however, declared, after she had called the Widow Bevis, with a prudish simper, a *comical gentlewoman!* That there must be something in our Story, which she could not fathom; and went from

us into a corner, and sat down, seemingly vexed that she could not.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. LOVELACE. *In Continuation.*

THE Lady staid longer above than we wished; and I hoping that (lady-like) she only waited for an *invitation* to return to us, desired the Widow Bevis, in the Captain's name (who wanted to go to town) to request the favour of her company.

I cared not to send up either Miss Rawlins or Mrs. Moore on the errand, lest my Beloved should be in a *communicative disposition*; especially as she had hinted at an appeal to Miss Rawlins; who, besides, has such an unbounded curiosity.

Mrs. Bevis presently returned with an answer (winking and pinking at me) that the Lady would follow her down. Miss Rawlins could not but offer to retire, as the others did. Her eyes, however, intimated that she had rather stay. But they not being answered as she seemed to wish, she went with the rest, but with slower feet; and had hardly left the parlour, when the Lady entered it by the other door; a melancholy dignity in her person and air.

She sat down. Pray, Mr. Tomlinson, be seated.

He took his chair over-against her. I stood behind hers, that I might give him *agreed upon* signals, should there be occasion for them.

As thus—A wink of the left-eye was to signify *Push that point, Captain.*

A wink of the right, and a nod, was to indicate *Approbation* of what he had said.

My fore-finger held up, and biting my lip, *Get off of that, as fast as possible.*

A right-forward nod, and a frown—*Swear to it, Captain.*

My whole spread hand, *To take care not to say too much on that particular subject.*

A scouling brow, and a positive nod, was to bid him rise in his temper.

And these motions I could make, even those with my hand, without holding up my arm, or moving my wrist, had the women been there; as, when the motions were agreed upon, I knew not but they would.

She hemmed—I was going to speak, to spare her supposed confusion: But this Lady never wants presence of mind, when presence of mind is necessary either to her honour, or to that conscious dignity which distinguishes her from all the women I ever knew.

I have been considering, said she, as well as I was able, of every-thing that has passed; and of all that has been said; and of my unhappy situation. I mean no ill; I wish no ill, to any creature living, Mr. Tomlinson. I have always delighted to draw favourable rather than unfavourable conclusions; sometimes, as it has proved, for very bad hearts. Censoriousness, whatever faults I have, is not *naturally* my fault.—But, circumstanced as I am; treated as I have been, unworthily treated, by a man who is full of contrivances, and glories in them—

Lovel. My dearest Life!—But I will not interrupt you.

Cl. Thus treated, it becomes me to doubt—It concerns my honour to doubt, to fear, to apprehend—*Your* intervention, Sir, is so seasonable, so kind, for *this man*—My Uncle's Expedient, the first of the kind he ever, I believe, thought of; a plain, honest, good-minded man, as he is, not affecting such Expedients—Your report in conformity to it—The consequences of that report; The alarm taken by my Brother; His rash resolution upon it—The alarm taken by Lady Betty, and the rest of Mr. Lovelace's relations—The sudden Letters written to him, upon it, which, with yours, he shewed me—All ceremony, among persons *born observers of ceremony*, and entitled to value themselves upon *their distinction*, dispensed with—All these things have happened *so* quick, and some of them *so* seasonable—

Lovel.

Love. Lady Betty, you see, Madam, in her Letter, dispenses with punctilio, avowedly in compliment to you. Charlotte, in hers, professes to do the same for the same reason. Good Heaven! that the respect intended you by my relations, who, in every other case, are really punctilious, should be thus construed!—They were glad, Madam, to have an opportunity to compliment you at my expence. Every one of my family takes delight in raillying me. But their joy on the supposed occasion—

Cl. Do I doubt, Sir, that you have not something to say, for any-thing you think fit to do? I am speaking to Captain Tomlinson, Sir. I wish you would be pleased to withdraw—At least to come from behind my chair.

And she looked at the Captain, observing, no doubt, that his eyes seemed to take lessons from mine.

A fair match, by Jupiter!

The Captain was disconcerted. The dog had not had such a blush upon his face for ten years before. I bit my lip for vexation: Walked about the room; but nevertheless took my post again; and blinked with my eyes to the Captain, as a caution for him to take more care of *his*: And then scouling with my brows, and giving the nod positive, I as good as said, *Resent that, Captain.*

Capt. I hope, Madam, you have no suspicion, that I am capable—

Cl. Be not displeased with me, Captain Tomlinson. I have told you, that I am not of a suspicious temper. Excuse me for the sake of my sincerity. There is not, I will be bold to say, a sincerer heart in the world, than hers before you.

She took out her handkerchief, and put it to her eyes.

I was going at the instant, after her example, to vouch for the honesty of *my* heart; but my conscience *Mennell'd* upon me; and would not suffer the meditated vow to pass my lips.—A devilish thing, thought

I, for a man to be so little himself, when he has most occasion for himself!

The villain Tomlinson looked at me with a rueful face, as if he begged leave to cry for company. It might have been as well, if he *had* cried. A feeling heart, or the tokens of it given by a sensible eye, are very reputable things, when kept in countenance by the occasion.

And here let me fairly own to thee, that twenty times in this trying conversation I said to myself, that could I have thought, that I should have all this trouble, and incurred all this guilt, I would have been honest at first. But why, Jack, is this dear creature so lovely; yet so invincible? — Ever heardst thou before, that the sweets of May blossomed in December?

Capt. Be pleased—be pleased, Madam—if you have doubts of my honour—

A whining varlet! He should have been quite angry —For what gave I him the nod positive? He should have stalked again to the window, as for his Whip and Hat.

Cl. I am only making such observations as my youth, my inexperience, and my present unhappy circumstances, suggest to me—A worthy heart (such, I hope, is Captain Tomlinson's) need not fear an examination—need not fear being looked into—Whatever doubts *that* man, who has been the *Cause of my Errors*, and, as my severe Father imprecated, *the Punisher of the Errors he has caused*, might have had of me, or of my honour, I would have forgiven him for them, if he had fairly proposed them to me: For some doubts perhaps *such a man* might have of the future conduct of a creature whom he could induce to correspond with him against *parental prohibition*, and against the *lights which her own judgment threw in upon her*: And if he had propounded them to me like a man and a gentleman, I would have been glad of the opportunity given me to clear my intentions, and to have shewn myself entitled to his good opinion—And I hope *you*, Sir—

Capt.

Capt. I am ready to hear all your doubts, Madam, and to clear them up—

Cl. I will only put it, Sir, to your Conscience and Honour—

The dog sat uneasy: He shuffled with his feet: Her eye was upon him: He was therefore, after the rebuff he had met with, afraid to look at me for my motions; and now turned his eyes towards me, then from me, as if he would *unlook* his own looks.

Cl. —That all is true, that you have written, and that you have told me.

I gave him a right-forward nod, and a frown—as much as to say, *Swear to it, Captain.* But the varlet did not round it off as I would have had him. However, he averred that it was.

He had hoped, he said, that the circumstances with which his commission was attended, and what he had communicated to her, *which he could not know but from his dear friend her Uncle*, might have shielded him even from the *shadow* of suspicion—But I am contented, said he, stammering, to be thought—to be thought—what—what you please to think me—till, till, you are satisfied—

A Whore's-bird!

Cl. The circumstances you refer to, I must own, *ought* to shield you, Sir, from suspicion—But the man before you is a man that would make an angel suspected, should that angel plead for him.

I came forward. Traversed the room—Was indeed in a bloody passion—I have no patience, Madam!—And again I bit my unpersuasive lip—

Cl. No man ought to be impatient at imputations he is not ashamed to deserve. An innocent man *will not* be outrageous upon such imputations. A guilty man *ought not*. [Most excellently would this charming creature cap sentences with Lord M.!] But I am not now trying you, Sir, [to me] on the foot of your *merits*. I am only sorry, that I am constrained to put question to this *worthier* gentleman, [*Worthier* gentleman, Jack!]

which perhaps I ought not to put, so far as they regard *himself*.—And I hope, Captain Tomlinson, that you, who know not Mr. Lovelace so well, as, to my unhappiness, I do, and who have Children of your own, will excuse a poor young creature, who is deprived of all worthy protection, and who has been insulted and endangered by the most *designing man in the world*, and perhaps *by a confederacy of his creatures*.

There she stopt; and stood up, and looked at me; Fear, nevertheless, apparently mingled with her Anger. And so it ought. I was glad, however, of this poor sign of Love—No one fears whom they value not.

Womens tongues were licensed, I was going to say—But my conscience would not let me call her a *woman*; nor use to her so vulgar a phrase. I could only rave by my motions; lift up my eyes, spread my hands, rub my face, pull my wig, and look like a fool. Indeed, I had a great mind to run mad. Had I been alone with her, I would; and she should have taken consequences.

The Captain interposed in my behalf; gently, however, and as a man not quite sure that he was himself acquitted. Some of the pleas we had both insisted on, he again enforced—And, speaking low—Poor gentleman! said he, who can but pity him!—Indeed, Madam, it is easy to see, with all his failings, the power you have over him!

Cl. I have no pleasure, Sir, in distressing any one—Not even *him*, who has so much distressed *me*.—But, Sir, when I *THINK*, and when I see him before me, I cannot command my temper!—Indeed, indeed, Captain Tomlinson, Mr. Lovelace has not acted by me either as a grateful, a generous, or a *prudent* man!—He knows not, as I told him yesterday, the value of the heart he has insulted!

There the angel stopt; her handkerchief at her eyes.

O Belford, Belford! that she should so greatly excel, as to make me, at times, a villain in my own eyes!

I besought her pardon. I promised, that it should be the study of my whole life to deserve it. My faults, I said,

I said, *whatever* they had been, were rather faults in her *apprehension*, than in *fact*. I besought her to give way to the Expedient I had hit upon—I repeated it. The Captain enforced it, for her Uncle's sake. I once more, for the sake of the general Reconciliation; for the sake of all my family; for the sake of preventing future mischief—

She wept—She seemed staggered in her resolution—She turned from me. I mentioned the Letter of Lord M. I besought her to resign to Lady Betty's mediation all our differences, if she would not forgive me *before* she saw her.

She turned towards me—She was going to speak; but her heart was full—And again she turned away her face—Then, half-turning it to me, her handkerchief at her eyes—And do you *really* and *indeed* expect Lady Betty and Miss Montague?—And do you—Again she stopt—

I answered in a solemn manner.

She turned from me her whole face, and paused, and seemed to consider. But, in a passionate accent, again turning towards me [O how difficult, Jack, for a Harlowe spirit to forgive!]*--*Let her Ladyship come, if she pleases, said she—I cannot, cannot wish to *see* her—And if I did see her, and she were to plead for you, I cannot wish to *bear* her!—The more I *think*, the less can I forgive an attempt, that I am convinced was intended to *destroy* me. [A plaguy strong word for the occasion, supposing she was right!] What has my conduct been, that an insult of *such* a nature should be offered to me, as it would be a *weakness* to forgive? I am sunk in my own eyes!—And how can I receive a visit that must depress me more?

The Captain urged her in my favour with greater earnestness than before. We both even clamoured, as I may say, for mercy and forgiveness. [Didst thou never hear the good folks talk of taking Heaven by storm?]*--*Contrition repeatedly avowed—A total Reformation promised—The happy Expedient again urged—

Cl. I have taken my measures. I have gone too far to recede, or to *wish* to recede. My mind is prepared for Adversity. That I have not *deserved* the evils I have met with, is my consolation!—I have written to Miss Howe what my intentions are. My heart is not *with* you—It is *against* you, Mr. Lovelace. I had not written to you as I did in the Letter I left behind me, had I not resolved, whatever became of me, to renounce you for ever.

I was full of hope now. Severe as her expressions were, I saw she was afraid that I should think of what she had written. And indeed, her Letter is violence itself. *Angry people, Jack, should never write while their passion holds.*

Lovel. The severity you have shewn me, Madam, whether by pen or by speech, shall never have place in my remembrance, but for your *honour*. In the light you have taken things, all is deserved, and but the natural result of virtuous resentment; and I adore you, even for the pangs you have given me.

She was silent. She had employment enough with her handkerchief at her eyes.

Lovel. You lament sometimes, that you have no friends of your own Sex to consult with. Miss Rawlins, I must confess, is too inquisitive to be confided in. [I liked not, thou mayest think, her appeal to Miss Rawlins]. She *may* mean well. But I never in my life knew a person who was fond of prying into the secrets of others, that was fit to be trusted. The curiosity of such is governed by pride, which is not gratified but by whispering about a secret till it becomes public, in order to shew either their consequence, or their sagacity. It is so in every case. What man or woman, who is *covetous* of *power*, or of *wealth*, is covetous of either, for the sake of making a right use of it?—But in the Ladies of my family you *may* confide. It is their ambition to think of you, as one of themselves. Renew but your consent to pass *to the world*, for the sake of your Uncle's Expedient, and for the prevention

prevention of mischief, as a Lady some time married. Lady Betty may be acquainted with the naked truth; and you may (*as she hopes you will*) accompany her to her Seat; and, if it *must* be so, consider me as in a State of Penitence or Probation, to be accepted or rejected, as I may appear to deserve.

The Captain again clapt his hand on his breast, and declared upon his honour, that this was a proposal, that were the case that of his own daughter, and she were not resolved upon *immediate* Marriage (which yet he thought by far the more eligible choice) he should be very much concerned, were she to refuse it.

Cl. Were I with Mr. Lovelace's relations, and to pass as his Wife to the world, I could not have any choice. And how could he be then in a State of Probation?—O Mr. Tomlinson, you are too much his friend to see into his drift.

Capt. His friend, Madam, as I said before, as I am Yours and your Uncle's, for the sake of a general Reconciliation, which must begin with a better understanding between yourselves.

Lovel. Only, my dearest Life, resolve to attend the arrival and visit of Lady Betty: And permit her to arbitrate between us.

Capt. There can be no harm in *that*, Madam. You can suffer no inconvenience from *that*. If Mr. Lovelace's offence be such, that a woman of Lady Betty's character judges it to be unpardonable, why then—

Cl. [interrupting; and to me] If I am not invaded by you, Sir—If I am (as I ought to be) my own mistress, I think to stay here, in this *bonest bouse*. [And then had I an *Eye-beam*, as the Captain calls it, flashed at me] till I receive a Letter from Miss Howe. That, I hope, will be in a day or two. If in that time the Ladies come whom you expect, and if they are desirous to see the creature whom you have made unhappy, I shall know whether I can or cannot receive their visit.

She turned short to the door, and retiring, went up stairs to her chamber.

O Sir, said the Captain, as soon as she was gone, what an angel of a woman is this! *I have been*, and I *am*, a very wicked man. But if any-thing should happen amiss to this admirable Lady, thro' my means, I shall have more cause for self-reproach, than for all the bad actions of my life put together.

And his eyes glistened.

Nothing can happen amiss, thou sorrowful dog!—What *can* happen amiss?—Are we to form our opinion of things by the romantic notions of a girl, who supposes *that* to be the greatest which is the slightest of evils? Have I not told thee our whole Story? Has she not broken her promise? Did I not generously spare her, when in my power? I was decent, tho' I had her at such advantage. Greater liberties have I taken with girls of character at a common Romping-bout, and all has been laughed off, and Handkerchief and Headcloaths adjusted, and Petticoats shaken to rights, in my presence. Never man, in the like circumstances, and resolved as I was resolved, goaded on as I was goaded on, as well by her own Sex, as by the impulses of a violent passion, was ever so decent. Yet what mercy does she shew me?

Now, Jack, this pitiful dog was such another unfortunate one as thyself—His arguments serving to confirm me in the very purpose, he brought them to prevail upon me to give up. Had he left me to myself, to the tenderness of my own nature, moved as I was when the Lady withdrew; and had he sat down, and made odious faces, and said nothing; it is very possible, that I should have taken the chair over-against him which she had quitted; and have cried and blubbered with him for half an hour together. But the varlet to *argue* with me!—To pretend to *convince* a man, who knows in his heart that he is doing a wrong thing!—He must needs think, that this would put me upon trying what I could say for myself; and when the excited compunction can be carried from the *heart* to the *lips*, it must evaporate in words.

Thou

Thou perhaps, in this place, wouldst have urged the same pleas that he urged. What I answered to him therefore may do for thee, and spare *thee* the trouble of writing, and *me* of reading, a good deal of nonsense.

Capt. You was pleased to tell me, Sir, that you only proposed to try her virtue; and that you believed you should actually marry her.

Lovel. So I shall, and cannot help it. I have no doubt but I shall. And as to trying her, is she not now in the height of her trial? Have I not reason to think that she is coming about? Is she not now yielding up her resentment for an attempt which she thinks she ought *not* to forgive?—And if she do, may she not forgive the *last attempt*?—Can she, in a word, resent *that* more than she does *this*?—Women often, for their own sakes, will keep the *last secret*; but will ostentatiously din the ears of gods and men with their clamours upon a successful offer. It was my folly, my weakness, that I gave her not more cause for this her unsparing violence!

Capt. O Sir, you never will be able to subdue this Lady without Force.

Lovel. Well, then, puppy, must I not endeavour to find a proper time and place—

Capt. Forgive me, Sir! But can you think of Force to such a fine creature?

Lovel. Force, indeed, I abhor the thought of; and for what, thinkest thou, have I taken all the pains I have taken, and engaged so many persons in my cause, but to avoid the necessity of violent compulsion? But yet, imaginest thou that I expect *direct consent* from such a Lover of Forms as this Lady is known to be? Let me tell thee, M^c Donald, that thy master Belford has urged on thy side of the question all that thou canst urge. Must I have every sorry fellow's conscience to pacify, as well as my own?—By my soul, Patrick, she has a friend *here* [clapping my hand on my breast] that pleads for her with greater and more irresistible eloquence, than all the men in the world can plead for her.

her. And had she *not escaped me*?—And yet how have I answered my first design of trying her (*a*), and in *her* the Virtue of the most virtuous of the Sex?—Perseverance, man! Perseverance—What, wouldst thou have me decline a trial that may make for the honour of a Sex we all so dearly love?

Then, Sir, you have no thoughts—no thoughts—[looking still more sorrowfully] of marrying this wonderful Lady?

Yes, yes, Patrick, but I have. But let me, first, to gratify my pride, bring down *hers*. Let me see, that she loves me well enough to forgive me for my own sake. Has she not heretofore lamented, that she staid not in her Father's house, tho' the consequence must have been, if she *bad*, that she would have been the wife of the odious Solmes? If now she be brought to consent to be mine, seest thou not, that the *Reconciliation* with her *detested relations* is the *inducement*, as it *always* was, and not *Love of me*?—Neither her Virtue nor her Love can be established but upon full trial; the *last* trial—But if her resistance and resentment be such as hitherto I have reason to expect they will be, and if I find in that resentment less of hatred of *Me*, than of the *Faſt*, then shall she be mine in her own way. Then, hateful as is the *Life of Shackles* to me, will I *marry her*.

Well, Sir, I can only say, that I am dough in your hands, to be moulded into what shape you please. But if, as I said before—

None of thy *said-before*, Patrick. I remember all thou saidst—And I know all thou canst *further* say—Thou art only, Pontius Pilate like, washing thine own hands (don't I know thee?) that thou mayst have something to silence thy conscience with by loading me. But we have gone too far to recede. Are not all our engines in readiness?—Dry up thy sorrowful eyes. Let unconcern and heart's-ease once more take possession of thy solemn features. Thou hast hitherto performed

(a) Vol. II. p. 343, & seq.

extremely

extremely well, Shame not thy *past* by thy *future* behaviour; and a rich reward awaits thee. If thou *art* dough, *be* dough; and I slap him on the shoulder—Resume but thy former shape—And I'll be answerable for the event.

He bowed assent and compliance: Went to the glass; and began to untwist and unsadden his features: Pull'd his wig right, as if that, as well as his head and heart, had been discomposed by his compunction; and once more became old Lucifer's and mine.

But didst thou think, Jack, that there was so much—What-shall-I-call it?—in this Tomlinson? Didst thou imagine, that such a fellow as that, had bowels? That nature, so long dead and buried in him, as to all humane effects, should thus revive and exert itself?—Yet why do I ask this question of thee, who, to my equal surprize, hast shewn, on the same occasion, the like compassionate sensibilities?

As to Tomlinson, it looks as if Poverty had made him the wicked fellow *he* is; as Plenty and Wantonness have made us what *we* are. *Necessity*, after all, is the Test of Principle. But what is there in this dull word, or thing, called HONESTY, that even I, who cannot in my present views be served by it, cannot help thinking even the accidental Emanations of it amiable in Tomlinson, tho' demonstrated in a *Female case*; and judging *better of him* for being capable of such?

LETTER XLVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

THIS debate between the Captain and me was hardly over, when the three women, led by Miss Rawlins, entered, hoping No intrusion—But very desirous, the Maiden said, to know if we were likely to accommodate.

O yes, I hope so. You know, Ladies, that your Sex must, in these cases, preserve their Forms. They must be courted to comply with their own happiness.

A

A lucky expedient, we have hit upon. The Uncle has his doubts of our Marriage. He cannot believe, nor will any-body, that it is possible that a man so much in Love, the lady so desirable—

They all took the hint--It was a very extraordinary case, the two widows allowed. Women, Jack, [as I believe I have observed (a) elsewhere] have a high opinion of what they can do for us.—Miss Rawlins desired, if I pleased, to let them know the Expedient; and looked as if there was no need to proceed in the rest of my speech.

I begged, that they would not let the Lady know I had told them what this Expedient was; and they should hear it.

They promised.

It was this: That to oblige and satisfy Mr. Harlowe, the Ceremony was to be *again performed*. He was to be *privately present*, and to give his Niece to me with his own hands—And she was retired to consider of it.

Thou seest, Jack, that I have provided an excuse, to save my veracity to the women here, in case I should incline to Marriage, and she should chuse to have Miss Rawlins's assistance at the Ceremony. Nor doubted I to bring my Fair-one to save my credit on this occasion, if I could get her to consent to be mine.

A charming Expedient! cried the Widow. They were all three ready to clap their hands for joy upon it. Women love to be married twice at least, Jack; tho' not indeed to the *same man*; and all blessed the reconciliatory Scheme, and the proposer of it; and, supposing it came from the Captain, they looked at him with pleasure, while his face shined with the applause implied. He should think himself very happy, if he could bring about a general Reconciliation; and he flourished with his head like my man Will. on his victory over old Grimes; bridling by turns, like Miss Rawlins in the height of a Prudish fit.

But now it was time for the Captain to think of returning to town, having a great deal of business to

(a) See p. 275.

dispatch before morning: Nor was he certain that he should again be able to attend us at Hamstead before he went home.

And yet, as every-thing was drawing towards a crisis, I did not intend that he should leave Hamstead this night.

A message to the above effect was carried up, at my desire, by Mrs. Moore; with the Captain's compliments, and to know if she had any commands for him to her Uncle?

But I hinted to the women, that it would be proper for them to withdraw, if the Lady did come down; lest she should not care to be so free before *them* on a proposal so particular, as she would be to *us*, who had offered it to her consideration.

Mrs. Moore brought down word, that the Lady was following her. They all three withdrew; and she entered at one door, as they went out at the other.

The Captain accosted her, repeating the contents of the message sent up; and desired, that she would give him her commands in relation to the report he was to make to her Uncle Harlowe.

I know not what to say, Sir, nor what I would have *you* to say, to my Uncle—Perhaps you may have business in town—Perhaps you need not see my Uncle, till I have heard from Miss Howe; till after Lady Betty—I don't know what to say.

I implored the return of that value, which she had so generously acknowledged once to have had for me. I presumed, I said, to flatter myself that Lady Betty, in her own person, and in the name of all my family, would be able, on my promised Reformation and Contrition, to prevail in my favour; especially as our prospects in other respects with regard to the general Reconciliation wished for, were so happy. But let me owe to *your own generosity*, my dearest creature, said I, rather than to the mediation of *any person on earth*, the forgiveness I am an humble suitor for. How much more agreeable to *yourself*, O best beloved of my

Soul, must it be, as well as *obliging to me*, that your first personal knowlege of my relations, and theirs of you (for they will not be denied attending you) should not be begun in recriminations and appeals! As Lady Betty will be here so soon, it will not perhaps be possible for you to receive her visit with a brow absolutely serene. But, dearest, dearest creature, I beseech you, let the misunderstanding pass as a slight one—As a misunderstanding cleared up. Appeals give Pride and Superiority to the persons appealed to, and are apt to lessen the appellant, not only in their eye, but in her own. Exalt not into judges those who are prepared to take lessons and instructions from you. The individuals of my family are as proud as I am said to be. But they will chearfully resign to your Superiority—You will be the first woman of the family in every one's eyes.

This might have done with any other woman in the world but *this*; and yet she is the only woman in the world of whom it may with truth be said. But thus, angrily, did she disclaim the compliment.

Yes, indeed!—[and there she stopt a moment, her sweet bosom heaving with a noble disdain]—Cheated out of myself from the very first—A fugitive from my own family! Renounced by my relations! Insulted by you!—Laying humble claim to the protection of yours!—Is not this the light in which I must appear not only to the Ladies of your family, but to all the world?—Think you, Sir, that in these circumstances, or even had I been in the *happiest*, that I could be affected by this plea of undeserved Superiority?—You are a stranger to the mind of Clarissa Harlowe, if you think her capable of so poor and so *undue* a pride!

She went from us to the farther end of the room.

The Captain was again affected—Excellent creature! I called her; and, reverently approaching her, urged further the plea I had last made.

It is but lately, said I, that the opinions of my relations have been more than indifferent to me, whether
good

good or bad ; and it is for *your* sake, more than for *my own*, that I now wish to stand well with my whole family. The principal motive of Lady Betty's coming up, is, to purchase presents for the whole family to make on the happy occasion.

This consideration, turning to the Captain, with so noble-minded a dear creature, I know, can have no weight ; only as it will shew their value and respect. But what a damp would their worthy hearts receive, were they to find their admired new Niece, as they now think her, not only *not* their Niece, but capable of renouncing me for ever ! They love me. They *all* love me. I have been guilty of carelessness and levity to them, indeed ; but of carelessness and levity only ; and *that* owing to a Pride that has set me above meanness, tho' it has not done every-thing for me.

My whole family will be guaranties for my good behaviour to this dear creature, their Niece, their Daughter, their Cousin, their Friend, their chosen Companion and Directress, all in one.—Upon my Soul, Captain, we *may*, we *must* be happy.

But, dearest, dearest creature, let me on my knees [and down I dropt, her face all the time turned half from me, as she stood at the window, her handkerchief often at her eyes] on my knees, let me plead your *promised* forgiveness ; and let us not appear to them, on their visit, thus unhappy with each other. Lady Betty, the next hour that she sees you, will write her opinion of you, and of the likelihood of our future happiness, to Lady Sarah her Sister, a weak-spirited woman, who now hopes to supply to herself, in my Bride, the lost Daughter she still mourns for !

The Captain then joined in, and re-urged her Uncle's hopes and expectations ; and his resolution effectually to set about the general Reconciliation ; the mischief that might be prevented ; and the certainty that there was, that her Uncle might be prevailed upon to give her to me with his own hand, if she made it her choice to wait for his coming up. But, for his own part, he

humbly advised, and fervently pressed her, to make the very next day, or Monday at farthest, my happy Day.

Permit me, dearest Lady, said he, and I could kneel to you myself [bending his knee] tho' I have no interest in my earnestness, but the pleasure I should have to be able to serve you all; to beseech you to give me an opportunity to assure your Uncle, that I myself saw with my own eyes the happy knot tied!—All misunderstandings, all doubts, all diffidences, will then be at an end.

And what, Madam, rejoined I, still kneeling, can there be in your new measures, be they what they will, that can so happily, so *reputably*, I will presume to say, for all round, obviate the present difficulties?

Miss Howe herself, if she love you, and if she love your fame, Madam, urged the Captain, his knee still bent, must congratulate you on such a happy conclusion.

Then turning her face, she saw the Captain half-kneeling—O Sir! O Capt. Tomlinson!—Why this *undue* condescension? extending her hand to his elbow, to raise him. I cannot bear this!—Then casting her eye on me, Rise, Mr. Lovelace—Kneel not to the poor creature whom you have insulted!—How cruel the occasion for it!—And how mean the submission!

Not mean to such an angel!—Nor can I rise, but to be forgiven!—

The Captain then re-urged once more the Day—He was amazed, he said, if she ever valued me—

O Captain Tomlinson, interrupted she, how much are you the friend of this man!—*If I had never valued him, he never would have had it in his power to insult me; nor could I, if I had never regarded him, have taken to heart as I do, the insult (execrable as it was) so undeservedly, so ungratefully given—But let him retire—For a moment let him retire.*

I was more than half afraid to trust the Captain by himself with her. He gave me a sign that I might depend upon him. And then I took out of my pocket his

his Letter to me, and Lady Betty's, and Miss Montague's, and Lord M's Letters, (which last she had not then seen) ; and giving them to him, Procure for me, in the first place, Mr. Tomlinson, a re-perusal of these three Letters ; and of *This*, from Lord M. And I beseech you, my dearest Life, give them due consideration : And let me on my return find the happy effects of that consideration.

I then withdrew ; with slow feet however, and a misgiving heart.

The Captain insisted upon this re-perusal previously to what she had to say to him, as he tells me. She complied, but with some difficulty ; as if she was afraid of being *softened in my favour*.

She lamented her unhappy situation ; destitute of friends, and not knowing whither to go, or what to do. She asked questions, *sifting* questions, about her Uncle, about her Family, and after what he knew of Mr. Hickman's fruitless application in her favour.

He was well prepared in this particular ; for I had shewn him the Letters and Extracts of Letters of Miss Howe, which I had so happily come at (a). Might she be assured, she asked him, that her Brother, with Singleton, and Solmes, were actually in quest of her ?

He averred that they were.

She asked, If he thought I had hopes of prevailing on her to go back to town ?

He was sure I had not.

Was he really of opinion, that Lady Betty would pay her a visit ?

He had no doubt of it.

But, Sir ; but Captain Tomlinson — [impatiently turning from him] and again to him, I know not what to do — But were I *your* Daughter, Sir — Were *you* my own Father — Alas, Sir, I have neither Father nor Mother ! —

He turned from her, and wiped his eyes.

O Sir ! you have humanity ! [She wept too] There

(a) Vol. III. p. 392, & seq.

are some men in the world, thank Heaven, that *can* be moved. O Sir, I have met with hard-hearted men—in my own family too—or I could not have been so unhappy as I am—But I make every-body unhappy!

His eyes no doubt ran over.

Dearest Madam! Heavenly Lady!—Who can—who can--hesitated and blubbered the dog, as he owned. And indeed I heard some part of what passed, tho' *they both* talked lower than I wished; for, from the nature of *their* conversation, there was no room for altitudes.

THEM, and BOTH, and THEY!—How it goes against me to include this angel of a creature, and any man on earth but myself, in *one* word!

Capt. Who can forbear being affected?—But, Madam, you *can* be no other man's.

Cl. Nor would I be. But he is so sunk with me!—To fire the house!—An artifice so vile!—contrived for the worst of purposes!—Would you have a Daughter of yours—But what would I say?—Yet you see, that I have nobody in whom I can confide!—Mr. Lovelace is a vindictive man!—He could not love the creature whom he could insult as he has insulted me!

She paused. And then resuming—In short, I never, never can forgive *him*, nor *he me*.—Do you think, Sir, I would have gone so far as I have gone, if I had intended ever to draw with him in one yoke?—I left behind me *such* a Letter—

You know, Madam, he has acknowledged the justice of your resentment—

O Sir, he can acknowledge, and he can retract, fifty times a day---But do not think I am trifling with myself and you, and want to be *persuaded* to forgive him, and to be *his*. There is not a creature of my Sex, who would have been *more explicit*, and *more frank*, than I would have been, from the moment I *intended* to be his, had I had a heart like *my own* to deal with. I was always *above Reserve*, Sir, I will presume to say, where I had no cause of Doubt. Mr. Lovelace's conduct has made me appear, perhaps, *over-nice*, when my heart

heart wanted to be *encouraged* and *assured*; and when, if it had been so, my whole behaviour would have been governed by it.

She stopt, her handkerchief at her eyes.

I enquired after the minutest part of her behaviour, as well as after her words. I love, thou knowest to trace human nature, and more particularly female nature, thro' its most secret recesses.

The pitiful fellow was lost in silent admiration of her. And thus the noble creature proceeded.

It is the fate in Unequal Unions, that tolerable creatures, thro' them, frequently incur Censure, when, more happily yoked, they might be entitled to Praise. And shall I not shun an union with a man, that might lead into errors a creature who flatters herself that she is blest with an inclination to be good; and who wishes to make every one happy with whom she has any connexion, even to her very servants?

She paused, taking a turn about the room—the fellow, devil fetch him, a mummy all the time: Then proceeded:

Formerly, indeed, I hoped to be an humble means of reforming him. But, when I have *no such hope*, is it right [You are a serious man, Sir] to make a venture that shall endanger *my own morals*!

Still silent was the varlet. If my advocate had nothing to say for me, what hope of carrying my cause?

And now, Sir, what is the result of all?—It is this—That you will endeavour, if you have that influence over him which a man of your sense and experience ought to have, to prevail upon him, and that for *his own* sake, as well as for *mine*, to leave me free to pursue my own destiny. And of this you may assure him, that I never will be any other man's.

Impossible, Madam! I know that Mr. Lovelace would not hear me with patience on such a topic. And I do assure you, that I have *some spirit*, and should not care to take an indignity from him, or from any man living.

She paused—Then resuming—And think you, Sir, that my Uncle will refuse to receive a Letter from me? [*How averse, Jack, to concede a tittle in my favour!*]

I know, Madam, as matters are circumstanced, that he would not *answer* it. If you please I will carry one down from you.

And will he not pursue his intentions in *my* favour, nor be himself reconciled to me, except I am married?

From what your Brother gives out, and affects to believe, on Mr. Lovelace's living with you in the same—

No more, Sir—I am an unhappy creature!

He then re-urged, that it would be in her power instantly, or on the morrow, to put an end to all her difficulties.

How can that *be*? said she: The Licence *still* to be obtained? The Settlements *still* to be signed? Miss Howe's Answer to my last *unreceived*?—And shall I, Sir, be in such a HURRY, as if I thought my *Honour in danger if I delayed*? Yet *marry* the man from whom only it *can* be endangered!—Unhappy, thrice unhappy, Clarissa Harlowe!—In how many difficulties has one rash step involved thee?—And she turned from him, and wept.

The varlet, by way of comfort, wept too: Yet her tears, as he might have observed, were tears that indicated rather a *yielding* than a *perverse* temper.

There is a sort of Stone, thou knowest, so soft in the Quarry, that it may in a manner, be cut with a Knife; but if the opportunity be not taken, and it is exposed to the Air for any time, it will become as hard as Marble, and then with difficulty it yields to the Chisel (*a*). So this Lady, not taken at the moment, after a turn or two cross the room, gained more resolution; and then she declared, as she had done once before, that she would wait the issue of Miss Howe's Answer to the Letter she had sent her from hence, and take her measures accordingly—leaving it to him,

(*a*) The nature of the Bath Stone, in particular.

mean

mean time, to make what report he thought fit, to her Uncle—the kindest that *truth* could bear, she doubted not from Captain Tomlinson: And she should be glad of a few lines from him, to hear what *that* was.

She wished him a good journey. She complained of her head; and was about to withdraw: But I stepped round to the door next the stairs, as if I had but just come in from the garden (which, as I entered, I called a very pretty one) and took her reluctant hand, as she was going out: My dearest Life, you are not going?—What hopes, Captain?—Have you not some hopes to give me of Pardon and Reconciliation?

She said, She would not be detained. But I would not let her go, till she had promised to return, when the Captain had reported to me what her resolution was.

And when he had, I sent up, and claimed her promise; and she came down again, and repeated (as what she was determined upon) that she would wait for Miss Howe's Answer to the Letter she had written to her, and take her measures according to its contents.

I expostulated with her upon it, in the most submissive and earnest manner. She made it necessary for me to repeat many of the pleas I had before urged. The Captain seconded me with equal earnestness. At last, each fell down on his knees before her.

She was distressed. I was afraid at one time she would have fainted. Yet neither of us would rise without some concessions. I pleaded my own sake; the Captain, his dear friend her Uncle's; and *both* repleaded, the prevention of future mischief; and the peace and happiness of the two families.

She owned herself unequal to the conflict. She sigh'd. She sobbed. She wept. She wrung her hands.

I was perfectly eloquent in my vows and protestations. Her tearful eyes were cast down upon me; a glow upon each charming cheek; a visible anguish in every lovely feature—At last, her trembling knees seeming to fail her, she dropt into the next chair; her charming face, as if seeking for a hiding-place (which a Mother's

ther's bosom would have best supplied) sinking upon her own shoulder.

I forgot at the instant all my vows of Revenge. I threw myself at her feet as she sat; and, snatching her hand, pressed it with my lips. I besought Heaven to forgive my past offences, and prosper my future hopes, as I designed honourably and justly by the Charmer of my heart, if once more she would restore me to her favour. And I thought I felt drops of scalding water [Could they be tears?] trickle down upon my cheeks; while my cheeks, glowing like fire, seemed to scorch up the unwelcome strangers.

I then arose, not doubting of an *implied* pardon in this silent distress. I raised the Captain. I whispered him—By my Soul, man, I am in earnest.—Now talk of Reconciliation, of her Uncle, of the Licence, of Settlements—And raising my voice, If now at last, Captain Tomlinson, my angel will give me leave to call so great a blessing mine, it will be impossible that you should say too much to her Uncle in praise of my gratitude, my affection, and fidelity to his charming Niece; and he may begin as soon as he pleases, his kind schemes for effecting the desirable Reconciliation!—Nor shall he prescribe any terms to me, that I will not comply with.

The Captain blessed me with his eyes and hands—Thank God, whispered he. We approached the Lady together.

Capt. What hinders, dearest Madam, what now hinders, but that Lady Betty Lawrance, when she comes, may be acquainted with the truth of every-thing? And that then she may assist privately at your Nuptials?—I will stay till they are celebrated; and then shall I go down with the happy tidings to my dear Mr. Harlowe. And all will, all must, soon be happy.

I must have an answer from Miss Howe, replied the still trembling Fair-one. I cannot change my new measures, but with her advice. I will forfeit all my hopes of happiness in this world, rather than forfeit her
good

good opinion, and that she should think me giddy, unsteady, or precipitate. All I will further say on the present subject is this, That, when I have her answer to what I *have* written, I will write to her the whole state of the matter, as I shall then be enabled to do.

Lovel. Then must I despair for ever—O Captain Tomlinson, Miss Howe hates me!—Miss Howe—

Capt. Not so, perhaps — When Miss Howe knows your concern for having offended, she will never advise, that, with such prospects of general Reconciliation, the hopes of so many considerable persons in both families should be frustrated. Some little time, as this excellent Lady has foreseen and hinted, will necessarily be taken up, in actually procuring the Licence, and in perusing and signing the Settlements. In that time Miss Howe's answer may be received; and Lady Betty may arrive; and she, no doubt, will have weight to dissipate the Lady's doubts, and to accelerate the Day. It shall be my part, mean time, to make Mr. Harlowe easy. All I fear from delay is, from Mr. James Harlowe's quarter; and therefore all must be conducted with prudence and privacy;—as your Uncle, Madam, has proposed.

She was silent. I rejoiced in her silence. The dear creature, thought I, has actually forgiven me in her heart!—But why will she not lay me under obligation to her, by the generosity of an explicit declaration?—And yet, as that would not accelerate any-thing, while the Licence is not in my hands, she is the less to be blamed (if I do her justice) for taking more time to *descend*.

I proposed, as on the morrow night, to go to town; and doubted not to bring the Licence up with me on Monday morning. Would she be pleased to assure me, that she would not depart from Mrs. Moore's?

She should stay at Mrs. Moore's, till she had an answer from Miss Howe.

I told her, that I hoped I might have her *tacit* consent at least, to the obtaining of the Licence.

I saw

I saw by the turn of her countenance, that I should not have asked this question. She was so far from *tacitly* consenting, that she declared to the contrary.

As I never intended, I said, to ask her to enter again into a house, with the people of which she was so much offended, would she be pleased to give orders for her cloaths to be brought up hither? Or should Dorcas attend her for any of her commands on that head?

She desired not ever more to see any-body belonging to that house. She might perhaps get Mrs. Moore or Mrs. Bevis to go thither for her, and take her keys with them.

I doubted not, I said, that Lady Betty would arrive by that time. I hoped she had no objection to my bringing that Lady and my Cousin Montague up with me?

She was silent.

To be sure, Mr. Lovelace, said the Captain, the Lady can have no objection to this.

She was still silent. So silence in this case was assent.

Would she be pleased to write to Miss Howe?—

Sir! Sir! peevishly interrupting — No more questions: No prescribing to me. — You will do as you think fit. So will I, as I please. I own no obligation to you. Captain Tomlinson, your Servant. Recommend me to my Uncle Harlowe's favour: And was going.

I took her reluctant hand, and besought her only to promise to meet me early in the morning.

To what purpose meet you? Have you more to say, than has been said?—I have had enough of vows and protestations, Mr. Lovelace. To what purpose should I meet you to-morrow morning?

I repeated my request, and that in the most fervent manner, naming Six in the morning.

“ You know, that I am always stirring before that hour, at this season of the year,” was the half-expressed consent.

She then again recommended herself to her Uncle's favour; and withdrew.

And

Let. 47. CLARISSA HARLOWE. 381

And thus, Belford, has she *mended her markets*, as Lord M. would say, and I worsted mine. Miss Howe's next Letter is now the hinge on which the fate of both must turn. I shall be absolutely ruined and undone, if I cannot intercept it.

L E T T E R XLVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sat. Midnight.

NO Rest, says a text that I once heard preached upon, *to the wicked*—And I cannot close my eyes (yet wanted only to compound for half an hour in an elbow-chair)—So must scribble on.

I parted with the Captain, after another strong debate with him in relation to what is to be the Fate of this Lady. As the fellow has an excellent head, and would have made an eminent figure in any station of life, had not his early days been tainted with a deep crime, and he detected in it; and as he had the right side of the argument; I had a good deal of difficulty with him; and at last brought myself to promise, that if I could prevail upon her generously to forgive me, and to reinstate me in her favour, I would make it my whole endeavour to get off of my contrivances, as happily as I could (only that Lady Betty and Charlotte *must come*); and then, substituting him for her Uncle's Proxy, take shame to myself, and marry.

But, if I should, Jack (with the strongest antipathy to the State that ever man had) what a figure shall I make in Rakish Annals? And can I have taken all this pains for nothing? Or for a Wife only, that, however excellent [and *any* woman, do I think, I could make good, because I could make any woman *fear* as well as *love* me] might have been obtained without the plague I have been at, and much more reputably than with it? And hast thou not seen, that this haughty woman [Forgive me that I call her *haughty*! and a *woman*! Yet is she not haughty?] knows not how to forgive with graciousness? Indeed has not at all forgiven

given me? But holds my soul in a *suspense* which has been so grievous to her own.

At this silent moment, I think, that if I were to pursue my former scheme, and resolve to try whether I cannot make a greater fault serve as a sponge to wipe out the less; and then be forgiven for that; I can justify myself to *myself*; and that, as the fair Invincible would say, is all in all.

As it is my intention, in all my reflections, to avoid repeating, at least dwelling upon, what I have before written to thee, tho' the State of the Case may not have varied; so I would have thee to re-consider the *old* reasonings (particularly those contained in my answer to thy last (a) expostulatory nonsense); and add the *new*, as they fall from my pen; and then I shall think myself invincible;—at least, as arguing Rake to Rake.

I take the gaining of this Lady to be essential to my happiness: And is it not natural for *all men* to aim at obtaining whatever they think will make them happy, be the object more or less considerable in the eyes of others?

As to the manner of endeavouring to obtain her, by falsification of oaths, vows, and the like—Do not the poets of two thousand years and upwards tell us, that Jupiter laughs at the perjuries of Lovers? And let me add to what I have heretofore mentioned on that head, a question or two.

Do not the Mothers, the Aunts, the Grandmothers, the Governesses of the pretty Innocents, always, from their very cradles to riper years, preach to them the deceitfulness of men?—That they are not to regard their oaths, vows, promises?—What a parcel of fibbers would all these reverend matrons be, if there were not now-and-then a pretty credulous rogue taken in for a justification of their preachments, and to serve as a beacon lighted up for the benefit of the rest?

Do we not then see, that an honest prowling fellow is a necessary evil on many accounts? Do we not see,

(a) See p. 153, & seq.

that it is highly requisite that a sweet girl should be now-and-then drawn aside by him? — And the more eminent the girl, in the graces of person, mind, and fortune, is not the Example likely to be the more efficacious?

If these *postulata* be granted me, who, I pray, can equal my Charmer in all these? Who therefore so fit for an Example to the rest of the Sex? — At worst, I am entirely within my worthy friend Mandeville's assertion, *That private Vices are public Benefits*.

Well then, if this sweet creature must *fall*, as it is called, for the benefit of all the pretty fools of the Sex, she *must*; and there's an end of the matter. And what would there have been in it of uncommon or rare, had I not been so long about it? — And so I dismiss all further argumentation and debate upon the question: And I impose upon thee, when thou writest to me, an eternal silence on this head.

Wafer'd on, as an after-written introduction to the paragraphs which follow, marked with turned comma's [thus, "]:

LORD, Jack, what shall I do now! — How one evil brings on another! — Dreadful news to tell thee! — While I was meditating a simple robbery, here have I (in my own defence indeed) been guilty of murder! A bloody murder! — So I believe it will prove. — At her last gasp! — Poor impertinent opposer! Eternally resisting! — Eternally contradicting! There she lies, weltering in her blood! Her death's wound have I given her! — But she was a thief, an impostor, as well as a tormentor. She had stolen my pen. — While I was sullenly meditating, doubting, as to my future measures, she stole it; and thus she wrote with it, in a hand exactly like my own; and would have faced me down, that it was really my own hand-writing.

" But let me reflect, before it be too late. On the
" manifold perfections of this ever-admirable creature
" let me reflect. The hand yet is only held up. The
" blow

“ blow is not struck. Miss Howe’s next Letter may
“ blow thee up. In policy thou shouldest be now at
“ least honest. Thou canst not live without her. Thou
“ wouldest rather marry her than lose her absolutely.
“ Thou mayest undoubtedly prevail upon her, inflexi-
“ ble as she seems to be, for Marriage. But if now
“ she find thee a villain, thou mayest never more en-
“ gage her attention, and she perhaps will refuse and
“ abhor thee.

“ Yet already have I not gone too far? Like a re-
“ pentant thief, afraid of his gang, and obliged to go
“ on, in fear of hanging till he comes to be hanged, I
“ am afraid of the gang of my cursed contrivances.

“ As I hope to live, I am sorry (at the present
“ writing) that I have been such a foolish plotter, as
“ to put it, as I fear I have done, out of my *own power*
“ to be honest. I hate compulsion in all forms; and
“ cannot bear, even to be *compelled* to be the wretch
“ my choice has made me!—So now, Belford, as thou
“ hast said, I am a machine at last, and no free agent.

“ Upon my soul, Jack, it is a very foolish thing for
“ a man of spirit to have brought himself to such a
“ height of iniquity, that he must proceed, and can-
“ not help himself; and yet to be next-to certain, that
“ his very victory will undo him.

“ Why was such a woman as This thrown in my
“ way, whose very fall will be her glory, and perhaps
“ not only my shame, but my destruction?

“ What a happiness must that man know, who
“ moves regularly to some laudable end, and has no-
“ thing to reproach himself with in his progress to it!
“ When, by honest means, he attains this end, how
“ great and unmixed must be his enjoyments! What
“ a happy man, in this particular case, had I been, had
“ it been given me to be only what I wished to appear
“ to be!”

Thus far had my *Conscience* written with my pen;
and see what a recreant she had made me!—I seized
her by the throat—*There!—There*, said I, thou vile
im-

impertinent!—Take *that*, and *that*!—How often have I given thee warning!—And now, I hope, thou intruding varletess, have I done thy business!

Puleing, and low-voiced, rearing up thy detested head, in vain implorest thou *my* mercy, who, in *thy* day, hast shewed me so little!—Take *that*, for a rising-blow!—And now will *thy* pain, and *my* pain from *thee*, soon be over.—Lie there!—Welter on!—Had I not given thee thy death's wound, thou wouldest have robbed me of all my joys. Thou couldest not have mended me, 'tis plain. Thou couldest only have thrown me into despair. Didst thou not see, that I had gone too far to recede?—Welter on, once more I bid thee!—Gasp on!—*That* thy last gasp, surely!—How hard diest thou!—

ADIEU!—Unhappy Man! ADIEU!

'Tis kind in thee, however, to bid me *Adieu*!—

Adieu, Adieu, Adieu, to thee, O thou inflexible, and, till now, unconquerable bosom-intruder—Adieu to thee for ever!

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. LOVEFACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sunday Morn. (June 11.) 4 o'Clock.

A Few words to the verbal information thou sentest me last night concerning thy poor old man; and then I rise from my seat, shake myself, refresh, new-dress, and so to my Charmer, whom, notwithstanding her reserves, I hope to prevail upon to walk out with me on the Heath, this warm and fine morning.

The birds must have awakened her before now. They are in full song. She always gloried in accustoming herself to behold the Sun-rise; one of God's natural wonders, as once she called it.

Her window salutes the East. The Valleys must be gilded by his rays, by the time I am with her; for already have they made the Up-lands smile, and the face of nature chearful.

How unsuitable wilt thou find this gay preface to a subject so gloomy, as that I am now turning to!

I am glad to hear thy tedious expectations are at last answered.

Thy servant tells me, that thou art plaguily grieved at the old fellow's departure.

I can't say, but thou mayst *look* as if thou wert; harassed as thou hast been for a number of days and nights with a close attendance upon a dying man, beholding his drawing-on hour—Pretending, for decency's sake, to whine over his excruciating pangs—To be in the way to answer a thousand impertinent enquiries after the health of a man thou wishedst to die—To pray by him—for so once thou wrotest to me!—To read by him—To be forced to join in consultation with a crew of solemn and parading Doctors, and their officious Zanies the Apothecaries, joined with the butchery tribe of Scarificators; all combined to carry on the physical farce, and to cut out thongs both from his flesh and his estate—To have the superadded apprehension of dividing thy interest in what he shall leave with a crew of eager-hoping, never-to-be-satisfied relations, legatees, and the devil knows who, of private gratifiers of passions laudable and illaudable—In these circumstances, I wonder not that thou lookest before servants (as little grieved at heart as thyself, and who are gaping after legacies, as thou after *beirship*) as if thou indeed wert grieved; and as if the most wry-fac'd woe had befallen thee.

Then, as I have often thought, the reflection that must naturally arise from such mortifying objects, as the death of one with whom we have been familiar, must afford, when we are obliged to attend it in its slow approaches, and in its face-twisting pangs, that it will one day be our own case, goes a great way to credit the appearance of grief.

And This it is that, seriously reflected upon, may temporarily give a fine air of sincerity to the wailings of lively Widows, heart-exulting Heirs, and Residuary

Legatees

Legatees of all denominations ; since, by keeping down the inward joy, those interesting reflections must sadden the aspect, and add an appearance of real concern to the assumed Sables.

Well, but, now thou art come to the Reward of all thy watchings, anxieties, and close attendances, tell me what it is ; tell me if it compensate thy trouble, and answer thy hope ?

As to myself, thou seest, by the gravity of my style, how the subject has helped to mortify me. But the necessity I am under of committing either speedy Matrimony, or a Rape, has saddened over my gayer prospects, and, more than the case itself, contributed to make me sympathize with thy present joyful-sorrow.

Adieu, Jack. I must be soon out of my pain ; and my Clarissa shall be soon out of hers—For so does the arduousness of the case require.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sunday Morning.

I Have had the honour of my Charmer's company for two complete hours. We met before Six in Mrs. Moore's garden. A walk on the Heath refused me.

The sedateness of her aspect, and her kind compliance in this meeting, gave me hopes. And all that either the Captain or I had urged yesterday to obtain a full and free pardon, that re-urged I ; and I told her, besides, that Capt. Tomlinson was gone down with hopes to prevail upon her Uncle Harlowe to come up in person, in order to present to me the greatest blessing that man ever received.

But the utmost I could obtain was, That she would take no resolution in my favour till she received Miss Howe's next Letter.

I will not repeat the arguments I used : But I will give thee the substance of what she said in answer to them.

She had considered of every thing, she told me. My

whole conduct was before her. The house I carried her to, must be a vile house. The people early shewed what they were capable of, in the earnest attempt made to fasten Miss Partington upon her; as she doubted not, with my approbation—[Surely, thought I, she has not received a duplicate of Miss Howe's Letter of detection!] They heard her cries. My insult was undoubtedly premeditated. By my whole recollected behaviour to her, previous to it, it must be so. I had the vilest of views, no question. And my treatment of her put it out of all doubt.

Soul all over, Belford! she seems sensible of liberties, that my passion made me insensible of having taken; or she could not so deeply resent.

She besought me to give over all thoughts of her. Sometimes, she said, she thought herself cruelly treated by her nearest and dearest relations: At *such* times, a spirit of repining, and even of resentment, took place; and the Reconciliation, at other times so desirable, was not then so much the favourite wish of her heart, as was the scheme she had formerly planned—of taking her good Norton for her directress and guide, and living upon her own Estate in the manner her Grandfather had intended she should live.

This Scheme she doubted not that her Cousin Morten, who was one of her Trustees for that Estate, would enable her (and that as she hoped, without litigation) to pursue. And if he can, and does, what, Sir, let me ask you, said she, have I seen in your conduct, that should make me prefer to it an Union of Interests, where there is such a Disunion in Minds?

So thou seest, Jack, there is *reason*, as well as *resentment*, in the preference she makes against me!—Thou seest, that she presumes to think, that she can be happy *without* me; and that she must be unhappy *with* me!

I had besought her, in the conclusion of my re-urged arguments, to write to Miss Howe before Miss Howe's answer could come, in order to lay before her the present

sent state of things; and if she *would* defer to her judgment, to let her have an opportunity to give it, on the full knowledge of the case—

So I would, Mr. Lovelace, was the answer, if I were in doubt myself, which I would prefer; Marriage, or the Scheme I have mentioned. You cannot think, Sir, but the latter must be my choice. I wish to part with you with temper—Don't put me upon repeating—

Part with me, Madam, interrupted I!—I cannot bear those words!—But let me beseech you, however, to write to Miss Howe. I hope, if Miss Howe is not my enemy—

She is not the enemy of your *person*, Sir;—as you would be convinced, if you *saw her last Letter to me* (a). But were she not an enemy to your *actions*, she would not be my friend, nor the friend of *virtue*. Why will you provoke from me, Mr. Lovelace, the harshness of expression, which, however deserved by you, I am unwilling just now to use; having suffered enough in the two past days from my own vehemence?

I bit my lip for vexation. I was silent.

Miss Howe, proceeded she, knows the full state of matters, already, Sir. The answer I expect from her respects *myself*, not *you*. Her heart is too warm in the cause of friendship, to leave me in suspense one moment longer than is necessary, as to what I want to know. Nor does her answer depend absolutely upon herself. She must see a person first; and that person perhaps must see others.

The cursed Smuggler-woman, Jack!—Miss Howe's Townsend, I doubt not!—Plot, contrivance, intrigue, stratagem!—Underground Moles these women—But let the earth cover me! let me be a Mole too, thought I, if they carry their point!—And if this Lady escape me now!

She frankly owned, that she had once thought of embarking *out of all our ways* for some one of our

(a) The Lady innocently means, Mr. Lovelace's forged one. See P. 318. of this Volume.

American Colonies : But now that she had been *compelled* to see me (which had been her greatest dread, and which she would have given her life to avoid) she thought she might be happiest in the resumption of her former favourite scheme, if Miss Howe could find her a reputable and private asylum, till her Cousin Morden could come. But if he came not soon, and if she had a difficulty to get to a place of refuge, whether from her Brother or from *any-body else* [meaning me, I suppose] she might yet perhaps go abroad : For, to say the truth, she could not think of returning to her Father's house ; since her Brother's rage, her Sister's upbraidings, her Father's anger, her Mother's still more-affecting sorrowings, and her own consciousness under them all, would be insupportable to her.

O Jack ! I am sick to death, I pine, I die, for Miss Howe's next Letter ! I would bind, gag, strip, rob, and do any-thing but murder, to intercept it.

But, determined as she seems to be, it was evident to me, nevertheless, that she had still some tenderness for me.

She often wept as she talked, and much oftener sigh'd. She looked at me twice with an eye of *undoubted* gentleness, and three times with an eye *tending* to compassion and softness : But its benign rays were as often *snatched* back, as I may, and her face averted, as if her sweet eye were not to be trusted, and could not stand against my eager eyes ; seeking, as they did, for a lost heart in hers, and endeavouring to penetrate to her very soul.

More than once I took her hand. She struggled not *much* against the freedom. I pressed it once with my lips. She was not *very* angry. A frown indeed ; but a frown that had more distress in it than indignation.

How came the dear soul (cloathed as it is with such a silken vesture) by all its Steadiness (a) ?—Was it ne-

(a) See Vol. I. p. 48, 49, 83, 122, 123. for what she herself says on that Steadiness which Mr. Lovelace, tho' a *deserved* sufferer by it, cannot help admiring.

cessary, that the active gloom of such a tyrant of a *Father*, should commix with such a passive sweetness of a will-less *Mother*, to produce a Constancy, an Equanimity, a Steadiness, in the *Daughter*, which never woman before could boast of?—If so, she is more obliged to that despotic Father than I could have imagined a creature to be, who gave distinction to every one related to her beyond what the Crown itself can confer.

I hoped, I said, that she would admit of the intended visit, which I had so often mentioned, of the two Ladies.

She was *here*. She had seen *me*. She could not help herself at present. She ever had the highest regard for the Ladies of my family, because of their worthy characters. There she turned away her sweet face, and vanquished an half-risen sigh.

I kneeled to her then. It was upon a verdant cushion; for we were upon the grass-walk. I caught her hand. I besought her with an earnestness that called up, as I could feel, my heart to my eyes, to make me, by her Forgiveness and Example, more worthy of them, and of her own kind and generous wishes. By my Soul, Madam, said I, you stab me with your goodness, your undeserved goodness! and I cannot bear it!

Why, why, thought I, as I did several times in this conversation, will she not *generously* forgive me? Why will she make it necessary for me to bring Lady Betty and my Cousin to my assistance? Can the Fortress expect the same advantageous capitulation, which yields not to the summons of a resistless conqueror, as if it gave not the trouble of bringing up, and raising its heavy artillery against it?

What *Sensibilities*, said the divine creature, withdrawing her hand, must thou have suppressed!—What a dreadful, what a judicial hardness of heart must thine be; who canst be capable of such emotions as sometimes thou hast shewn; and of such sentiments, as sometimes have flowed from thy lips; yet canst have so far overcome them all, as to be able to act as thou hast acted,

and that from settled purpose and premeditation ; and this, as it is *said*, throughout the whole of thy life, from infancy to this time !

I told her, that I had hoped, from the generous concern she had expressed for me, when I was so suddenly and dangerously taken ill — [The Ipecacuanha experiment, Jack !].

She interrupted me. — Well have you rewarded me for the concern you speak of ! — However, I will frankly own, now that I am determined to think no more of you, that you might (unsatisfied as I nevertheless was with you) have made an interest —

She paused. I besought her to proceed.

Do you suppose, Sir, and turned away her sweet face as we walked ; do you suppose, that I had not thought of laying down a plan to govern myself by, when I found myself so unhappily over-reached, and cheated, as I may say, out of myself ? — When I found, that I could not *be*, and *do*, what I wished *to be*, and *to do*, do you imagine, that I had not cast about, what was the *next* proper course to take ? — And do you believe, that this *next* course has not cost me some pain, to be obliged to —

There again she stopt.

But let us break off discourse, resumed she. The subject grows too — She sighed — Let us break off discourse — I will go in — I will prepare for church — [The devil ! thought I.] Well as I *can* appear in these everyday worn cloaths — looking upon herself — I will go to church.

She then turned from me to go into the house.

Bless me, my beloved Creature, bless me with the continuance of this affecting conversation — Remorse has seized my heart ! — I have been excessively wrong — Give me further cause to curse my heedless folly, by the continuance of this calm, but soul-penetrating conversation.

No, no, Mr. Lovelace. I have said too much. Impatience begins to break in upon me. If you can excuse

cuse me to the Ladies, it will be better for my Mind's sake, and for your Credit's sake, that I do not see them. Call me to *them* over-nice, petulant, prudish; what you please, call me to them. Nobody but Miss Howe, to whom, next to the Almighty, and my own Mother, I wish to stand acquitted of wilful error, shall know the whole of what has passed. Be happy, as you may! —*Deserve* to be happy, and happy you will be, in your own reflection at least, were you to be ever so unhappy in other respects. For myself, if I shall be enabled, on due reflection, to look back upon my own conduct, without the great reproach of having wilfully, and against the light of my own judgment, erred, I shall be more happy, than if I had all that the world accounts desirable.

The noble creature proceeded; for I could not speak.

This self-acquittal, when spirits are lent me to dispel the darkness which at present too often over-clouds my mind, will, I hope, make me superior to all the calamities that can befall me.

Her whole person was informed by her sentiments. She seemed to be taller than before. How the God within her exalted her, not only above me, but above herself!

Divine creature! (as I *thought* her) I *called* her. I acknowledged the superiority of her mind; and was proceeding—But she interrupted me—All human excellence, said she, is comparative only. My Mind, I believe, is indeed superior to yours, debased as yours is by evil habits: But I had not known it to be so, if you had not *taken pains* to convince me of the inferiority of yours.

How great, how sublimely great, this creature!—By my Soul, I cannot forgive her for her Virtues!—There is no bearing the consciousness of the infinite inferiority she charged me with.—But why will she break from me, when good resolutions are taking place?—The red-hot Iron she refuses to strike—O why will she suffer the yielding Wax to harden?

We had gone but a few paces towards the house, when we were met by the impertinent women, with notice, that breakfast was ready. I could only, with up-lifted hands, beseech her to give me hope of a renewed conversation after breakfast.

No; she would go to church.

And into the house she went, and up-stairs directly. Nor would she oblige me with her company at the Tea-table.

I offered by Mrs. Moore to quit both the table and the parlour, rather than she should exclude herself, or deprive the two widows of the favour of her company.

That was not all the matter, she told Mrs. Moore. She had been struggling to keep down her temper. It had cost her some pains to do it. She was desirous to compose herself, in hopes to receive benefit by the Divine Worship she was going to join in.

Mrs. Moore hoped for her presence at dinner.

She had rather be excused. Yet, if she could obtain the frame of mind she hoped for, she might not be averse to shew, that she had got above those Sensibilities, which gave consideration to a man who deserved not to be to her what he had been.

This said, no doubt, to let Mrs. Moore know, that the garden-conversation had not been a reconciling one.

Mrs. Moore seemed to wonder, that we were not upon a better foot of understanding, after so long a conference; and the more, as she believed, that the Lady had given in to the proposal for the repetition of the Ceremony, which I had told them was insisted upon by her Uncle Harlowe. But I accounted for this, by telling both widows, that she was resolved to keep on the reserve, till she heard from Capt. Tomlinson, whether her Uncle would be present in person at the Solemnity, or would name that worthy gentleman for his proxy.

Again I enjoined strict secrecy, as to this particular; which was promised by the widows, as well for themselves, as for Miss Rawlins; of whose taciturnity they gave

gave me such an account, as shewed me, that she was *Secret-keeper-general* to all the women of fashion at Hamstead.

The Lord, Jack! What a world of mischief, at this rate, must Miss Rawlins know! — What a Pandora's box must her bosom be! — Yet, had I nothing that was more worthy of my attention to regard, I would engage to open it, and make my uses of the discovery.

And now, Belford, thou perceivest, that all my reliance is upon the mediation of Lady Betty, and Miss Montague; and upon the hope of intercepting Miss Howe's next Letter.

L E T T E R L.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

TH E fair Inexorable is actually gone to church, with Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Bevis. But Will. closely attends her motions; and I am in the way to receive any occasional intelligence from him.

She did not *chuse* [A mighty word with the Sex! as if they were *always* to have their own wills!] that I should wait upon her. I did not much press it, that she might not apprehend, that I thought I had reason to doubt her voluntary return.

I once had it in my head to have found the widow Bevis other employment. And I believe she would have been as well pleased with my company as to go to church; for she seemed irresolute when I told her, that two out of a family were enough to go to church for one day. But having her Things on (as the women call every-thing) and her Aunt Moore expecting her company, she thought it best to go—*Lest it should look oddly, you know*, whispered she, to one who was above regarding how it looked.

So here am I in my Dining-room; and have nothing to do but write, till they return.

And what will be my subject, thinkest thou?—

: Why,

• Why, the old beaten one, to be sure; Self-debate—
 • thro' temporary remorse: For the blow being not
 • struck, her guardian angel is redoubling his efforts
 • to save her.

• If it be not *that* [And yet what power should *her*
 • guardian angel have over *me*?] I don't know what it
 • is, that gives a check to my revenge, whenever I me-
 • ditate treason against so sovereign a virtue. Consci-
 • ence is dead and gone, as I told thee; so it cannot be
 • that. A young Conscience growing up, like the
 • phoenix, from the ashes of the old one, it cannot be
 • surely. But if it were, it would be hard, if I could
 • not overlay a young Conscience.

• Well then, it must be LOVE, I fancy. LOVE it-
 • self, inspiring Love of an object so adorable—Some
 • little attention possibly paid too to thy whining argu-
 • ments in her favour.

• Let LOVE then be allowed to be the moving prin-
 • ciple; and the rather, as LOVE naturally makes the
 • Lover loth to disoblige the object of its flame; and
 • knowing, that an offence of the *meditated* kind will
 • be a mortal offence to her, cannot bear that I should
 • think of giving it.

• Let LOVE and me talk together a little on this
 • subject—Be it a *Young Conscience*, or *Love*, or *Tby-*
 • *self*, Jack, thou seest that I am for giving every
 • whiffler audience. But *this* must be the last debate
 • on this subject; for is not her fate in a manner at
 • its crisis? And must not my next step be an irretriev-
 • able one, tend it which way it will?

• AND now the debate is over.

• A thousand charming things (for LOVE is gentler
 • than CONSCIENCE) has this little urchin suggested in
 • her favour.

• He pretended to know both our hearts: And he
 • would have it, that tho' my Love was a prodigious
 • strong and potent Love; and tho' it has the merit
 • of many months faithful service to plead, and has had
 • : infinite

• infinite difficulties to struggle with ; yet that it is not
• THE RIGHT SORT OF LOVE.

• *Right sort of Love!*—A puppy!—But, with due regard to your deityship, said I, what merit has she with
• You, that *you* should be of her party? Is *hers*, I pray
• you, a *right sort of Love*? Is it *Love* at all? She
• don't *pretend* that it is. She owns not your sovereignty. What a d—l moves *You*, to plead thus
• earnestly for a rebel, who despises your power?

• And then he came with his *If's* and *And's*—And
• it would *have been*, and *still*, as he believed, would
• be, Love, and a Love of the exalted kind, if I would
• encourage it by the *right sort of Love* he talked of :
• And, in justification of his opinion, pleaded her own
• confessions, as well those of yesterday, as of this
• morning: And even went so far back as to my Ipecacuanha-illness.

• I never talked so familiarly with his godship before : Thou mayest think therefore, that his dialect
• sounded oddly in my ears. And then he told me,
• how often I had thrown cold water upon the most
• charming flame that ever warmed a Lady's bosom,
• while yet but young and rising.

• I required a definition of this *right sort* of Love.
• He tried at it : But made a sorry hand of it : Nor
• could I, for the soul of me, be convinced, that what
• he meant to extol, was LOVE.

• Upon the whole, we had a notable controversy
• upon this subject, in which he insisted upon the *unprecedented merit* of the Lady. Nevertheless I got
• the better of him ; for he was struck absolutely dumb,
• when (waving her present perverseness, which yet was
• a sufficient answer to all his pleas) I asserted, and
• offered to prove it, by a thousand instances *impromptu*,
• that Love was not governed by *merit*, nor could be
• under the dominion of *prudence*, or any other *reasoning power* : And that if the Lady were capable of
• Love, it was of such a sort of Love, *as he had nothing*
• *to do with*, and which never before reigned in a female
• heart.

• I asked

• I asked him, What he thought of her flight from
 • me, at a time when I was more than half overcome
 • by the *right sort of Love* he talked of?—And then
 • I shewed him the Letter she wrote, and left behind
 • her for me, with an intention, no doubt, absolutely
 • to break my heart, or to provoke me to hang, drown,
 • or shoot myself; to say nothing of a multitude of
 • declarations from her, defying his power, and im-
 • puting all that looked like Love in her behaviour to
 • me, to the persecution and rejection of her friends;
 • which made her think of me but as a last resort.

• LOVE then gave her up. The Letter, he said,
 • deserved neither pardon nor excuse. He did not
 • think he had been pleading for such a *declared* rebel.
 • And as to the rest, he should be a betrayer of the
 • rights of his own sovereignty, if what I had alleged
 • were true, and he were still to plead for her.

• I swore to the truth of all. And *truly* I swore:
 • Which perhaps I do not always do.

• And now what thinkest thou must become of the
 • Lady, whom LOVE itself gives up, and CONSCIENCE
 • cannot plead for?

L E T T E R L I.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

Sunday afternoon.

O Belford! what a hair's-breadth escape have I had!
 —Such an one, that I tremble between terror
 and joy, at the thoughts of what *might* have happened,
 and did not.

What a perverse girl is this, to contend with her Fate;
 yet has reason to think, that her very Stars fight against
 her! I am the luckiest of men!—But my breath almost
 fails me, when I reflect upon what a slender thread my
 Destiny hung.

But not to keep thee in suspense; I have, within this
 half-hour, obtained possession of the expected Letter
 from Miss Howe—And by *such* an accident! But here,
 with

with the former, I dispatch this ; thy messenger waiting.

L E T T E R LII.

Mr. LOVELACE. *In Continuation.*

THUS it was—My Charmer accompanied Mrs. Moore again to church this afternoon. I had been very earnest, in the *first* place, to obtain her company at dinner : But in vain. According to what she had said to Mrs. Moore (*a*), I was *too considerable* to her to be allowed that favour. In the *next* place, I besought her to favour me, after dinner, with another garden-walk. But she *would* again go to church. And what reason have I to rejoice that she did !

My worthy friend Mrs. Bevis thought one Sermon a day, *well* observed, enough ; so staid at home to bear me company.

The Lady and Mrs. Moore had not been gone a quarter of an hour, when a young Country-fellow on horseback came to the door, and enquired for Mrs. Harriot Lucas. The widow and I (undetermined how we were to entertain each other) were in the parlour next the door ; and hearing the fellow's enquiry, O my dear Mrs. Bevis, said I, I am undone, undone for ever, if you don't help me out ! — Since here, in all probability, is a messenger from that implacable Miss Howe with a Letter ; which, if delivered to Mrs. Lovelace, may undo all we have been doing.

What, said she, would you have me do ?

Call the maid in this moment, that I may give her her lesson ; and if it be as I imagine, I'll tell you what you shall do.

Widow. Margaret ! — Margaret ! come in this minute.

Lovel. What answer, Mrs. Margaret, did you give the man, upon his asking for Mrs. Harriot Lucas ?

Peggy. I only asked, What was his business, and who

(a) See p. 394.

he came from? (For, Sir, your Honour's servant had told me how things stood): And I came at your call, Madam, before he answered me.

Lovel. Well, child, if ever you wish to be happy in wedlock yourself, and would have people disappointed, who want to make mischief between you and your Husband, get out of him his Message, or Letter if he has one, and bring it to me, and say nothing to Mrs. Lovelace, when she comes in; and here is a guinea for you.

Peggy. I will do all I can to serve your Honour's Worship for nothing [Nevertheless, with a ready hand, taking the guinea]: For Mr. William tells me, what a good gentleman you be.

Away went Peggy to the fellow at the door.

Peggy. What is your business, friend, with Mrs. Harry Lucas?

Fellow. I must speak to her her own self.

Lovel. My *dearest* widow, do you personate Mrs. Lovelace—For Heaven's sake do you personate Mrs. Lovelace!

Wid. I personate Mrs. Lovelace, Sir! How can I do that?—She is fair: I am brown. She is slender: I am plump—

Lovel. No matter, no matter—The fellow may be a new-come servant: He is not in livery, I see. He may not know her person. You can but be bloated, and in a dropsy.

Wid. Dropfical people look not so fresh and ruddy as I do—

Lovel. True—But the clown may not know That. 'Tis but for a present deception.

Peggy, *Peggy,* call'd I, in a female tone, softly at the door. Madam, answered Peggy; and came up to me to the parlour-door.

Lovel. Tell him the Lady is ill; and has lain down upon the couch. And get his business from him, whatever you do.

Away went Peggy.

Lovel.

Lovel. Now, my dear widow, lie along on the Settee, and put your handkerchief over your face, that, if he *will* speak to you himself, he may not see your eyes and your hair.—So—That's right. I'll step into the closet by you.

I did so.

Peggy [returning]. He won't deliver his business to me. He will speak to Mrs. Harry Lucas her own self.

Lovel. [holding the door in my hand] Tell him, that This is Mrs. Harriot Lucas; and let him come in. Whisper him (if he doubts) that she is bloated, dropfical, and not the woman she was.

Away went Margery.

Lovel. And now, my dear widow, let me see what a charming Mrs. Lovelace you'll make!—Ask, If he comes from Miss Howe. Ask, If he live with her. Ask, How she does. Call her, at every word, your dear Miss Howe. Offer him money—Take this half-guinea for him—Complain of your head, to have a pretence to hold it down; and cover your forehead and eyes with your hand, where your handkerchief hides not your face.—That's right—And dismiss the rascal—[Here he comes]—as soon as you can.

In came the fellow, bowing and scraping, his hat poked out before him with both his hands.

Fellow. I am sorry, Madam, an't please you, to find you be'n't well.

Widow. What is your business with me, friend?

Fellow. You are Mrs. Harriot Lucas, I suppose, Madam?

Widow. Yes. Do you come from Miss Howe?

Fellow. I do, Madam.

Widow. Dost thou know my right name, friend?

Fellow. I can give a shrewd guess. But that is none of my business.

Widow. What is thy business? I hope Miss Howe is well?

Fellow. Yes, Madam; pure well, I thank God. I wish you were so too.

VOL. IV.

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Widow.

Widow. I am too full of grief to be well.

Fellow. So belike I have *hard* say.

Widow. My head akes so dreadfully, I cannot hold it up. I must beg of you to let me know your business?

Fellow. Nay, and that be all, my business is soon known. It is but to give this Letter into your own *partiklar* hands—Here it is.

Widow [*Taking it*]. From my dear friend Miss Howe?—Ah, my head!

Fellow. Yes, Madam: But I am sorry you are so bad.

Widow. Do you live with Miss Howe?

Fellow. No, Madam: I am one of her tenant's sons. Her Lady-mother must not know as how I came of this errand. But the Letter, I suppose, will tell you all.

Widow. How shall I satisfy you for this kind trouble?

Fellow. Na how at all. What I do is for Love of Miss Howe. She will satisfy me more than enough. But, may-hap, you can send no answer, you are so ill.

Widow. Was you ordered to wait for an answer?

Fellow. No. I cannot say as that I was. But I was bidden to observe how you looked, and how you was; and if you did write a line or so, to take care of it, and give it only to our young Landlady, in secret.

Widow. You see I look strangely. Not so well as I used to do.

Fellow. Nay, I don't know that I ever saw you but once before; and that was at a Stile, where I met you and my young Landlady; but knew better than to stare a gentlewoman in the face; especially at a Stile.

Widow. Will you eat, or drink, friend?

Fellow. A cup of small Ale, I don't care if I do.

Widow. Margaret, take the young man down, and treat him with what the house affords.

Fellow. Your servant, Madam. But I staid to eat as I came along, just upon the Heath yonder, or else, to say the truth, I had been here sooner [*Thank my Stars,*

Stars, thought I, thou didst]. A piece of powdered beef was upon the table, at the sign of the Castle, where I stopt to enquire for this house: And so, thoff I only intended to whet my whistle, I could not help eating. So shall only taste of your Ale; for the beef was woundily corned.

Prating dog! Pox on thee! thought I. He withdrew, bowing and scraping.

Margaret, whispered I, in a female voice [whipping out of the closet, and holding the parlour-door in my hand] Get him out of the house as fast as you can, lest they come from church, and catch him here.

Peggy. Never fear, Sir.

The fellow went down, and, it seems, drank a large draught of Ale; and Margaret finding him very talkative, told him, she begg'd his pardon; but she had a Sweetheart just come from Sea, whom she was forced to hide in the pantry; so was sure he would excuse her from staying with him.

Ay, ay, to be sure, the clown said: *For if he could not make sport, he would spoil none.* But he whispered her, that one 'Squire Lovelace was a *damnation rogue*, if the truth might be told.

For what, said Margaret? And could have given him, she told the widow (who related to me all this), a good dowse of the chaps.

For kissing all the women he came near.

At the same time, the dog wrapped himself round Margery, and gave her a smack, that, she told Mrs. Bevis afterwards, she might have heard into the parlour.

Such, Jack, is human nature: Thus does it operate in all degrees; and so does the clown, as well as his betters, practise what he censures; and censure what he practises! Yet this sly dog knew not but the wench had a Sweetheart locked up in the pantry! If the truth were known, some of the ruddy-faced dairy wenches might perhaps call him a *damnation rogue*, as justly as their betters of the same Sex might 'Squire Lovelace.

The fellow told the maid, that, by what he discerned of the young Lady's face, it looked very *rosy* to what he took it to be; and he thought her a good deal fatter, as she lay, and not so tall.

All women are born to intrigue, Jack; and practise it more or less, as Fathers, Guardians, Governesses, from dear experience can tell; and in Love-affairs are naturally expert, and quicker in their wits by half than men. This ready, tho' raw, wench gave an instance of this, and improved on the dropfical hint I had given her. The Lady's seeming plumpness was owing to a dropfical disorder, and to the round posture she lay in—*Very likely, truly.* Her appearing to him to be shorter, he might have observed was owing to her drawing her feet up, from pain, and because the couch was too short, she supposed—*Ad-fo, he did not think of that.* Her rosy colour was owing to her grief and head-ach—*Ay, that might very well be.*— But he was highly pleased that he had given the Letter into Mrs. Harriot's own hand, as he should tell Miss Howe.

He desired once more to see the Lady at his going away, and would not be denied. The widow therefore sat up, with her handkerchief over her face, leaning her head against the wainscot.

He asked, If she had any *partiklar* message.

No: She was so ill she could not write; which was a great grief to her.

Should he call next day? for he was going to London, now he was so near; and should stay at a cousin's that night, who lived in a street call'd Fetter-lane.

No: She would write as soon as able, and send by the post.

Well then, if she had nothing to send by him, mayhap he might stay in town a day or two; for he had never seen the Lions in the Tower, nor Bedlam, nor the Tombs; and he would make a holiday or two, as he had leave to do, if she had no business or message that required his posting down next day.

She had not.

She

She offered him the half-guinea I had given her for him; but he refused it, with great professions of disinterestedness, and Love, as he called it, to Miss Howe; to serve whom, he would ride to the World's-end, or *even* to Jericho.

And so the shocking rascal went away: And glad at my heart was I when he was gone; for I feared nothing so much as that he would have staid till they came from church.

Thus, Jack, got I my *heart's-ease*, the Letter of Miss Howe; and thro' such a train of accidents, as makes me say, that the Lady's Stars fight against her. But yet I must attribute a good deal to my own precaution, in having taken right measures: For had I not secured the widow by my stories, and the maid by my servant, all would have signified nothing. And so heartily were they secured, the one by a single guinea, the other by half a dozen warm kisses, and the aversion they both had to such wicked creatures as delighted in making mischief between Man and Wife, that they promised, that neither Mrs. Moore, Miss Rawlins, Mrs. Lovelace, nor any-body living, till a week at least were past, and till I gave leave, should know any-thing of the matter.

The widow rejoiced that I had got the mischief-maker's Letter. I excused myself to her, and instantly withdrew with it; and, after I had read it, fell to my short-hand, to acquaint thee with my good luck: And they not returning so soon as church was done (stepping, as it proved, in to Miss Rawlins's, and tarrying there a-while, to bring that busy girl with them to drink tea) I wrote thus far to thee, that thou mightest, when thou camest to this place, rejoice with me upon the occasion.

They are all three just come in.—
I hasten to them.

She looked into the hall again: I had given her for this; but he turned it, with great propriety of judgment, and how he related to her history, to give whom he would, to the world, and on every occasion.

And to the looking round, what way: And still at my heart was I when he was there, for I had nothing to much as that he would have had all the count from church.

Then, Jack, got I my heart's ease, the letter of Miss Howe, and this, such a train of accidents, as made me say, that the lady's light, which had put her I think, and you, I had to my own mind, in having taken, as you mentioned, for had I the letter, the widow by my letter, and so still by my letter, all would have been nothing. And to heartily we, my letter, the one by a friend, and the other by half a dozen waiting maids, and the evening they both had to each wicked creature as delighted in talking mischief between them, and in the easy manner, that neither Mr. or Mrs. Harlowe, who were, however, not any-body's business, till a week or less were left, and all I gave away, should know any thing of the matter.

The widow rejoiced that I had got the mischief made: I excused myself to her, and instantly withdrew with it; and, after I had read it, till to my own hand, to acquaint her with my good luck: And they not returning, which was done, I happened, as it proved, in to Miss Harlowe, and carrying there a white to bring that day, girl with them to drink tea. I wrote thus far to thee, that thou mightest, when thou comest to this place, repeat with me upon the occasion.

They are all three just come in. I hasten to them.

CON
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CONTENTS of Vol. IV.

Let.

I. *Clarissa, To Miss Howe.* Is terrified by him. Disclaims Prudery. Begs of Miss Howe to perfect her scheme, that she may leave him. She thinks her temper changed for the worse. Trembles to look back upon his encroachments. Is afraid, on the close self-examination which her calamities have caused her to make, that even in the best actions of her past life, she has not been quite free from secret pride, &c. Tears almost in two the Answer she had written to his Proposals. Intends to go out next day, and not to return. Her further intentions.

II. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Meets the Lady at breakfast. Flings the tea-cup and saucer over his head. The occasion. Alarms and terrifies her by his free address. *Romping*, the use of it to a Lover. Will try if she will not yield to *nightly surprises*. A lion-hearted Lady where her honour is concerned. *Must have recourse to his master-strokes*. Fable of the Sun and North Wind. Mrs. Fretchville's house an embarrass. He gives that *pretended* Lady the Small Pox. Other contrivances in his head *to bring Clarissa back, if she should get away*. Miss Howe's scheme of Mrs. Townsend is, he says, a sword hanging over his head. *He must change his measures to render it abortive*. He is of the true *Lady-make*. What that is. Another conversation between them. Her apostrophe to her Father. He is temporarily moved. Dorcas gives him notice of a paper she has come at, and is transcribing. In order to detain the Lady, he presses for the Day. Miss Howe he fancies in Love with him. And why. He sees Clarissa does not *hate* him.

III. *From the same.* Copy of the transcribed paper. It proves to be her torn Answer to his Proposals. Meekness the glory of a woman. Ludicrous image of a termagant Wife. He had better never to have seen this paper. Has very strong remorses. Paints them in lively colours. Sets forth the Lady's transcendent virtue, and greatness of mind. Surprised into these arguments in her favour by his Conscience. Puts it to flight.

IV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Mennell scruples to aid him further in his designs. Vapourish people the physical tribe's milch-cows. Advice to the Faculty. Has done with his project about Mrs. Fretchville's house. The Lady suspects him. A seasonable Letter for him from his Cousin Charlotte. Sends up the Letter to the Lady. She writes to Miss Howe, upon perusing it, to suspend for the present her application to Mrs. Townsend.

V. *From the same.* An Interview all placid and agreeable. Now is he in a train. All he now waits for, is a Letter from Lord M. Enquiries after their Marriage by a stranger of good appearance. The Lady alarmed at them.

VI. *From the same.* Curses his Uncle for another proverbial Letter he has sent him. Permits the Lady to see it. Nine women in ten that fall, fall, he says, *thro' their own fault.*

VII. *Lord M's characteristic Letter.*

VIII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* The Lady now comes to him at the first word. Triumphs in her *sweetness of temper*, and on her *patience with him*. Puts his writings into Counsellor Williams's hands, to prepare settlements. Shall now be doubly armed. Boasts of his contrivances in petto. Brings patterns to her. Proposes jewels. Admires her for her prudence with regard to what he puts her upon doing for her Norton. *What his Wife must Do and Be.* She declines a public Wedding. Her dutiful reasons. She is willing to dispense with Lord M's presence. He writes to Lord M. accordingly.

Extract from a Letter of Clarissa. After giving Miss Howe an account of the present favourable appearances, she desires her to keep to herself all such of the particulars which she has communicated to her as may discredit Mr. Lovelace.

IX. *Lovelace, To Belford.* His projected plot to revenge himself upon Miss Howe.

X. *From the same.* Fresh contrivances crowd in upon him. He shall be very sick on the morrow. And why. Women below impertinently reproachful. He will be no man's successor. Will not take up with Harlots. His story of the French Marquis.

XI. *From the same.* An agreeable airing with the Lady. Delightfully easy she. Obsequiously respectful he. *Miss Howe's plot now no longer his terror.* Gives the particulars of their agreeable conversation while abroad.

XII. *From the same.* An account of his Ipecacuanha-plot. Instructs Dorcas how to act surprize and terror. Monosyllables and

and Trisyllables to what likened. Politeness lives not in a storm. Proclamation-criers. *The Lady now he sees loves him.* Her generous tenderness for him. He has now credit for a new score. *Defies Mrs. Townsend.*

XIII. *Clarissa, To Miss Howe.* Acknowledges tenderness for Lovelace. Love for a man of errors punishable.

XIV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Suspicious enquiry after him and the Lady by a servant in livery from one Captain Tomlinson. Her terrors on the occasion. His alarming management. She resolves not to stir abroad. *He exults upon her not being willing to leave him.*

XV. XVI. *From the same.* Arrival of Captain Tomlinson, with a pretended commission from Mr. John Harlowe, to set on foot a general Reconciliation, provided he can be convinced that they are actually married. Different conversations on this occasion.—The Lady insists that the truth be told to Tomlinson. She carries her point, tho' to the disappointment of one of his private views. He forms great hopes of success from the effects of his Ipecacuanha contrivance.

XVII. *From the same.* He makes such a fair representation to Tomlinson of the situation between him and the Lady, behaves so plausibly, and makes an overture so generous, *that she is all kindness and unreserve to him.* Her affecting exultation on her amended prospects. His unusual sensibility upon it. Reflection on the good effects of Education. Pride an excellent substitute to virtue.

XVIII. *From the same.* Who Tomlinson is. Again makes Belford object, in order to explain his designs by answering the objections. John Harlowe a sly sinner. Hard-hearted Reasons for giving the Lady a gleam of joy. Illustrated by a story of two Sovereigns at war.

Extracts from Clarissa's Letter to Miss Howe. She rejoices in her present agreeable prospects. Attributes much to Mr. Hickman. Describes Captain Tomlinson. Gives a character of Lovelace [*Which is necessary to be attended to; especially by those who have thought favourably of him for some of his liberal actions, and hardly of her for the distance she at first kept him at.*].

XIX. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Letter from Lord M. His further arts and precautions. *His happy day promised to be soon.* His opinion of the Clergy, and of going to church. *She pities every-body who wants pity. Loves every-body.* He owns he should be the happiest of men, could he get over his prejudices against Matrimony. Draughts of Settlements. Ludicrously accounts for the reason why she refuses to hear them read to her.

her. Law and Gospel two different things. Sallyfings her handkerchief in his face.

XX. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Has made the Lady more than once look about her. She owns *that he is more than indifferent to her.* Checks him with sweetness of temper for his encroaching freedoms. Her proof of true Love. He ridicules the notion of Marriage-purity. Severely reflects upon public freedoms between Men and their Wives. Advantage he once made upon such an occasion. Has been after a Licence. Difficulty in procuring one. *Great faults and great virtues often in the same person.* He is willing to believe that women have no souls. His whimsical reasons.

XXI. *From the same.* Almost despairs of succeeding (as he had hoped) by Love and Gentleness. Praises her modesty. His encroaching freedoms resented by her. THE WOMAN, he observes, WHO RESENTS NOT INITIATORY FREEDOMS, MUST BE LOST. He reasons, in his free way, upon her delicacy. Art of the Eastern Monarchs.

XXII. *From the same.* A Letter from Captain Tomlinson makes all up. Her Uncle Harlowe's pretended proposal, big with art, and plausible delusion. She acquiesces in it. He writes to the pretended Tomlinson, on an affecting hint of hers, requesting that her Uncle Harlowe would *in person* give his Niece to him; or permit Tomlinson to be his *proxy* on the occasion.—And now for a little mine, he says, which he has ready to spring.

XXIII. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Again earnestly expostulates with him in the Lady's favour. Remembers and applauds the part she bore in the conversation at his collation. The frothy wit of Libertines how despicable. Censures the folly, the weakness, the grossness, the unpermanency of *sensual Love.* Calls some of his contrivances trite, stale, and poor. Beseeches him to remove her from the vile house. *How many dreadful stories could the horrid Sinclair tell the Sex!* Serious reflection on the dying state of his Uncle.

XXIV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Cannot yet procure a Licence. Has secured a retreat, if not victory. Defends in anger the simplicity of his inventive contrivances. Enters upon his general defence, compared with the principles and practices of *other Libertines.* Heroes and warlike Kings worse men than he. Epitome of his and the Lady's story after ten years cohabitation. Caution to those who would censure him. Had the Sex made *Virtue a recommendation to their favour*, he says, he should have had a greater regard to his morals than he has had.

XXV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Preparative to his springing his little mine, as he calls it. Loves to write *to the moment*. Alarm begins. Affectedly terrified.

XXVI. *From the same.* The Lady frightened out of her bed by dreadful cries of Fire. She awes him into decency. On an extorted promise of Forgiveness, he leaves her. Repenting, he returns; but finds her door fastened. What a triumph has her Sex obtained by her Virtue! But how will she see him next morning, as he has made her promise? Exults in the puzzle he has given her.

XXVII. *From the same.* Dialogue with her, the door between them. Her Letter to him. She will not see him for a week.

XXVIII. *From the same.* Copies of Letters that pass between them. Goes to the Commons to try to get the Licence. She *shall* see him, he declares, on his return. Love and compassion hard to be separated. His fluctuating reasonings on their present situation. Is jealous of her superior qualities. Does justice to her immoveable Virtue.

XXIX. *From the same.* The Lady escaped. His rage. Makes a solemn vow of revenge if once more he get her into his power. His man Will. is gone in search of her. His hopes. On what grounded. He will advertise her. Describes her dress. Letter left behind her. Accuses her (*that is to say, LOVELACE accuses her*) of Niceness, Prudery, Affectation.

XXX. *From the same.* A Letter from Miss Howe to Clarissa falls into his hands; which, had it come to hers, would have laid open and detected all his designs. In it she acquits Clarissa of *Prudery, Coquetry, and undue Reserve*. Admires, applauds, blesses her for the example she has set her Sex, and for the credit she has done it, by her conduct in the most difficult situations.

This Letter may be considered as a kind of Summary of Clarissa's trials, persecutions, and exemplary conduct hitherto; and of Mr. Lovelace's intrigues, plots, and views, so far as Miss Howe could be supposed to know them, or to guess at them.

A Letter from Lovelace, which further shews the fertility of his contriving genius.

XXXI. *Clarissa, To Miss Howe.* Informs her of Lovelace's villainy, and of her escape. Her only concern, what. The course she intends to pursue.

XXXII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Exults on hearing from his man Will. that the Lady has refuged herself at Hamstead. Observations in a style of levity on some passages in the Letter she

she left behind her. Intimates that Tomlinson is arrived to aid his purposes. The chariot is come; and now, dressed like a Bridegroom, attended by a footman she never saw, he is already, he says, at Hamstead.

XXXIII. XXXIV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Exults on his contrivances.—By what means he gets into the Lady's presence at Mrs. Moore's. Her terrors, fits, exclamations. His plausible tales to Mrs. Moore and Miss Rawlins. His intrepid behaviour to the Lady. Copies of Letters from Tomlinson, and of pretended ones from his own Relations, calculated to pacify and delude her.

XXXV. XXXVI. *From the same.* His further arts, inventions, and intrepidity.—She puts home questions to him. 'Un-
' generous and ingrateful she calls him. He knows not the
' value of the heart he had insulted. *He had a plain path*
' *before him, after he had tricked her out of her Father's house:*
' But that now her mind was raised above fortune and above
' him.' His precautionary contrivances.

XXXVII. XXXVIII. XXXIX. XL. XLI. XLII. *From the same.* Character of Widow Bevis. Prepossesses the women against Miss Howe. Leads them to think she is in Love with him. Apt himself to think so: And why. Women like not novices: And why. Their vulgar aphorism animadverted on.—Tomlinson arrives. Artful conversation between them. Miss Rawlins's Prudery.—His forged Letter in imitation of Miss Howe's, N^o xxx.—Other contrivances to delude the Lady, and attach the women to his party.

XLIII. XLIV. XLV. XLVI. *From the same.* Particulars of several interesting conversations between himself, Tomlinson, and the Lady. Artful management of the two former. Her noble spirit.—He tells Tomlinson before her, that he never had any proofs of affection from her. *She frankly owns the regard she once had for him.* 'He had brought her,' she tells Tomlinson and him, 'more than once to own it to him. Nor
' did his own vanity, she was sure, permit him to doubt of it.
' He had kept her soul in suspense an hundred times.'—Both men affected in turn by her noble behaviour, and great sentiments.—Their pleas, prayers, prostrations, to move her to relent. Her distress.

XLVII. XLVIII. *From the same.* His conditional promise to Tomlinson in the Lady's favour. His pleas and arguments on their present situation, and on his darling and hitherto baffled views. His whimsical contest with his Conscience. His last

adieu

CONTENTS of VOL. IV. 413

adieu to it. — His strange levity, which he calls gravity, on the death of Belford's Uncle.

XLIX. L. *Lovelace, To Belford.* She favours him with a meeting in the garden. Her composure. Her conversation great and noble. But will not determine any-thing in his favour. It is however evident, he says, *that she has still some tenderness for him.* His reasons. An affecting scene between them. Her *ingenuouſneſs and openneſs of heart.* — She resolves to go to church; but will not ſuffer him to accompany her thither. His whimsical debate with the God of Love, whom he introduces as pleading for the Lady.

LI. LII. *From the ſame.* He has got the wiſhed-for Letter from Miſs Howe. — Informs him of the manner of obtaining it.

END of VOL. IV.

